

## **THE SMERGS, THEY'RE NEVER CHANGIN'**

*With sincere apologies to Bob Dylan*

Come gather 'round golfers wherever you roam,  
And I'll tell you of heroes that call Northbridge home.  
They play in the dry or when drenched to the bone.  
On Sundays at six they're still gatherin'.  
On the tenth they still chat while a SMERG's in the zone - - -|  
But the SMERGS, they're never chang - in'.

The Royal and Ancient amend all the rules.  
They manipulate golfers and use them as tools.  
But the SMERGS to their credit are nobody's fools!  
To them the rules are just 'guidelines'.  
They still fiddle and diddle and believe me that you'll - - -  
Find the SMERGS, they're never changin'.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast.  
The slow ones now will later be fast.  
Because tending the pin is a thing of the past!  
Though the SMERGS never took any notice.  
They would do things that others would look at aghast! - - -  
But the SMERGS, they're never changin'.

They swing all their weapons like Robin Hood's men.  
They get lost in the bushes then back to their den.  
They make cheer over coffee and tell yet again  
How their balls never did what they told 'em.  
They score with a pencil and never a pen. - - -  
'Cause the scores, they're always changin'.

*INSTRUMENTAL VERSE*

The lady SMERGettes who support all the guys,  
Who enjoy all the nonsense despite all their sighs,  
Who once listened on Sundays to all of the lies;  
Their beauty never is fadin'!  
They are faithful and loyal, they're just SMERGs in disguise! -

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The SMERGettes, they're never changin'.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land.  
Explain to your children so they understand  
That they hold the whole world in the palm of their hand –  
And that SMERGs are setting the standards!  
If they're searching for models then look to this band - - -  
For the SMERGs, they're never changin'.

SMERGs know right from wrong, they're like old Musketeers.  
Been there for each other throughout all these years.  
When one of them's hurtin', he should have no fears,  
Though their weapons are no longer pointy.  
'All for one! One for all!' they cry out with a CHEER!! - - -  
And the SMERGs, they're never changin'!

'All for one! One for all!' they cry out with a CHEER!! - - -  
And the SMERGs, they're never changin'!

As performed by The Triple Bogies at NGC  
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Written by Phil Stabback