

Salters Point Nov 2013

The day we went to Salters Point we formed three disparate groups
Along the lines of temperament. It's a habit with our troops
This day we joined with local folk down there by the sea,
The toughs, our mob, lots of snails and me.
Gill and Helen (Suzie's friend) set the whole thing up
To do a walk and later meet to bonfire and to sup.

We met (or didn't) beside the pear tree down Nubeena way.
We never met the local toughs. They wouldn't wait that day.
They didn't like that we were late so ran off down the track.
They didn't even say "G'day" not even coming back.
So our mob got their dander up, set off in hot pursuit.
We'll show you bastards how to walk. We're catching up.. You beaut!

I watched them go and looked around. Surprise! I'm not alone.
Six lovely gentle Tasman folk were there to see me home.
We walked a bit, devoured the view and watched the racing teams
Climbing up to Salters Point. To win would meet their dreams.

We left them to it, headed back to where our cars were last.
Some headed off. The toughs came back and disappeared real fast.
Our blokes rolled in .. a few at least. They took off and hey.
That left Sheila, Marg, Joan, and Lou .. were the hell were they?
I sat around and sat some more. A bloke came by. Yelled "Hi ya Mate."
He sparked a good idea. I thought I'd test that fast locked gate.

What a fluke, it opened up. I was feeling very brave..
I drove on down that forest road my buddies for to save.
Then another bloke came by. Not friendly. Axe to grind?
I knew I had a problem. I had to change his mind.
"Please. Can I save my buddies?" They're really very old.
If I leave them out here they'll surely die from cold.

The guy said "OK Granny. Git 'em out then git.
I couldn't see them anywhere. Oops ... I almost had a fit
For there they lay all stretched out flat like washing out to dry
I thought at first that they were dead. I had a mind to cry.
Then Sheila spoke. Be quiet you dork. We thought we'd take a spell.
But thanks. A ride back up the hill will suit us really well.

We all went back to Helen's place to finish off the day.
Now they're just a little fire obsessed down by Pirates Bay
So Helen lit a mighty fire to show us how it's done.
We cooked some chops and ate a lot and all had lots of fun.
Then off we crept to Joan's to sleep, and then to walk some more
We'll be back another day . Mate that we know for sure.