

The Sundial

"Grog Monster"

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Just a quiet young bloke from out near Hay
With a well respected family name
He didn't drink or smoke never swore or fought
Well at least that's what his parents thought

But that all changed on the day he headed off to
school
He became a household name for breaking all the
rules
He'll be straight arm drinking blind man thinking
How can I go wrong?
Well he's the best he'll show the rest
He's right where he belongs
Bringing to the table how his old man used to play
It's a job it's a duty to
Let the grog monster off the chain

He's a bit of a legend with all his mates
When he ploughs the tractor right through the gates
And he'll drag the dirtbike through the door
Do some doughnuts on the kitchen floor

He'll be spinning from the clothesline
And fighting mates for fun
The centre of attention when he's wearing all his rum

Now he'll go down in history
As an alcoholic inductee
And we won't forget the stunts his pulled
Or the machinery that he's totalled

But he'll use his skills train them up initiate his peers
The grog monster tradition will then live on for years

Party startin' fire lightin' dancing in the rain
Raise that arm above his head and look out
He's off the chain
Tractor driving, bare-fist fighting, going all the way
Damage and destruction is his game
He's off the chain
He's off the chain

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