

Wonderful Memories

What's this I smell
Oh my - it's been years
To dwell on this bliss
Could bring me to tears

A thought of my Granny
A smile don't you know
A flood of fond memories
From ages ago

Conflicting emotions
Both happy and sad
From times I remember
When I was a lad

Thanksgiving would come
And we'd cook the bird
Her stories of Grandpa
And Scotland I heard

When Christmas arrived
She had gifts for me
So many in number
They smothered the tree

We sat on the sofa
While her records played
As bagpipes and drummers
All marched in parade

Such wonderful memories
Alive in my head
Unleashed by the fragrance
Of Scottish Shortbread

