

## The Back Nine

Loudon Wainwright III

In this game you've got eighteen holes  
To shoot your best somehow  
Where have all my divots gone  
I'm in the back nine now  
I got to move on down to that next fairway  
Up to that flapping flag  
There's a storm formin' overhead  
I got to shoulder up that bag

Shoulder up that bag  
Shoulder up that bag  
Got to move on down to that next fairway  
Up to that flapping flag

I used to tote my daddy's bag  
When I was a boy  
I saw him sweat and I heard him swear  
But sometimes he'd whoop for joy  
Golf clubs are made of wood and iron  
No, no, no, they are not magic wands  
And balls fall into sand traps  
And balls drop into ponds

Balls drop into ponds  
Balls drop into ponds  
Golf clubs are made of wood and iron  
No they are not magic wands

I'm walkin' around with these spiked shoes on  
Oh it feels a little obscene  
Mother nature with a manicure  
Up here on this green  
Oh I don't know about you but I got to have me a few  
When we get to that clubhouse bar  
It's my reward for this scorecard  
I'm way over par

I'm way over par  
I'm way over par  
I don't know about you  
I got to drink me few  
When we get to that clubhouse bar

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I'm in the back nine now