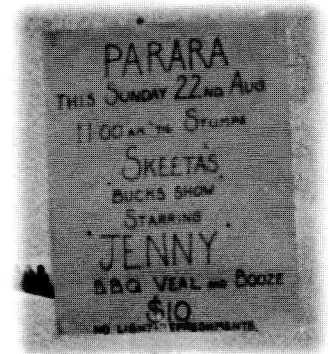


## SKEETER SMITH'S WEDDING



Skeeter Smith the grazier was known for far and wide  
as a small man with a mighty thirst, which could not be denied.

He was left at the bar after footy games, a beer mat on his livery,  
that read: "Ardrossan, South Australia, promise cash paid on delivery."  
One week he missed the next home game; the landlord's daughter was keen,  
he stayed at the pub, and to pay for his grog, sold three sheep, sight unseen.  
All the boys were soft on Skeeter, 'cos he was so very small,  
he'd wander by, take a beer from the fridge, an' no-one worried at all.  
When big Pat caught him with his wife upon the kitchen table,  
he said "D'you mind, we've got to eat off that, so clean it – when you're able!"

When Skeeter heard the landlord say he'd buy him a barrel of beer,  
his eyes lit up, he licked his lips, he gave an almighty cheer.  
But the landlord hadn't finished, and went on, to his dismay;  
"The day that you get married!" And Skeeter slunk to cut some hay.  
For Skeeter Smith the grazier was a bachelor through and through;  
between the tractor and the bar there's only so much a bloke can do!  
And all the girls drank at the bottom pub where he seldom sent at all,  
a man of habit was Skeeter, but the writing was on the wall.

For the news flew round the country town, the challenge was laid down,  
it filtered into the bottom pub where dwelled a drinkess of renown.  
Just the talk of all that free beer sent young Helen all a-quiver,  
and she's heard that Skeeter, although small, was a man who could deliver.  
So she changed her choice of pub that night, the two went head to head,  
and what went on at Skeeters place is better left unsaid.  
They'd known each other since schooldays, so Helen claimed they tarried,  
but it only took a week 'fore they announced they're getting married.

The bucks turn was a classic show, 'twas held at the shearing shed,  
 and the boys raced EH Holdens round a track of dusty red.  
 The hat went round for a special turn they'd bought down from the city,  
 they said her name was Jenny, rumoured a stripper, exotic and pretty.  
 The boys were pretty plastered when she was bought in behind a sheet,  
 anticipation building as they howled and stamped their feet.  
 When Skeeter was taken backstage the act was looking shonky,  
 the sheet was raised, Skeeter was naked, and tied on to a donkey!"

The droning of the blowflies woke the boys up from the dead,  
 then some joker drove a mob of bleating sheep into the shed.  
 "Don't show your face in town you blokes, you'd better stop away,  
 for the annual flower festival was being held today.  
 But they've all been tramped and eaten, Jenny's left you in the lurch  
 she was grazin' with a naked rider on when the girls rolled up to church."  
 Well Skeeter and Helen finally wed, the last to leave their own reception,  
 but their donkey home has a nosebag on and it knew the right direction.

