

FINALS TIME

by Harry Dunn
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Finals time is here again,
The Old Navy Blues are crying in their beer again,
Let's sing a song of cheer again,
Finals Time is here again!

Sorry Trevor

Goodbye home and games away
To get the chance you need to play
In the Final Eight,
Then it's hello gay times,
Goodbye grey times,
Let us all now celebrate.

All together, shout it now,
Who on earth could doubt it now,
You can tell the world about it now,
Unless your name is Ronald, Pud or my old Aunt Hilda
And follow teams like North
The Dons, the Blues, the Scraggers
Or even worse – Saint Kilda,
Those hapless single-flaggers,
Who expect to win a flag one day
But who knows how or when;
Finals time is here again!

Their cares and troubles are all gone,
Until next year, so bring it on,
And of course we feel for Auntie Hilda, Pud and Ron,
But if you follow Tigers, Demons, Cats or Hawks,
Or Nathan Buckley's Merry Men,
It's happy days are here again !

Happy days when our Vics
Belt the crap from those football Space Invaders;
May they be struck by terminal jet-lag,
And what gives these football raiders
The right to come down here, and steal free-kicks,
And pinch our precious flag,
Well, we intend to beat those lunatics
And then
Happy days are here again!

Let's sing a song of cheer again,
And scoff a pie and beer again,
It's time to shout and cheer again,
Finals time is here again.