

# TIE ME DEODORANT DOWN, SPORT

By Harry Dunn  
Received 6/10/19

Sung to the tune of "Tie me kangaroo down, sport", a little masterpiece of Aussie folklore, written and sung by Rolf Harris, long before poor Rolf started confusing the joeys with the 'roos.

There's an elderly Inverloch bowler;  
Lying, dying, out there on the rinks;  
He gets himself up on one elbow,  
And says in a quavering voice:  
"There's a bloke standing near me right now  
Who positiv'ly STINKS."

*All together now!*

Your deodorant's let you down, sport,  
Your deodorant's let you down,  
You're the smelliest bloke in town, sport,  
Your deodorant's let you down.

You gotta keep your underarms cool, Curl,  
You gotta keep your underarms cool,  
So, don't go acting the fool, Curl,  
Just keep your underarms cool.

Your deodorant's let you down, sport,  
Your deodorant's let you down;  
I'm leaving my Cool Charm to you, Blue,  
Apply it before you en-gown.

I bequeath me bowls shoes to you, Jack,  
Me old bowling shoes go to you;  
I won't need them where I'm going to, Jack,  
When I hang me old cue in the rack, Jack  
To join Rolf and his kangaroo.

I'm passing me Greenlines on, Ron  
I'm passing me Greenlines on,  
They're yours when I'm dead and gone, Ron  
I'm passing me Greenlines on.

You can have the rest of me Grippio, Zippo,  
The Grippio is yours, and me drinking straws,  
And when I shuffle off, old pal,  
You can have me Bowls Book - Rules and Laws,  
And you can have me Zinc Cream as well.

I leave my tape measure to you, Blue  
My tape I'm leaving to you;  
You know how it slips a wee bit  
It's a valuable piece of measuring kit,  
So I'm leaving my tape measure to you.

I'm leaving my marker to you, Judy Parker,  
My marker's bequeathed to you,  
You can use it to mark the place on your bark  
Where the new hinge, installed, will be -  
Your brand-new bionic knee.

I'm giving me bowls stuff away, Ray,  
Giving me bowls stuff away;  
Struck down in me prime  
By the BO enzyme,  
On the very first sunny spring day.

Moving on now, me old mate, Leo,  
I'm leaving you me roll-on and spray,  
To help with your terminal BO,  
So the others can enjoy their day.

Don't offer them to your old Dad, Leo  
Your Dad's worse than half-mad, Leo  
Is it true that he still barracks for Freo, Leo?  
There's no bloody way he'll use a spray  
To disguise his perpetual BO.

You're the smartest young bloke in town, sport,  
But your deodorant's let you down, sport  
And I know this sounds tossable  
And you're a cert to deny it,  
But is it just possible  
That you forgot to apply it  
Before you drove into town, sport,  
Maybe that's why your deodorant let you down, sport?

*All together, now!*

Your deodorant's let you down, Sport,  
Your deodorant's let you down,  
You're the smelliest bloke in town, sport,  
Your deodorant's let you down.