

ODE TO THE HANDICAP

**Its been twelve months since we were all last here  
With plenty to eat and plenty of beer**

THE SMITH BROTHERS ARE BACK WITH A TALE QUITE TALL  
ITS ABOUT THE BUSHRUNNERS AND INCLUDES MOST OF YOU ALL

**Its the first of the month, the week we all come  
A competition like no other: its the Handicap run**

**Tactics are talked on the way down in the car,  
Mum says "Its only 10 K's, its really not far"**

**But for us its all glory, competition, a hard run  
Its always flat out from the start of the gun**

WHAT ON EARTH MAKES AN OLD MAN LIKE ME WANT TO RUN,  
IS IT SOME SORT OF EGO TRIP, OR IS IT REALLY FOR FUN.

TO FINISH A MARATHON FOR ME IS JUST GREAT,  
EVEN THOUGH FOR THREE DAYS AFTER IM A SORRY STATE.

BUT ONCE A MONTH THERES A HARDER RUN THAT COMES AROUND,  
ITS CALLED THE HANDICAP AND AROUND THE STREETS OF BEROWRA  
WE HAVE TO POUND,

**Its 35 past and Jims off on his way  
His dog with an erection after smelling bums before today**

**We go and check the sheet, "What Am I on today?"  
"Its time they caught up with you" I hear Jim Fairley say**

**I hear a screech around the corner and a beat up car comes in  
Its Paul in his old Laser, his Directors parking spots been taken**

**More runners start to fade away, Yvonne, Dave, and John  
To catch these people and get bonus points I really hope would come**

**Someone asks, "Where's Hugh Hodge", as we see Jeanetta arrive  
"He's home in bed - a year off - and his handicap times taken a dive"**

**Dave Cannings, fresh from caving, tells how tired he feels,  
But still he's gone in a flash and races up all the hills**

**The time has come, we line on the start, Ted treats it like a joke  
But quick as a flash Pam and Margaret say "Go!" and we try and get past that  
old bloke**

20 MINUTES MY HANDICAP TIME AND IM TOLD TO GO,  
TED WEST ALONG SIDE ME HE NEVER RUNS SLOW,

AS I TURN INTO KALOONA THE PAIN I START TO FEEL,  
AS I START TO REEL IN CHRISTOPHER O'NEIL.

AND THEN DANNY MACAFERY, BUT HE'S WAY AHEAD,  
I'M THINKING I'LL GIVE UP & GO HOME TO BED,

BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING THIS RACE TO RUN  
TO BEAT 40 MINUTES THAT'S MY FUN.

**Round the corner and up Balaclava, Melanie greets us, on the front step with the kids**

**"I feel great" I reply, reaching the top, which is a hell of a great big fib**

**On the main road a 4 wheel drive flashes past, nearly hitting someone in its wake  
Its gotta be Kerry, rushing to the start, who's only 20 minutes late**

THERES GRAHAM MC TAGGART AS ALONG THE WATERS ROAD I FLY  
THIS BLOKES HARD TO PASS BUT I'LL GIVE IT A TRY,

I'VE GOT PAST GRAHAM NOW GREG MC CANN IS IN SIGHT & HE IS NO  
SLOB,  
AS I RUN ALONG SIDE HIM HE SAYS GO ON BOB,

THAT SORT OF ENCOURAGEMENT IS A BUSH RUNNERS WAY,  
OF SAYING GO ON MATE YOU CAN WIN THIS TODAY.

I GO OVER THE ROUND ABOUT AND INTO TURNER REAL QUICK,  
THE SMELL OF GREASY FOOD MAKES ME FEEL A BIT SICK.

**Brain Potts, as it appears on the handicap sheet  
is already going past the end of Warrina Street**

**"Come on mate" I say, "you're going well", with a glance,  
"slow down" I really think, "and give me a chance".**

I RUN ALONG SIDE OF BARRY COLE & HIS DOG,  
THE POOR BLOODY THING JUST LOOKS LIKE IT COULD LAY DOWN &  
SLEEP LIKE A LOG.

BOB & DI I'VE LEFT ON THE FIRST HILL,  
THESE MEDICAL PEOPLE SHOULD INVENT A RUN FASTER PILL.

BUT MY MIND ON THE RUN I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING,  
AND PASS GEORGE & BERNIE & NOT START SLOWING.

THE END OF TURNER HAS FINALLY COME  
IT MEANS THE HANDICAP IS HALF WAY DONE.

BACK UP THE ROAD I START TO PULL,  
AND AT THE BROW OF THE HILL I PASS PETE NUTALL.

BUT JUST WHEN I THINK I'VE RUN WELL OVER THE HILL,  
ANDREW FORSYTHE RUNS PAST ME LIKE I'M STANDING STILL.

I'LL TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THIS YOUNG BLOKE WHO RUNS LIKE THE  
BREEZE  
BUT ALAN MILLER JUST PASSES US BOTH WITH RELEVANT EASE

**Further along more people are picked up, Derek Hale, Chris Graham, Steve  
Lennox and All**

**These guys run pretty hard and never seem to dawdle**

**And if Dick Slater's there you can hear him complaining  
About all the short-cuts that everyone's taking**

**Further along I hear a steam train behind me  
It's Scicluna's deep breathing, as I turn around and see**

BUT WHERE'S THE BLOKE WHO EVERY BODY AS A RUNNER WOULD  
FEAR,  
HIS NAME IS JOHN LANG HE'S PUT ON WEIGHT BUT HE'LL BE BACK NEXT  
YEAR,

THERE HE IS A MILE BEHIND,  
A WAY OF LOSING 20 KLS HE WILL HAVE TO FIND.

INTO WIDEVIEW THERES 2 KS TO GO,  
I STRUGGLE PAST STUART, STEVE & PHIL STACEY, THANK GOD THERE  
GOING SLOW.

**Phil Gowenlock is caught along Wideview, always in the same place  
He tags along behind, "bloody hell" I think, "I could do without this sort of race"**

**And I see Ron Lusk coming, as slow and ugly as ever,  
Hes been out already by himself, a splitter, a separatist Bushrunner**

AS I TURN AT THE END OF WIDEVIEW I'M STILL GOING I THINK FAST,  
THAT BLOODY DAVE HARRIS JUST BOLTS ON PAST.

HE'S A GREAT RUNNER AND RUNS WITHOUT IT SEEMS STRAIN,  
UNLIKE MYSELF EVERY STEP NOW IS PAIN,

**And Mark Sleemans a new guy, with heaps of potential  
His handicap will increase in no time at all**

**Jacki Watts is streaking out in front already,  
It must be that short hair cut that gives her a steam lined body**

**And the Walkers are on the corner, just chatting there, I think,  
They should make themselves more useful, and give us all a drink.**

**9 and 1/2 k's, finally I'm nearly at the end  
Just hold on to this pace as I turn around the bend**

**A quick look behind, no-one coming, no footsteps sound,  
I think I'll slow up, keep my handicap time down**

**AS I TURN DOWN WOODCOURT I'VE RUN MY BEST  
AND TO MAKE ME FEEL GREAT, I'VE BEATEN TED WEST,**

**AS I CROSS THE LINE MY HEART NOW HAS A FAST PACE,  
I'M TOLD ROBYN AND BRUCE WERE FIRST AND SECOND IN THIS RACE.**

**The ovals now empty and Sunday has begun  
Another week for the Bushrunners has finally been run**

**But Dave Cramner keeps watch, with his white head band on  
The person may of left us, but his spirit hasn't gone.**

**To run with all your heart, BE CONSISTENT, TRY YOUR BEST  
You may not always win, BUT YOU'LL BE BETTER THAN THE REST**

**This is the nature of the Bushrunners, THAT MAKES US WHAT WE ARE  
There's those who love 10 kilometre's, AND THOSE THAT RUN QUITE FAR.**

*So finally the Smith Brothers, this year would like to say,  
Persevere with running handicaps, you might be surprised some day.*