

# Spring Cleaning



*When the sun shows up the cobwebs  
and spring is in the air  
Women's thoughts turn to the thing  
That can make a guid man swear.*

*As their wives put on a pinny  
and begin to scrub and clean  
I'm shair that a' their men fowk here  
will ken fine what this'll mean.*

*"Will ye help to shift the sideboard Dear"  
and then as sure as fate  
She will see the wa'paper has faded  
"Oh! We'll hae tae decorate!"*

*Men who can read the signs  
claim they have an important meeting  
and if they're wise their wives ignore  
the fact their men are cheating.*

*Others work aff their frustration  
digging o'er the their garden plot  
sure that like the mad march hare  
their wives mind's have gone tae pot.*



*Washin' runners, curtains, covers  
'til the clothes rope is overflowin'  
Then the sun hides behind a cloud  
and suddenly it is snowin'.*

*Yet women still dae spring cleaning  
Though they get aching backs  
Scrubbing, hanging washing on the line  
'til their hands are fu' o' hacks.*

*This self inflicted torture noo  
The men just canna understand  
Their wives crazy obsession  
Has it a' got oot o' hand?*

*Aye they are fair bamboozled  
with a' the frantic steer  
That invades their peaceful hame life  
In the Springtime of the Year.*



*By Eila Webster*