

## Frank

He prowled aroon back gairdens at night,  
in auld gutties instead o the usual tacketties,  
his bunnet pu'ed doon ower his broo,  
sniffin oot onythin he could yaise,  
A'bdy kent he wis oot on the preuch  
when they heard the squeak squeak.  
He didnae hiv the sense tae pit some ile  
oan the wheel o his ancient barra.  
Folk didnae bother onywey. He wis welcome  
tae an auld pail, bitsa wid, or a puckle bricks.  
He wis a character, a pairt o oor lives.  
Frank wis his name, but we ca'ed him  
The Moonraker.

13 Lines