

# When Squirrels Tak Ower the Warld

Gregor Steele

Ye're oot on yir bike, gaun through the trees,  
They lowp in yir road in anes, twas and threes,  
Hopin ye'll cowp – aye, that's whit they like.  
When ye're lyin on the grun, they're awa wi yir bike.

In the middle o winter, on a nicht wi nae moon,  
The New Squirrel Airmy will ride intae toun.  
Ane on each pedal and ane on the bars,  
Smashin hoose windaes and scratchin the cars.

They'll brek intae the baker's and nick aw the breid  
Tae bribe cushie-dooos fur support ower-heid.  
They'll capture the castles, brek oot guns and swords,  
And we aw maun bow doon tae oor Squirrel ower-lords.

