

## Our Men's Shed

We joined Mt Beauty Men's Shed, for rest and relaxation,  
Did not realise it then, we would start rebuild our Nation,  
In big leaps we made our mark, we all wheeled and dealt for cash,  
If we didn't make a lot, then at least we had a bash

Everyone needs the thanks, for the efforts they put in,  
And every sausage sizzle, puts more dollars in the tin,  
At footy gates, made good friends, and we sold a bit of wood,  
Met good folk and took their cash, made more than we thought we would.

Then came Bogong making bunks, and you just would not believe,  
The superhuman effort used, for what we did receive,  
But we got much more than cash, as we wore out finger ends,  
Old bones, muscles, suffered most, *but*, we made so many friends.

They're a motley lot, our leaders, but pillars in our midst,  
So when they kick the bucket, we will all go out, get pissed,  
{the other version, [I'm sure that they'll be missed]}  
Sometime you'll work with Warwick, but you never know your luck,  
I learned so many words from him, and all would rhyme with DUCK.

Our workshop was the Scout Hall, and with drills and saws and wood,  
Demolished one whole forest, though we never thought we could,  
We cut and drilled and sandpapered, then varnished out of tanks,  
We breathed in so much sawdust, that we all were shitting planks.

We made mistakes, laughed and joked, but we blamed advancing years,  
Found out some that couldn't count, others nearly close to tears,  
Then "Hi Ho," , off to Bogong ,with no worries and no cares,  
Till all these blokes, took this wood, up four flights of bloody stairs.

Bodies then lay all around, on some landings there were two,  
"Come on, get up", someone said, "there are many things to do",  
Reply to this I can't say here, I'd tread on Warwick's toes,  
It wasn't real Queen's English, but you know just how it goes.

-We built all the bunks in teams, that we named from A to Z,  
Well our team had no trouble, that's not what the others said,  
But maybe they had Warwick, helping them clear up the muck,  
Maybe they just didn't know, all the words that rhyme with DUCK.

This was only half the job, and they ordered 19 more,  
But never gave a single thought, to the bodies on the floor,  
Old bones scattered all around, they may never move again,  
"Come on get up", someone said , the reply was just the same.

But like good old Aussie diggers, we all took up the task,  
The words that came from Warwick, do you really need to ask,  
We cut and drilled and sanded, sprayed everything with varnish,  
The scout hall, and town centre, will never ever tarnish.

Wives thought we were two timing, had women on the loose.  
Cos when we went to bed at night, we were no bloody use,  
At 3 o'clock each afternoon, we fell through the front door  
Our back and legs were knackered, We couldn't take much more.

We put all this behind us, daily lined up in a row,  
And told our fearless leaders, exactly, where they could go,  
Finally we did the job, don't dare ask for one more bed,  
You'll get trampled by the rabble, 'cos we started our new shed.

One final thought I'll share with you, and try to make it snappy.  
Pay your dues and join "the shed", Guarantee, you will die, HAPPY.