Aaark Raven Mad

All the crows from South Australia, New South Wales and Queensland too,
from way down in Tasmania and west of Uluru,
convened an urgent meeting, for the word had passed around
that plastics were in vogue, no more was rubber to be found.

They never would have known it if this journo had kept quiet,
he said, "There's some in Bentley...." and next thing there was a riot,
'cause everyone knows crows love rubber, hoses, bands or boot,
(I've seen them cart away a scuba diver for his suit.)

They descended into Bentley, windscreen wipers were the go,
and unanimously voted as their guard, Sir Russell Crow,
for this was El-Dorado, their Nirvana, Holy Grail,
and God help any bloke who tries to tug on Russell's tail!

Cro-Magnon ate the first one, and Old Crow she had a feed,
Scare-crow was too stuffed and scared to satisfy his need,
but stone the crows! you should have seen old Vel-crow stick it out,
while Chro-mium insisted on a plate, and pint of stout.

Chro-mosome got drunk and spent the night locked in a cell,
while Cro-chet got a stitch from eating rubber tyres as well;
Cro-quet took a hammering for rolling on the grass,
and Crow's Feet tried to kick him in his black and shiny... aaask yer mother for sixpence.

The people painted one crow white to scare the rest away;
a hawker selling rubber snakes made eighty bucks that day.
They hired an exorcist who spread minced garlic on the blades,
and Prue McGhoo thought saying,"Shoo!" should stop the raven raids.

Now, One Tooth Ted the truckie tied his Pit Bull to the bonnet,
but One Eyed Wanda Whistlethorpe had failed to see it on it,
see, she had parked beside him, with her cat in charge, "Sweet Pea",

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and the crows all watched the show and had dessert chucked in for free.

All in all the town had gone stark raven flamin' mad,
and all because the newspaper went on about this fad.
The locals couldn't use their cars, especially when it rains,
their rubbers all were pinched, and mate, you know how much that pains!

So they called on Johnny Howard to assist them in their plight,
but he was fairly stuck out in the Bush, caught in a fight,
and Mr Latham crowed, "Why don't you go & read a book."
but The Nationals said they'd help out -with a Liberal grappling hook.

So they said their prayers and asked for a solution from the stars,
to stop these windscreen wiper snipers vandalising cars.
Then a hungry hairy hippie with his chips wrapped in the paper,
was shocked to read about this raven rubber pinching caper.

He came up with the answer in a flash, he said, "Hey man,
my Kombi has no windscreen, it's an air conditioned van,
and if you have no windscreen, well you've got no use for wipers,
no wipers means no rubbers means no 'aaarking' bloody snipers!"

So now around in Bentley life has settled down again,
you see they've ditched their windscreens; they'd much rather suffer rain
than rubber robbing ravens raiding wiper blades at will,
and that journo got an OBE for crowing with such skill.

Author's note: While performing in Perth, WA., there was an uproar about crows pinching rubber windscreen wipers from cars in the town of Bentley. For a week or so the local journalist printed in the paper, all and sundry's wacky suggestions to fix the problem. Below is my take on it, as written in Rod and Kerry Lee's lounge room. (There was a Federal election looming at the time.)

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