

ANDY

by Harry Dunn
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Andy was a bowling man
And a handy one at that;
Of course, his real name wasn't Andy
He could just as easily have been Pat
Or Mick or Jack, or Paddy-whack
Or Snowy-on- the- tram,
What matters here is how he came
To avoid and mostly clear
The pay-back for his many sins,
By spending so much precious time
At the Invy Bowling club,
Telling lies and drinking beer.

On one occasion, recently,
A lady called at Andy's
Claiming he had had his way with her,
More or less indecently,
And not just once, but many times,
On and off, for twenty years.
So she was seeking restitution
For pain and loss of innocence;
She even shed some tears,
Saying this atrocity occurred
When she was only nine-and-twenty;
Her claim seemed very reasonable,
She said Five hundred would be plenty,
But Andy's missus - she demurred,
Saying, 'This old tart should be paying Andy,
And it's *thirty* years at least
Since *she* saw nine-and-twenty!'

So Andy's darling wife - let's just call her Mandy,
Said, 'Don't tell me your troubles, dear,
I've heard this story many times,
You're the third to call this year,

**So, if you wish to talk to randy Andy
I'm afraid that he's not here,
You'll find him at the Bowling Club
Telling lies and drinking beer.'**

**Another day, another knock at Andy's busy door
And his missus, always fearful
Said, 'Who is it that you want?'
The caller, in a mournful voice,
Sad and almost tearful,
Said, 'We're from the Sheriff's office,
Unarmed, but on a mission,
We're here to take your Andy's car,
A major imposition,
But we can't let the matter rest,
He's missed quite a few instalments,
So that second-hand Ferrari must be re-possessed.'**

**'Well, Andy isn't here and neither is the car,
But you *can* be sure of this,
He won't give it up without a fight
When he returns from where he's at,
After six, sometimes later, never quicker,
That's the local bowling club;
Where he'll be telling fearful lies, and drinking lots of liquor.'**

**A lady from the council
Called at the house of Andy,
Saying, 'I'm afraid your dog's been found
Killing sheep and chasing cows,
So now he's in the pound,
Doing time, awaiting bail,
And this *is* his third time round.'
'Well, we don't have a savage dog,
As far as I'm aware,
So you'll have to take this up
With my husband Andy,
At the local Bowling Club,
So take yourself down there;**

**You'll find him with his peers,
At the chipboard drinking table,
Telling shameful lies and sinking lots of beers.'**

**One afternoon, 'round five o'clock
A knock came to the door
And a sombre man in sombre clothes
Said 'I'm the undertaker
And it's Andy I've come for'.
'Well, he *has* been dead a week, you know,
And you've been such a long time coming,
Although I know that you've been busy-
And always on the go,
So while we waited for your call,
Life's returned to normal, more or less;
His mates still call round each day at four p.m.
As if Andy's still alive and able;
They sit him on his favourite chair,
At that much-maligned round table,
So you will find him sitting there
'Midst the glamour and the glitter
Of the Invy Bowling Club,
Telling tasteless lies,
And drinking Melbourne Bitter.**

**And if he still smells sweet-
There's no way he'll decompose,
It's because he's nicely pickled
From his head down to his toes,
So, take him to your funeral home,
And dry the old sod out -
An oven might assist,
Then put him in your cheapest box
And return him to his boozy mates,
At that chipboard drinking table,
Telling lies and getting pissed!'**