

E. C. Beatty

"Ski King"

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Some people say
This story is false
But others say it's true

Fear not, old Ski King
Cause, buddy, I believe in you

The sun was a-shining
The water, it was smooth
Ski King was in perfect form
Daddy-O was in the groove

The pink Cadillac came sliding in
With a big boat on the rear
Ski King stepped out on the sand
Said, the great Ski King is here

Ski King fastened on his skis
Fifty horses were getting warm
The crowd let out a mighty roar
Let's see that perfect form

He strutted to the water's edge
He waved back to the crowd
He pounded his chest like Tarzan would
And that made Daddy-o proud

Daddy-o backed up close to shore
The rope was a perfect throw
Ski King tied it around his arm
And yelled, let her go, Daddy-o

Daddy-o opened that throttle wide
Sounded like a swarm of bees
All of that power from the fifty horses
Made Ski King lose his skis

Poor Ski King was flying low
Like a porpoise up and down
They circled the lake
About four or five times
Daddy-o never looked around

Daddy-o was driving that boat
Ski King was drinking the lake
People were yelling at Daddy-o
Stop the boat, for goodness sake

Daddy-o finally stopped the boat
He pulled Ski King inside
Poor Ski King had plenty of water
But he sure had lost his pride

Now, the moral of this story
Keep your neck of the noose
Be careful not to grab ahold
Of something you can't turn loose
Of something you can't turn loose
Of something you can't turn loose

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