

# 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