

MORE STRONG DRINK

by Harry Dunn

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This old world's in quite a mess -
Ask any man over sixty, and he'll tell you,
And if you happen to belong to Generation X
His earnestness will probably repel you.
We oldies agonise about the Middle Eastern threat,
The budget and the levy, the rising national debt
Ebola, Ice, The Greens, the local shire Council,
Which is still somewhat top-heavy;
They fear the worst, they know we're cursed,
And lament with sad conviction -
Through lips grown thin and pursed,
We're all engulfed by crime and drug-addiction,
And we've yet to see the worst
Of this modern-day affliction.

But, hold on, dear reader, for salvation is at hand,
And it's closer than you think;
Just get your ageing carcase down and stand
At the Bowlers' Bar at IBC, and shout:
MORE STRONG DRINK!

If you have galloping alopecia -
And it's not a nice thing to behold,
Unless, of course, you also have amnesia
And don't remember what you're told,
If your Tift is looking patchy and your Bent's a little scratchy,
Or your new Synthetic's got the mould;
If you've contracted Bowler's Yips,
And your career's in eclipse,
And you've just been dropped, because you're getting old,
You could, of course, throw up your hands
And shed a silent tear, every time you blink,
But a better thing to do would surely be
To tell the *bar-man* of your troubles -
Tell him that you're living on the brink,
Then slam your fist down on the counter, and demand
MORE STRONG DRINK!

Let the doctors do their doctoring,
When you've been feeling bad,
And by all means, let the shrinks determine what it is that ails you,
If you go barking mad.
Yes, let yourself be analysed, but if that fails you,
And you still feel mis'erable and sad,
Keep this good advice in mind -
The *Bowling Club* has medications most effective,
If consumed in moderation, when required,
Where other remedies have been tried and failed, irrespective.
Our treatments are dispensed by buxom barmaids and good men
Well - qualified, diligent and handy,
Their treatments cost-effective,
So you can afford to have another two or three,
- But *never* eight or ten.

Yes, we've panaceas down here for ev'ry ache and ill,
The cooling, cleansing ale is known to be
More efficacious than any chemist's pill,
Or perhaps a stout, to clean you out,
It's stout for *invalids*, according to the label.
Well, how about a tonic wine, to restore your fading strength,
Followed by a brandy, hospitallic,
Just ensure that you remain above the table.
You don't require a doctor's script,
Just be willing and still able,
And place yourself in the bar-man's hands,
Where a nod's as good as a wink,
Tell him that you've been unwell and sorely need:
MORE STRONG DRINK!

You could order Dr. Pritchard's Stagger Juice, or Dr. Huie's Tooheys
Or Professor Neil's well-known Vino, bin Collapso
Or one of Sister Gail's healing lagers or brown ales,
Followed by a whisky-perhaps not, but then again, perhaps-so.
Or a glass of Pennant-port - Insist on Doctor Luby's
She has Paras, Tawnies, Brawnies, and inexpensive Rubies,
Or maybe top-shelf medication, a Drambuie or a Schnapps-o.
With these fail-safe medications, available to all
You won't need a doctor or a shrink;
Just roll up to the Bar and shout, "I've been feeling crook and need:
MORE STRONG DRINK"