

## Frank Crumit

### "Donald The Dub"

Visit "[Donald The Dub](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Listen to the tale of a stalwart male  
Who lost his well known Nanny  
Donald was his name and golf was the game  
That made him grey as his Granny

He practised much but his style was such  
That his handicap stayed at thirty  
All the words he used when the ball he bruised  
Were nothing else than dirty.

In the locker room every night  
He'd sing of his awful plight

Oh! The dirty little pill went rolling down the hill  
And rolled right into a bunker  
From there to the green I took thirteen  
And there by gosh I sunk 'er.

I get no fun in the air and sun  
But down in the traps I labour  
I sweat and weep where the sand is deep  
Till I want to murder my neighbour.

(Spoken)  
(thwack!) Oh! Baby, look at that drive. Wheee!  
Now whoa, whoa. Whoa youâ€¦ (out of bounds)  
Alright, caddy, give me another ball.

There was one great day that came his way  
His score he was sure to diminish  
Never had such form, then up came a storm  
He was never able to finish

He had a slice that was far from nice  
From him it never parted  
Once a year that shot, believe it or not  
Came right back where it started.

Do you wonder that he groans  
And sighs and wails and moans.

Oh! The dirty little pill went rolling down the hill  
And rolled right into the water  
And the reason it would seem, I lifted my beam  
When I know I shouldn't oughter.

Then I hit a shot that I liked a lot  
But it sailed right into the marshes  
And I wished right then, like a lot of other men  
That I had worn my galoshes.

(spoken)

Hey, Donald, how many shots did you take over in that  
rock pile?

Let me see, one two three, er six I believe

Oh! You dirty so-and-so. I counted twelve time I heard  
your club hit something

Well, er, the other six were echoes. (hee hee)

Now Donald the Dub joined the country club  
And found a fellow duffer  
Just as bad as he, so with shouts of glee  
They started out to suffer.

They played nine holes, and the poor little moles  
Were never scared so badly  
For the divots flew, and the cuss words too  
And the birds and the bees left gladly

As the end of the day drew nigh  
Came a song that was sung with a sigh

Oh! The dirty little pill went rolling down the hill  
And rolled right into the club house  
When I got there with sand in my hair  
They changed it's name to the Dub house.

I've wrecked more ground than Columbus found  
And the guy that I am after  
Is the crazy scot who invented this plot,  
That's robbed all the world of laughter

Now Donald the Dub broke club after club  
As he told the world goodbye  
For he suffered every hour when his game went sour  
Even as you and I.

Visit [Frank Crumit](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.