THE TRAIL RIDE ROMEO

Through mountains where the brumbies roam and snows sleep into spring,
the voice of Cash, the trail ride boss, would make the ranges ring.
As he led the city riders out from the Bluff to Omeo,
there rose a legend of a man, the trail ride Romeo.

He'd try his luck with any girl, with honey voice or cackle,
he wasn't much to look at, but he was famed for his riding tackle.
And if he suggests a private ride one thing you need to know,
don't be deceived; it's the mating call of the trail ride Romeo!

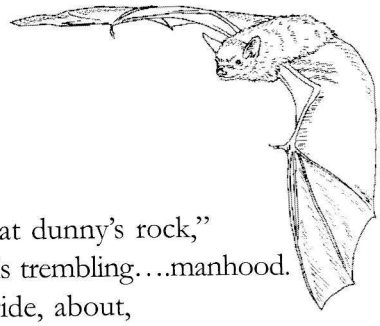
Before he took you for a ride some things he'd need to know,
to match your nature to a horse that's slow or hot to go.
D'you like a ride that's hard and fast, or soft and easy, say?
Can you grip tight and pull back hard, and can you go all day?

He'd ask you, "If your seat was good?", and "Could you prove your worth?"
And, to see if you've experience, "Would you like to check me girth?"
And though he'd check your stirrup length and never make a pass,
you knew, as you rose from your seat, he's checking out your....class!

All day they'd ride the mountains till they made camp at the Bluff,
and scudding clouds brushed tangled gums by stockyards worn and rough.
Round the old bush hut and campfire they'd roll out sleeping swags,
and horses munched in quiet calm when he'd looped on their nose-bags.

With dinner done, the bottle passed around the fire's warm glow,
and he told them tales and poetry above the soft winds blow.
Then when the girls were snuggled up and listening to the snores,
he'd come and say, "I've lost my swag, so can I please share yours?"

Rebuffed and beat he made his way to the dunny behind the shed,
and gazed in drunken stupor at the bright stars overhead.
When all at once he gave a scream, "Oh Lord, now help me please,"
and he rased down to the campfire with his trousers round his knees.



"I'm bit!" He wailed, "You'll find a snake beneath that dunny's rock,"
and sure enough two bite marks oozed at the base of his trembling....manhood.
"No antivenene, and the nearest town's a four hour ride, about,
the only way to save my life is – suck the poison out!"

Now here's a side of womankind he really didn't know,
for all the girls he'd charmed and pleased, they wouldn't have a go.
And all his mates turned pale and sick and said they couldn't lie,
"If those sweet girls can't help you mate; you're going to have to die."

To hide from their predicament they shot off to the dunny,
and one bloke came back smiling, like he thought the whole thing funny.
"I can't tell you the species mate, but it's here inside me hat,"
and with calm panache revealed a snarling blood soaked bat.

They matched the fangs against the marks and "Look," they said, "it fits,"
and the biggest sigh came from the girl that had the biggest ... .lips.
His mate turned pale and said, "You'll live but at terrible cost,
the bat's disease will turn it black and the whole damn thing drop off."

"But wait," said Jed, "There's worse to come, that's a vampire bat all right,
and when it drops off it'll stay un-dead and prowl around at night."
So in grim pain he rode next day his saddle cut down the middle,
and they asked if he felt bat wings grow last time he took a piddle.

And even now his closest mates don't know his terrible fate,
the truth is worse than horror films you may have seen of late.
So when you're camping out at night and feel the evening chills,
remember there's a part of Cash still roaming in these hills.

So zip your swags, lock up your daughters, close the windows shut,
for there's a flickering shape against the lonely cattlemen's hut.
And coming at you through the trees a sight to make you sick,
it ain't no Vampire, it's a flying bat-winged bloodsucking p..p..piece of Cash!

Note: Laurie is adamant that this is a true story (apart from the bit about the bat) but refuses to name the parties involved.