

Country Bonspiel

I love a country bonspiel
When we're in the "A" Event
That means that we're in our first game
And our energy's not spent
Those colour TVs lure us on
To give it our best shot
But in the "A" the rinks are stacked
And we hit one that's hot.

I love a country bonspiel
When we've dropped down to the "B"
Our brooms have found a rhythm
And we draw right to the tee
Those chain saws are a nice prize
We almost have them won
But my last rock was a little wide -
It must have hit a run.

I love a country bonspiel
When we're sitting in the bar
We have one life before us
The door is still ajar
We pour down rum and cabbage rolls
And try to hide our blisters
While kibitzing with local lads
Or better yet their sisters.

I love a country bonspiel
Though we're now down in the "C"
We're sweeping every second rock
And our skip's too drunk to see
We've got to win those flashlights
It is our final chance
But those four retired farmers
Must have horseshoes in their pants.

I hate a country bonspiel
On the drive back to the city
I detest the game of curling
In fact Scots have my pity
For inventing such a stupid game
It's just as bad as golf
"Say, next week let's try Smoky Lake
Or Onoway or Bawlf."

John Oster