

Ev'ry Thing's Up-To-Date in Inverlochy

by Harry Dunn
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Sung to the tune of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Everything's up to date in Kansas City", from their musical, Oklahoma. I wish these blokes would stop stealin' my stuff.

I got to Inverlochy late on Frid'y
First time in nearly fifty years
By Saturd'y I'd learned a thing or two,
The place was quite surprisin' clean and tidy
Not the rugged little town I thought I knew;
At the Invy and the Inlet, I scoffed a couple beers
And wondered and lamented
What this world's comin' to,
Because things ain't always what they first appears.

I walked down past the Shell-House,
Leastways that's the name I used to know
Last time I was here,
Past them bowlin' greens which fellers used to mow,
But now there isn't enough grass,
To wipe a magpie's arse,
And you wouldn't want to know,
But they've installed new bowlin' greens made out of *plastic*
And a feller with a blower,
Yep, a blower – not a mower,
Or something just as drastic ,
Apparently, that plastic grass don't ever grow:
 Yep, ev'rything's up to date in Inverlochy
 And they've gone about as fur as they c'n go.

Them bowlers built a fancy shed
Just to hide their rubbish bins,
And brand-new shelters for the players at the ends,
In case of hail or rain or snow,
With an aluminny seat,
Which can get as hot as hell - or as cold as Eskimo
But it helps to keep them bowlers on their feet,
So they won't get the bowlin' bends
From too much sittin' down, you know.
 Yep, everything's up to date in Inverlochy
 And I reckon that they've gone about as fur as they c'n go.
It's like a dream down there at Invy Bowl,

It's better than a moving picture show ,
Or that music on the wireless, rock-n-roll ,
I tell you everything's up-to-date
At the Invy House of Bowl
They can bowl in howling wind and pouring rain,
With them plastic mats beneath their shoes,
They bowl and feel no pain
Because they never get wet feet,
On that plastic, to-and-fro,
Even when it's raining cats and dogs
And the temp'rature is ten below.

Yep: everything's up to date in Inverlochy:
Hidden in a cul-de-sac and out of sight,
They have a *concrete* dinosaur,
One part Crocodile and three-parts Jaberwocky,
And they have a sunken ship-wreck, 'Amazon' by name,
Which appears when least expected, buried in the sand
Then disappears again, sometimes overnight ,
Which seems a crying shame;
And now, I hear, they're about to build theirselves a Sound Shell
Down there at The Glade,
Just like the Myer Music Bowl
Only three or four times bigger, so I'm told,
On the Invy Esplan – ade,
Where dogs take loyal owners for their early morning stroll.

Now I'll tell you even more
About that Bowlin' Club –
And you won't believe your ears,
Especially if you recall it, as it used to be
Way back when it was new, fifty years or so;
Now they're serving wine from bottles,
There's not a cardboard cask in sight
And they've banned offensive language -
The male bowler's natur'l right,

And in case you're unaware
They're now fully integrated,
So there's sheilas everywhere,
And they're no longer separated.
They've banished ciggy-smoking

On their prescious plastic green,
That expensive piece of real estate,
And bowlers can no longer drink from cans and stubbies
While they practise line and weight;
And there aint a decent spitoon to be seen;
The ashtrays all been put outside the gate
And they have these fancy 'acorns' in the gentlemen's latrine.

These days, down here in modern Invy
The barefoot bowlers get Sixties music while they bowl
On that grass that's made of plastic,
Which *they* say is real fantastic -
Especially if you likes your rock and roll.
And now they've introduced the final word in deca- dence ,
The kind of thing which brought them Romans down.,
Extravagant, beyond imagination!
I've heard, those barbie-cooking nancies -
Not content with proper Aussie treats,
Like half-cooked snags in bread and nothing fancy,
Down here, they're adding onions – yes, onions fried, no less,
To their exotic well-cooked snags
Decadence, I say, these dissipated culin-ary treats,
Where you'd expect to get your myst'ry bags,
Traditional, time-honoured , basic Aussie eats.

So, everything's up to date down here in Inverlocky,
And you have to wonder just how far they'll go,
With all these new inventions,
And their very best intentions,
They're swimming with the tide,
Because it's the easy way to go
But, even so, I wouldn't mind comin' here meself,
So I can join them on their ride:
While the town of Inverlochy
Is spreading far and wide.
Things sure aint what they used to be, just fifty years ago.

While I was drinking at the pub,
Where Dave Beaton used to ply his trade ,
A local bloke said “Yeah, everything's up-to-date, all right,
But here's the flamin' rub,
If you'd like to buy a little week-ender to inhabit

With even just a *glimpse* of salty water,
And it's for sale at anything below a million bucks
Rush out right now and grab it,
Because it won't be there tomorrow,
Although at the price you'd think you shouldn't order,
But I tell yer, all this progress sucks
Because now I can't afford to live down here and rent”
Then he pulled out a hundred bucks,
And sat down to play the pokies,
To help him through his hour of discontent.

Yessir, this progress ain't *all* exactly pretty,
In spite of what you hear and see,
Down here at Invy City,
Where pocket-hanky sub-divided blocks are daily turning up,
And most are quite a long way from the sea.

So I went to see an agent (Real Estate, that is) and he advised me.....

If you can live without an inlet view,
Or even just a glimpse,
And you don't have a million bucks to spend,
Perhaps a sniff of rotting seaweed's all you really need
To remind you of the Invy beach that's just around the bend,
And a brisk walk down the road, a tiny kay or two,
If so, my brand new friend –
Oh boy - do I have a deal for you!!
A tidy little back-yard bungalow,
It's a snap at half a mill,
And it has huge potential, too,
So, if you can find a way, I'll supply the will.

Yep - everything's up to date in Inverlochy,
And they've gone about as far as they can go,
Although right now the cost of Invy houses may seem a little shocky:
I leaves it up to you!