

Festival of Farts

Kevin Bloody Wilson

I come from an outback town where fuckin nothin grows
No wheat no sheep so we cant even host an annual show
But we got somethin special there that sets our town
apart
Coz each year in a shed we hold the festival of farts
Theres displays and competitions
And entries from afar
And those that cant get into town just send in little
jars
And old fat sarge the local cop with clipboard and a
pen
Unscrews the lid and takes a whiff then scores em 1 to
10
He'll give you 2 points for Aroma
2 for the bouquet
2 for fermentation
And 2 more for decay
And two for presentation of the fancy little jars
And a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts
And you should see the mob this year
That cramed into the shed
Hear the big guns blazing
In the farting talent west
With old sarge on a megaphone as he reads the riot act
' ' Now settle down you bastards, can you hear me at the
back
Now we'll give em all a go alright, and butt them
cigarettes
And any of you cunts play up tonight, i'll bust ur
fuckin head''
And he unfolds his directors chair
And squats on his fat arse
To adjudicate the entries in the festival of farts
He'll give you 2 points for Aroma