

# Killie Bus Tales

## *(The Number 11)*

Ah'm sittin upstairs oan the number eleven.  
Ther's four neds behind me – two men, two wumin  
    drinkin cans a Super n Frosty Jacks  
(ah wish ah hudnae sat sa close tae the back).  
The men – in identical trackies, trainers n hair  
    ur bad-mouthin mates who urnae ther  
    n squeezing the cans tae get aw the dregs  
n moanin aboot the queues in the chemist n Greggs.  
The wimin are talkin about due dates n lib dates  
n the've crumbs oan their chin frae yesterday's steak beaks.  
    Wan's visitin her man who's in the jail  
    the dad's his best mate who's oot oan bail  
    (Nothin tae worry aboot fur a while  
    then it'll aw get sorted oot... oan Jeremy Kyle).  
Ther's a commotion noo comin up the stair  
some guy wae a baseball cap n his burd wae red hair,  
    him in Crosshatch, Voi n fake Stone Island,  
her cerryin 6 carrier bags fae Farmfoods n Iceland,  
    eyes hawf closed n skin colourt leggings  
    fu'a the blues n Gappapentin.  
Tho' her haunds are full n she's in some state  
she still manages a mouthfa of her Friiji milk shake  
as she barks oot the order 'Mk me a roll up Steven'  
    n a voice fae behind shouts  
    'here mate, yer burd looks like Ed Sheeran!'