

The Abs, Lethal

The light cascading from the dewy verges
Signals to the guy upon the tee it's shit or bust
A brand spanking Dunlop screams into the hedgerow
And a luckless flock of starlings bite the dust

The beautifilly maintained expanse of emerald fairway
That glides into the distance has him vexed
He draws an ancient five in a vice-like grip
And ploughs the bugger up from one end to the next

Facing extradition
To the forestry comission
J.C.B. precision
Graces every shot
Passing gulls he's winging
Manically he's swinging
Like an Amphetamine-crazed Terry Scott

A sound, not unlike a squid in a Zanussi
Emits from where the bloke has gained in two
A lethal glint of eight-iron, volley of expletives
The flight of the divot's long and true

Chequ'd flares flapping in the wind
Animated, as he chinned the bloke enquiring
If he took any drugs
The retaliation of a putter in the spuds
Made him splutter
cracking lips like petrified slugs

Now he seldom ever makes a fuss
With a customized Trevino truss
He's grasped the fundamentals
And his handicap is slowly coming down