

A Winter Bowler's Dream

By John Thornton

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To be sung to:

Wouldn't it be Loverly?

(from "My Fair Lady")

All I want is a rink somewhere,
Far away from the cold sea air,
With no big wind gusts there,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?

Someone's bowl restin' on the jack,
My bowl hits with a great big crack,
I don't want that one back,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?

*Aow, so loverly bowlin' abso-bloomin'-lutely till,
Winter ends and then the Spring,
Gets, rid of the Winter chill,*

Lots of sangers for me to eat,
All my bowls trackin' like a treat,
No Div 1 bowls to beat,
Aow, wouldn't it, be loverly?

Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly.

All I want is a rink that's green,
Running flat at about fourteen,
Frank Seaton on my team,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?

Skies are blue and the sun is hot,
Bowls improvin' with every shot,
Luck with me when they're not,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?

*Aow, so loverly bowlin' abso-bloomin'-lutely till,
Winter ends and then the Spring,
Gets, rid of the Winter chill,*

Just to bowl and be glad I came,
Raffle prizes for me to claim,
And always win each game,
Aow, wouldn't it, be loverly?

Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly.