

Ballad of a Walkie

With apologies to Henry Lawson

Across the stony ridges
Across the rolling plains
The Walkies they are coming
With all their aches and pains
There's Rae and Marg and Robin
And several Robyns more.
They're headed for the Possum Shed
To eat and drink and jaw.

You thought their destination
Was some lofty mountain high
But no my friends their focus
Is on luscious apple pie
They scurry to their table
And chatter as they wait
Bravado is their second name
From the yarns that they relate.