

NORMAN & THE SNAKE

Jim Lamb 2018

Norm was with Big Al with the boss, that day they came across,
an old brick well that looked completely dry.
But that was part deception for on a close inspection
the bottom held some water black as dye.

Floating on that murky goo sat a lump of four by two
and stretched out on that lay an old brown snake.
The snake looked like a log; he'd been eatin' mice and frogs
Norman turned white with fear and got the shakes.

The boss soon found some wire and lifted that snake higher
'till it nearly reached the top of that old well.
Norman did a double take; his phobia was no fake,
headed bush and wished the boss would burn in hell.

The boss calmed him down, said "let's knock off and go to town"
Norman said "anything is better than staying 'ere".
While he thought that plan a beaut, Norm shouldn't have got in that ute,
for the bosses kind offer was not all that sincere.

The boss had seen some fun and thought "this joke had more to run",
although his plan might give Norm a heart attack.
So he stuffed some hay bale string, secretly, behind Norm's sunshade thing,
kicked the ute into gear and headed up the track.

The sun was all aglow and to the west they had to go,
when Norm's hand went up and pulled his visor down.
That coiled up piece of rope leaped straight for Normy's throat
and he was sure he was attacked by a big king brown.

Norm got in a tangle as that fake serpent he tried to strangle
And visions of the ever after flashed before his eyes.
And boy he got in a tangle as that snake he tried to strangle
For he knew he had to win this or surely die.

Well the boss had now stopped and out the door he popped,
the scene inside had become too much to bare.
He rolled laughing in the dust, thought his guts were gunna bust
when Norman twigged and know became aware.

With the boss still on the ground, Norman had made it around to the other side with murder on his mind.

The boss would need some sutures as Normy lay in with his bluchers
When Norman let his trusty steel caps unwind.

Leather was still flying, the boss didn't feel like dying
so he rolled under the ute to get relief.

It was not a safe position, the keys were in the ignition
and Norman's thoughts of revenge were beyond belief.

The boss said "you wouldn't dare!" Norm said "he didn't bloody care"
if he killed the mongrel and left his bones to bleach.

Norman jumped in through the door, pushed the pedal to the floor
dropped the clutch and made the tires screech.

As they drifted through the dirt, the boss lost boots, shorts and shirt
and was thrown out the back as naked as a jay.

Norm couldn't give a stuff, of this prank he'd had enough
and gunned the ute to make his getaway.

The boss thought it rather rude, to be left there in the nude
but Norman in a cloud of dust was gone.

Cunning as a fox the boss had spied an old tin mailbox
knocked both ends out and slipped it on.

Not to let things get him down the boss headed back to town
nursing cuts and bruises and shattered pride.

Once he stopped the bleeding, new clothes he would be needing
but he'd have to walk as no-one would offer him a ride.

Well that rusty kero tin wasn't too kind on naked skin

As it rubbed some layers from his skin

As he walked in full sun, he was branded R.M.B on his bum
and more tender private parts were very nearly fried.

Well he made it back on dark, snuck around behind the park
where children ran in terror and old ladies stole a peak.

When the police arrested him; he was still wearing that old tin
and he goes up before the local court next week.