

SOUND Off

by Harry Dunn
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Their heads are up, their chests are out,
Social bowlers all about,
Ten or twenty, then two score,
Back at last, three months or more:

But then we go to Lockdown Three
To keep us all Corona-free -
 Sound Off, Sound Off,
 One, two, three , four
The Covid wolf is at the door
Can't play social bowls no more
 Five, six, seven, eight
Put on your mask and lock the gate
 Sound off, Sound off
 One, two, three , four
 One – two, threefour!

Driving down, past the Glade,
Saw foundations bein' laid,
Next time I passed, a Sound Shell stood,
Complete except for iron hood,
 Sound off, Sound off,
 One, two, three, four,
Wonder what they they built it for;
Could it be the Third World War?.
 Sound Off,
 One, two , three, four

Next time I passed, it wasn't there -
Just concrete slab and lots of air;
A week went by, then it was back,
Facing North from cul-de-sac.

And now they've put tin roof on shell,
Acoustic ceiling, ramp as well,
Angled, tapered and half-round
But not a sign of life or sound .
 Sound off, Sound Off.
 One, two, three, four.
Now I think I know the score,
Could it be so we won't see
The disappearing beach and shore.

 Five, six, seven, eight,
You're not allowed to aspirate;
I wear a mask which doesn't fit,
Because a dear old friend donated it.
It soon gets damp, and rather hot,

It's wet with spit and snuffly snot -
When you sneeze - it cops the lot;
 Sound off, Sound off,
 Five, six, seven, eight
Cops the lot when you exhale

And when that mask gets warm and soggy,
Specs fog up, makes you groggy,
You trip right over neighbour's doggie,
On your front lawn, doing boggie.
You fail to see that crappy pup
Because your specs are all fogged up.
 Sound Off, Sound Off,
 One, two, three, four,
Dog attacks you, tooth and claw,
Then returns to lawn to do some more.

Eenie, meenie, miney mo,
You catch a Covid by the toe,
Feelin' sick or only queasy -
Don't sit back and take it easy,
Go straight out and have the test,
Don't visit *me*, my old matey,
In eternal Peace I've no wish to Rest,
Until I get my OBE - Over Bloody Eighty.
 Sound Off, Sound Off,
 Five, six, seven, eight,
What's *your* age? If it starts with eight
They may not wish to resuscitate
No point in wasting scarce resources,
Not that one, nurse, - hold your horses
He's destined for the Pearly Gate,
So there is no need to ventilate!
 Sound Off, Sound Off
 One, two, three four,
 Sound Off

And now: for something completely different :
Nicole's back! - with a vengeance:

I bought a brand new high-tech phone -
The very latest thing;
I always answer when I hear
Its' frequent urgent phonic ring,
But it's often just a bossy lady -
All these ladies have scary power,
They seem to know exactly when
I take my monthly bath or shower (You can't be too careful these days)
Or even worse – when on the throne
These vultures ring my telephone;
There's Nicole, of course,

On her daily mara – bloody - thon
And that brand new lady on the block
Who says she calls from Ama - zon,
And now there's yet a-flaming-nother,
She could be Mister Wu's beloved sister
Or maybe just his dear old mother,
It seems to me that she implores, on bended knees
To do some damned thing or other,
In a tongue to me that's quite unknown,
Could be Mandarin, or Cantonese,
Shouted down my telephone .

Now, here's my point: if we're so smart,
We visit planets from afar, split the evil atom,
Transplant organs – liver, lungs and heart,
Why can't we rid ourselves of 'phoning pests,
And the fibs which they impart?
Why can we not get up and at'em,
Those thieving little rats,
A pox on them and who didst beget 'em;
Our finest brains haven't found the way
To rid us of these scavengers,
Who call us ev'ry day
To warn us they'll disconnect,
In their frantic search for suckers -
The simple-minded Aussie prey.

Lord, give us strength and wisdom, by all means,
And turn these rascals back to dust
Or fix their lines so *we* call *them* when they're asleep
Or on their Oriental thrones,
Or maybe teach them how to earn
An honest Eastern crust;
Anything is worth a try,
To stop their endless nuisance calls,
To our Roy - al Telephones,
In Thee, O Lord, we hope and trust !