

BECOME A GOLFING VET

By Noel Hayes

Dedicated to the NSW Vets.

Now what are you going to do with your life when you're ready to retire.

Are you going to vegetate counting super or become a council crier.

Well I've got a great idea that'll keep you alive, no doctor you'll get.

Go and buy a set of golf clubs and become a **GOLFING VET**.

Where else can you lose balls in the trees, you can even hit them into the water.

And there waiting for you is a NAGA or two, when you're not playing like you orta.

Your life will be extended for many years whilst enjoying the great folk you've met

Aren't you glad you've gone and joined and become a **GOLFING VET**.

Those loveable larrikins, John Daley and Ian Vidler, pied pipers they're known to be.

Merrily cruising the countryside, contented and fancy free.

Don't worry about the kids' inheritance and super, the vets have many prizes to get.

All some of the many rewards now that you've become a **GOLFING VET**.

Where else can you hit a ball into the rough or water, or in a bunker you can land.

And you come out blaming your bloody clubs, for which you've just paid a Grand.

But you soon return to sanity, whilst in the camp kitchen with folks you've met.

Whinging a lot replaying many shots. Isn't it great to be a **GOLFING VET**.

"Gee mate, that's three Aireys in a row, is that the best you've got?"

The next shot slices out of bounds. "Oh dear! doesn't he swear a lot?"

Don't worry my friend you'll soon get it right, on that you can surely bet.

But really look at the worry free life you're leading now you've become a **GOLFING VET**.

But at the end of the day you're feeling great. Boy what a life you're leading now.

And excuses you thought you'd never find, are getting better by the hour.

So "tag along" get your caravan on the road, and the cruise control you can set.

Spending the rest of your life in great company, now that you've become a **GOLFING VET**.