

THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

By Harry Dunn
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Beer, Beer,
I've had it up to here!
You can keep your Melbourne Bitter,
Now I'm going to get fitter,;
So I'm giving up the grog;
No more cleansing ales,
No more hair of dog,
I'm finished with that evil critter,
My belt's run out of holes
And my pants no longer fitter,
So instead of drinking after bowls,
From now on, I'll be going out to jog.

So, it's goodbye Fosters Lager,
You're out of this old saga
And farewell Carlton Dry -
We're parting, you and I,
Along with Cascade Light-
You were never very bright,
In fact, you taste a lot like water,
But without the tang and bite -
Just another gut-enhancer,
And I'm trying to be polite.

No more costly potent spirits,
You've often given me the irrits,
And I won't miss you, not one little bit;
I won't miss the Scottish whisky,
I always found it rather risky -
Just ask my old mate Laurie,
Who has good reason to be sorry;
The Grand Master of the dive
Think of all the dives that Laurie's taken
Tho' his courage is unshaken
And he's still a happy talker;
Its a miracle that Laurie's still alive:
Thanks a million, Johnnie Walker!!

I'm forsaking gin and brandy,
Which I once thought nice and handy,
I'm replacing them with *candy*,
Which has always tasted nicer
Than the latest vodka splicer,
Candy's really dandy,
Much better than Jack Daniels or Jim Beam,
And it won't make you unstable, blind or bandy
Although it does have lots of *calories*, of course,
But what could possibly be nicer
Than a chocolate-mint enticer
To comfort you at night -
When you've gone off the sauce.

I won't fall back on pallid wine,
That poison leached from tangled vine
When I abandon lager, ale and beer:
I'm drawing down the shutters
And cleaning out the gutters
To bring a timely end to my alcohol career.

So Dan Murphy, my old friend,
On you I shall no more depend,
It's time for you and I to part:
I'm going on the wagon,
I have given up the flagon
And the Carlton Brewer's cart:
It's farewell to all you barmen, down at Invy Bowls,
Goodbye to lovely Lois; one day she'll be a saint,
Patron Saint of the bowl and drinking classes
And other poor lost souls.
No more Strong Drink for me, my friends,
I'm embarking on a new thing called *restraint*
And iced water will from now
Meet all my needs and ends.
But strong drink it surely ain't .
So its Huie – top me up -
Put some crushed *ice* in my water- cup,

More strong water, Barman Neil,
And you can add some lemon peel
To my Lo-cal C&C,
I'm celebrating my re-birth,
With a new-found zest and zeal
Come and meet the brand new slimmer me.

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A whole week has now gone by
Since I went on the dry
And gave up drink and drinking:
I've had time to think since I renounced the Demon Drink,
And I'll tell you what it is that I'm now thinking
I'm thinking that some decisions, if taken much in haste,
And perhaps without sufficient, careful measure,
Can later be a matter of regret, and need to be reviewed
If they're causing grief and real displeasure
As more information comes to hand,
To the reformed drinker's new-found leisure.

My plan was just to lose some weight,
That's why *I* jumped on the wagon,
But now I'm fairly certain that my extended gut was caused
By all the stuff I ate,
So now I've paused

And decided to move on, to what we'll call *Plan B:*
Where B stands for Bikkies, Bread and Boston Buns,
Bulk sugar on my Weeties, in Choc'late Frogs and Sweeties,
And several spoons in every cup of tea -
That's what's added excess weight to *me* -
Not the occasional harmless drink:
Yes- that's what I now believe and think.

So I'm swearing off the carbs
With their sugar-hooks and tasty barbs
And returning to my old friend, liquor
And the sooner the better, if not quicker:

I'm now sure I've taken more from drink
Than it ever took from me,
And I once heard a learned doctor say
That booze is good for the aging tippler's ticker-
I'm prepared to wait and see.