

THE GOLF INCIDENT

Words & Music by Joe LaMay

Unreleased

This tale I'll tell to you my friend the best that I know how
For though it nearly killed me then I can laugh about it now
It was on the seventh hole my friend -three hundred sixty yards
The par was four - the dog-leg right - I checked it on the card

Now, Bill and Steve had both teed off with quite impressive drives
Two hundred fifty yards or more - their Maxflies side-by-side
To try to save some face my friend I must go for it all
I'd have to pull out all the stops and hit the longest ball

I pulled my driver from the bag - it's number it was "one"
I took the cover off the head - I knew what must be done
To place the the ball upon the tee and try to clear my head
I must be sure my swing is true and my aim is dead

I kept my eye upon the ball as all good golfers do
For you must never move your head until the follow through
I did not want to "top" the ball - I must keep my driver low
But as I gave it all I had it hit the ground below

The head it bounced into the ball and knocked it from the tee
And sent it screaming 'long the ground and heading for a tree
It must have burned a thousand worms - all were doomed to die
It finally stopped - two hundred yards - and on an uphill lie

As Bill and Steve walked on ahead I took my sad detour
One hundred sixty yards to go - I'd better use my "four"
I'd used it just three days before and in the pouring rain
That shot had landed on the green - perhaps it would again

I stood there sizing up the play and wondered what to do
For Bill and Steve had easy shots to reach the green in "two"
I re-confirmed my iron choice for it was plain to see
I had to reach the green in "two" while shooting 'round a tree

It stood a mere ten yards from me atop a little rise
"I'll hit the ball around the trunk and take them by surprise"
And in my mind I heard their cheers and saw their smiles of glee
For showing them a miracle but it was not to be

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I gauged the angle to the left that my shot was sure to wing
And pulled the club back o'er my head and started through my swing
I kept my eye upon the ball and played by all the rules
The ball came crashing off the tree and caught the "family jewels"

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Now I don't have to tell to you the pain that I did feel
But, let me try to emphasize that what I felt was real
It lifted me right off the ground and nestled in my spleen
And lightning bolts ran up my legs and met there in-between

Now thunder clouds formed in my eyes and tears began to swell
And as I lay there on the ground I heard somebody yell
"Are you alright?" they cried to me - but I could not reply
And if you've ever felt this pain you know the reason why

At first I thought this blinding pain would never go away
But soon my eyes could see again and I continued play
And though I finished with a "six" on what might have been a "four"
I'm lucky I'm alive to tell - on that I'm "dead nuts" sure

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