The OK Bin Corral

by Harry Dunn received 17/1/18

Well, upon my soul, the House of BowlOpposite Green One,Is erecting a brand-new wooden structure,Up from the Wailing Wall,With the staircase in between,To house our rubbish bins,And keep them warm and clean.

Yes, we *house* our bins down here. And some might think it's rather snobbish, But we *love* our empty bottles, cups and cans, And respect all kinds of rubbish.

This new structure looks a wee bit like a horse-box But it isn't finished yet, And that's OK by me, So I'll dub it the new OK Corral, At Inverloch-On-Sea, Built beside and partly under The famous Stairway Up To Heaven, Overlooking sand and sea.

They're installing central heating To warm our bins at night, And piped music to soothe them through the day, Air, ionised and filtered, as is their legal right; We will wash them down with Dove_ So gentle on the skin And gently pat them dry-Every lovely bin!

We will powder their green bottoms, And polish every lid, We will kiss each bin goodnight, As our mothers always did. Some folks have said we spoil our garbage bins, At this Invy Bowling Club, But the members don't agree, Because we **love** our garbage bins-Even you and me.

There's a place in ageing bowlers' hearts For what they are and what they hold, Especially in summer When the barefoot bowlers and the Corps Are here in force and number, With their silver and their gold; With raging thirst they are becurs't, So we ply them with strong drink In can and cup and bottle, And a dozen empties won't fill a bin But, as we know well - a lot'll.

They say a fully-loaded bin Could mean five hundred coming in Dollars the And it helps to pay the daily bills, So we love to see a dozen shiny yellow lids Bulging at the seams and loaded to the gills, Safe and sound and warm in their new-built attribute, Awaiting the collectors -While Lois banks the loot.

Ah yes – we loves our yellow bins!

Dollars that is. Green Gold.