

Out of Bounds

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Billy Brownless is one'a my heroes, a far dinkum footy legend,
But he's puttin' on a little bit'a puddin' in the middle now his six pack's
turned into a keg,
And if Billy was an inch or two taller, I'm bettin' he'd be perfectly
round,
And if he stood out there in the center square his gut'd be out'a
bounds.

Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Billy's big fat belly'd be out'a bounds,
He's the very same height when he's standin' up, as he is when he's
layin' down,
And did you know that they've given him his own postcode 'cause his
at gut's out of bounds.
(As the bounce Brownless goes up cling position he's clearly out'a
bounds).

Sammy Newman used to play a bit of footy, and I'm told that he
weren't half bad,
He could run like the wind and fly like a bird but he had to give it up
and that's sad,
But it weren't a bung knee or a hammy, that brung our Sammy down,
But when he stood out there in the center square his gob was out'a
bounds.

Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Sammy's north and south was out'a bounds,
He's had a whole heap'a panel beatin' done, but they forgot to stitch
up his mouth,
With a nip-nip here and a tuck-tuck there his gob's still out'a bounds.
(Newman nobody near him, I can't believe it he's out'a bounds).

Eddie McGuire's doin' alright, everything he touched turns to gold,
He brung Hollywood to Collingwood, and a stash'a cash I'm told,
'Who wants to be a millionaire?' was the word that got around,
But when he stood out there in the center square his wallet was out'a
bounds.

Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)
Eddie's big fat wallet's out'a bounds,
And watch out Ed now that ol' Lang's dead now Rose is sniffin'
around,
Just tell her that you don't do ugly mate, and you're wallet's, out'a
bounds.
(Get to the other side McGuire goes very high he's crashed to the
turf, it's ok he's landed on his wallet).

So there you go I bagged Billy and Sam and don't forget Eddie and
Rose,
And I'd hate to think I left anybody out, so that just leaves me I
suppose,
But I only ever played, Aussie Rules once and they had to take me
off the ground,
'Cause you wouldn't believe the part'a me that they reckon was out'a

bounds.

Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)

Out'a bounds, (out'a bounds)

Me medal winnin' weddin' tackle was out'a bounds,
With two great hairy love spuds, draggin' along the ground,
Don't want nobody trippin' over the bastard 'cause me weddin'
tackle's out'a bounds.

And Billy Sam and Ed are just a bit pissed off 'cause me weddin'
tackle's out'a bounds.

And I bet they wouldn't mind a cluster like mine 'cause me weddin'
tackle's out'a bounds.

(I've never seen this before Wilson has been penalised with running
himself. Ah that is pure Wilson magic)