

THE SCRAP OF NINETY TWO

Times were tough on the Barrier Range in the Big Strike of '92,
We were boilin' the tongues of our miner's boots to thicken the bunny stew,
when this toff called Lord Darcy blows into town,
on his wagon is painted: 'World Wrestling Crown',
and a gaggle of gawkers gather around,
because light entertainments were few.

Lord Darcy sees Larry – a gammy-legged lout –
calls him into the circle, then says 'Get me out!'
Larry's all gangly and wild but green,
Darcy's all flabby and pasty, but mean.
Lord Darcy bends Larry like softenin' a shoe,
ties Larry in knots only rubber should do,
Locks on a half Nelson that turns his face blue.

The Ladies cry "Mercy!" and there's a to-do,
So Larry breaks free and decides to shoot trough.
Well, we are disgusted, we all turn to go,
But will Darcy release us? Of course not, Christ no!
He follows us down to the old 'Thirsty Crow'.

Now Larry's mate Boney sits thinkin'. He coughs.
He hates mining managers, posers and toffs.
He's weedy and poisoned and hardly worth tuppence,
But he dreams up a scheme for Darcy's come-uppance.
"Your lordship, I'm done for, me last days are few
If I only had strength and courage like you,
I'd wrestle and capture Old King Kangaroo!
He'd make a man's fortune in a show like you do."

Boney takes him out back with his kangaroo dogs,
Leads Darcy from Peaks to unsanitary Bogs.
They bail up their quarry beside Stephen's Creek,
But the old 'roo is cunning and brazen, not weak.
Darcy eyes off the 'roo as he circles around,
It never occurs to him he could get drowned.

As sure and as sharp as the crack of a whip,
Lord Darcy darts in shouting "King! Take thy grip!"
The kangaroo's forearms are skillful and fine,
They wrap round Lord Darcy like lengths of steel twine.
The kangaroo washes the Lord like a cloth,
'Til he's faded and frayed and his limbs have gone soft.

We knew he'd remember the gammy-legged kid –
The value of mercy – the cost of a quid.
So we went in with sticks and we scared the 'roo off.
Boney wanted a medal for saving a toff.

'Though times were tough, and our lessons grim in those days of '92,
When we grappled with politicians in the arms of a ding-dong blue,
And wrestled with bosses, who'd strangle a mate,
'Til they shipped in their scabs from the city like freight.
There's one thing we recall when we congregate,
That's how Darcy wrestled the 'roo.