

THE TANGLWYST CUP 2012

30th August - 1st September





www.thetanglewystcup.com

@tanglewystcup

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

ANDREW MULLIN



2011 was a truly historic year for sport in the UK. From England's Ashes victory in Australia, to Mark Cavendish becoming the first British cyclist to win the points classification at the Tour de France, to Rory McIlroy's and Darren Clarke's major wins, to United claiming a record breaking 19th league title. Unbelievable Jeff! All this was of course overshadowed by the foundation of the Tanglwyst Cup.

The first annual Tanglwyst Cup was an amazing success. Ok, the quality of the golf, particularly from the Red Team, wasn't the greatest and the Blue Team won by an absolute landslide but it was a cracking laugh. The three days had everything. A 5 iron off the tee on the longest drive hole. Check. Red hot pokers in pints of Guinness. Check. Laffan feebly attempting a funnel and spraying it over half the people sitting nearby. Check. Ger getting bitch slapped on the bus to Bridgend. Double check. Chinos walking into a lamppost. Check. I'm sure everyone has their favourite memory and they were just a couple of mine.

Great credit has to go Rhys and Ger for organising a brilliant couple of days. The accommodation was quality, the courses were tremendous, especially Porthcawl, the lash was obviously top drawer and I don't think we could get a better three days of weather in November again. A big thanks has to go to my bro (aka the bandit/The Sub/TS) as well, for stepping in last minute and helping to create a memorable tournament.

Since November, I've been impressed by the ever increasing enthusiasm for the game.

Rhys, Ger and Andy joined Crews Hill Golf Club in North London. Godders has made the long trip to London for a game or two on numerous occasions. Laffan has been getting tips from his mum. Chinos has been playing every week with Tanglwyst guest and Olympics volunteer Huw Jenkins. David Mullin has attended training camps in California and Portugal, although he did finish with the wooden spoon in The El Golfo Tournament of 2012. And following in the footsteps of Ian Poulter, Luke Donald, Rory McIlroy, GMac et al, the Blue Team captain from last year upped and moved sticks to the US in search of greater consistency.

The 2012 tournament promises to be even better than the 2011 version. Ger and Rhys have again worked their organisational magic and I'm promised they have a number of surprises in store. At this point it is with regret that I inform you that Stoker, a founding Tanglwyst Cup member, has unfortunately declined a second invitation to the event, in order to concentrate on his sailing career. The Committee has acted swiftly to find a replacement and I'm pleased to welcome James Reeve to the Tanglwyst Cup.

I have the great honour of not only being President this year, but also of captaining one of the teams. Extra spice has been added by the fact that the opposing team captain is my brother. Growing up we were always fiercely competitive and it's no different today. It promises to be a fascinating contest, between two very evenly matched teams. All that's left to say now is good luck and see you in Diss!



THE TANGLWYST CUP

SHIRLEY PREVENTS WHITEWASH BUT JENKINS FEELS CARDIFF BLUES

TANGLWYST CUP MATCHES 2011
TEAM JENKINS 1/2
TEAM ROBINSON 11&1/2

Rhys Jenkins may reflect that this crushing defeat in the inaugural Tanglwyst Cup hinged on a couple of crucial moments long before the first ball was struck at Royal Porthcawl on an overcast but dry November morning. His decision to use his first captain's pick on the maverick Ben King backfired, while the late inclusion of Dave Mullins as a replacement in the Team Robinson side was equally decisive. It is not clear how long Jenkins – known within the game for his mental fragility – will take to recover from this setback.

In the end it was only Sam Shirley's half point, secured on the final green of the last singles match at Cardiff Golf Club, which prevented a total whitewash. Going into the last hole all square with Andy Davidson, Shirley could not hole a lengthy putt to win the point outright but did enough to secure a deserved share of the spoils. Prior to that, not one player in Jenkins' line-up had

The initial omens did not look good for Team Robinson as Davidson sprayed the opening tee shot of the competition into the unforgiving Atlantic Ocean. However, he and David Hoare quickly established their superiority over Geraint Edwards and Shirley in the first fourballs match. Hoare barely dropped a stroke in a majestic front nine and Edwards and Shirley could be forgiven for feeling a little shell-shocked as they reached the turn eight down. The pair in blue wrapped up a dominant 8&7 win at the par three 11th and in doing so they set in motion the runaway victory that was to ensue.

Behind them, their team-mates were also making light weather of their opponents. Dave Mullins was quickly demonstrating how valuable an addition he would be to Team Robinson as he took command of the front nine in his match. His younger brother, Andrew, and captain Jenkins kept the match tight with some battling golf, but when Alex



made a single mark on the scoreboard as James Robinson's side notched up eleven unanswered points over three days, three courses and three formats. Jenkins will have the best part of a year to mull over what went wrong.

Laffan raised his game on the back nine, he and Dave Mullins pulled away and eventually cruised to a 5&3 victory.

Robinson brought up the tail of his team alongside the vocal Lloyd Godwin against an all-Welsh pairing of King and Simon Stoker. While the pressure may have been on Robinson and King as the experienced

golfers, Stoker and Godwin were producing some remarkable sub-handicap scoring as the game hung on a knife edge at the turn. But as would prove to be the case time and again, the reds wilted in those decisive holes at the start of the back nine and succumbed to a 4&2 defeat.

Team Jenkins repaired to the clubhouse to lick their wounds after this comprehensive thrashing, but it was only as the greensomes unfolded at Clyne Golf Club on day two

control of their match from the younger Mullins and Edwards. In the second pairing, Laffan and Robinson started shakily against Jenkins and Stoker, falling behind after both men lost their ball at the 2nd. But as the round progressed, they both found their range with the driver and in doing so they began to put pressure on every shot their opponents took. At the tail, King – sporting a fresh cut above the eye and regularly reaching for his water bottle for sustenance – was on fire, but partner Shirley was a touch



that the truly one-sided nature of this contest became apparent. Although the strong performances of Robinson's men at Porthcawl gave them the clear upper hand, a new day and new pairings were expected to see them reined back in. But amongst the sheep and sunshine of Clyne, the Tanglwyst Cup swung irretrievably to Team Robinson.

For a brief moment on day two, the scoreboard was awash with red as Jenkins' pairings made early headway to lead all three greensomes matches within half an hour of the first tee off. However, Hoare and Dave Mullins – two of the outstanding performers on day one – began to wrest

out of sorts. They also grabbed an early lead, but later they lacked the dual consistency demanded by the greensomes format. Godwin and Davidson punished them with a 6&4 thumping.

Hoare and Mullins eventually ran out 5&3 winners, while Robinson and Laffan completed the clean sweep with a 4&2 victory. It left Team Jenkins staring into the abyss, requiring an unthinkable six straight singles wins merely to tie the competition.

It was clear within the first few holes at a sodden Cardiff Golf Club on the Sunday that this was not going to happen. Leading off

with their strongest players, the captains had matched King with Dave Mullins, but King was unable to rekindle the form he had shown the previous day and Mullins punished him ruthlessly with an 8&7 trouncing that sealed the Tanglwyst Cup officially for Robinson's team.

That match aside, the other singles encounters were close affairs. The trophy may have slipped away, but Team Jenkins were playing for pride and they did so with full hearts. Edwards and Andrew Mullins frequently led their matches against Robinson and Godwin respectively, digging in to try and secure some solace for their beleaguered captain. But it was not to be as they were both overturned on the back nine as the two blues secured narrow victories.

Jenkins and Stoker, matched up individually against Hoare and Laffan, showed admirable grit to fight back from deficits midway through their round to put themselves in

contention over the last holes. Stoker's determination was impressive as he overcame a nasty illness shortly before tee off and recovered from four down at one stage to bring his match all square with four to play. Jenkins led by example against one of the tournament's form players and was one up after the 14 th. The familiar story prevailed though as Hoare and Laffan dug deep and both secured victory on the 17 th green to make the score 11-0, before Shirley's efforts restored a shred of pride for Team Jenkins on the final green.

*Official Tanglwyst Reporter
Alex Laffan*



"I am happy with my undefeated record in the Tanglwyst cup and that I achieved 2.5 points out of 3 for my team in 2011. I would like to pass my congratulations to Mr Shirley who showed great fight to come back from being 3 down at the turn to draw our singles match to ensure that the red team avoided the utter embarrassment of a 12-0 whitewash."

Andrew Davidson

2011 ZERO TO HERO D.MULLIN



With one month to go until the 2012 Tanglwyst cup I find myself reflecting on last year's competition and the circumstances in which I went from knowing nothing of the tournament to being part of the winning team. How fickle the hand of fate. An unfortunate retirement, an abundance of holiday time to use, and a desire to play golf on some of the finest courses in the world conspired to get me onto a train heading to darkest Wales in late November. Dark it was, but the converted stables of the Tanglwyst farm, from which the competition takes its name, were bright with competitive energy and an eagerness to play some high level golf.

What had convinced me to participate was the chance to play at Royal Porthcawl, an outstanding course and a fitting venue to open up the inaugural Tanglwyst cup. In possession of the official issue jumper of the blue team, complete with initials 'TS' ('The Sub'), I started to feel part of the team and ready to bring home a point. Immediately, the quality of golf on show was clear. The points would be keenly contested that day and over the course of the next two days but ultimately the blue team would be victorious in a near white wash (11 1/2: 1/2). In the end it was all too easy. The blue team dovetailed superbly in each pairing to create a near invincible brand of power and finesse that the red team could only stand back and admire.

From the end of the 2011 competition, thoughts quickly turned to this year. To be invited back to compete for a second time would've been all I could've asked for, but to be nominated as team captain and to face my own brother as rival captain is a dream ticket. History is littered with great sibling rivalries: Cain and Abel, Jakob and Esau, Sean and Neil Connery, but sport is truly the greatest arena in which to bring the rivalry alive. Not only is the Tanglwyst Cup being competed for, but so are personal pride and the respect and admiration of our entire family. The victor will bask in the warm glow of familial affection, whilst the defeated will have brought shame upon themselves and the family name.

But this is far from an individual event. The team I will proudly lead this year is a diverse mix but one that has talent, desire and a steely determination to succeed. The pairings almost don't matter and I know that the opposing team will have to put in an outstanding display if they want to take home the Tanglwyst Cup on 2nd September.

The committee have again done an outstanding job in the preparations for this year's competition and 3 new venues will ensure a tough challenge and a level playing field. It augurs well for one team to make history. May that team be Yellow come September!

*2012 Captain
David Mullin, aka Bandit*

TANGLWYST 2012

THE COURSES



30th August 2012

Gog Magog GC, Old Course

Location: Cambridgeshire (#1)

Type: Hillside/Parkland

Par: 70
Yardage: 6,156
Established: 1901

Signature hole: 13th
Nearest pin: 9th
Longest drive: 18th



31st August 2012

Great Yarmouth & Caister GC

Location: Norfolk (#8)

Type: Links

Par: 70
Yardage: 6,150
Established: 1882

Signature hole: 11th
Nearest pin: 12th
Longest drive: 9th



1st September 2012

Diss GC

Location: Norfolk

Type: Heathland

Par: 70
Yardage: 6,011
Established: 1903/1992

Signature hole: 13th
Nearest pin: 4th
Longest drive: 17th



Gog Magog GC, Old Course



Great Yarmouth & Caister GC



Diss GC

THE TWENTY TANGLWYST RULES

1. The **Committee** is formed of the President, the Secretary and the Treasurer
2. The **President** will make executive decisions, will lead by example and will never be questioned
3. The **Secretary** will be chief organiser, communicator and the 'Man with the Plan'
4. The **Treasurer** will negotiate and decide on all financial matters
5. The **Choirboy**, appointed by the committee, will be in charge of songs and entertainment
6. The **Medicine Man**, appointed by the Committee, will be on duty at all times and will always know the best cure for your symptoms
7. The **Enforcer** (aka 'Weights'), appointed by the President, will distribute fines and punishments
8. **Recon** – the official helper and appointed by the Secretary - is a pivotal role to ensure that everything runs as smoothly as possible. A good Recon will always be thinking one step ahead
9. The **Kitty Man**, appointed by the Treasurer, will maintain the kitty and take responsibility for the purchase of beverages. Never refuse to pay the Kitty Man
10. The **Peer Mediator**, appointed by the Enforcer, will help to resolve disputes and also report/investigate any Tanglwyst crimes on behalf of the Enforcer
11. Tanglwyst Cup decisions will be made by a **democratic vote**, unless the Committee dislike the outcome of that democratic vote
12. Captains' **picks** will be handed to the Secretary and announced on the **eve of each round** of matches
13. No two team mates shall be paired together for both fourballs and greensomes
14. Matches will be played using each player's most recent and accurate **handicap**. Three quarters of a player's handicap will be used for fourballs and singles, three eighths of a pairing's aggregated handicap will be used for greensomes.
15. If a shot looks like it might be a lost ball, then a provisional shot must be played. Only if a ball is lost - that was thought with a high likelihood (in the opinion of both teams) to be safe - can a drop be taken for a one stroke penalty (in the spot thought to be the location of the lost ball). Be a good egg and don't abuse this rule.
16. Golf apps are allowed on the course
17. The '**willies out**' rule is in operation
18. Player of the year will be awarded to the player with the highest combined points total - being the individual points total from the fourball match, the shared points total from the greensomes match and the individual total from the singles match. In the event of a tie, it will go to the player with the higher singles points score.
19. Never fail to produce your **handbook** when requested by the Committee
20. Never attempt to emulate Andy's golf swing

THE HONOURS BOARDS

PRESIDENT

2011 Andrew Mullin
2012 Andrew Mullin

SECRETARY

2011 Geraint Edwards
2012 Geraint Edwards

TREASURER

2011 Rhys Jenkins
2012 Rhys Jenkins

CAPTAINS

2011 Rhys Jenkins
James Robinson*
2012 Andrew Mullin
Dave Mullin

THE HONOURS BOARDS

PLAYER OF THE YEAR

2011 Dave Hoare

COURSE OF THE YEAR

2011 Royal Porthcawl

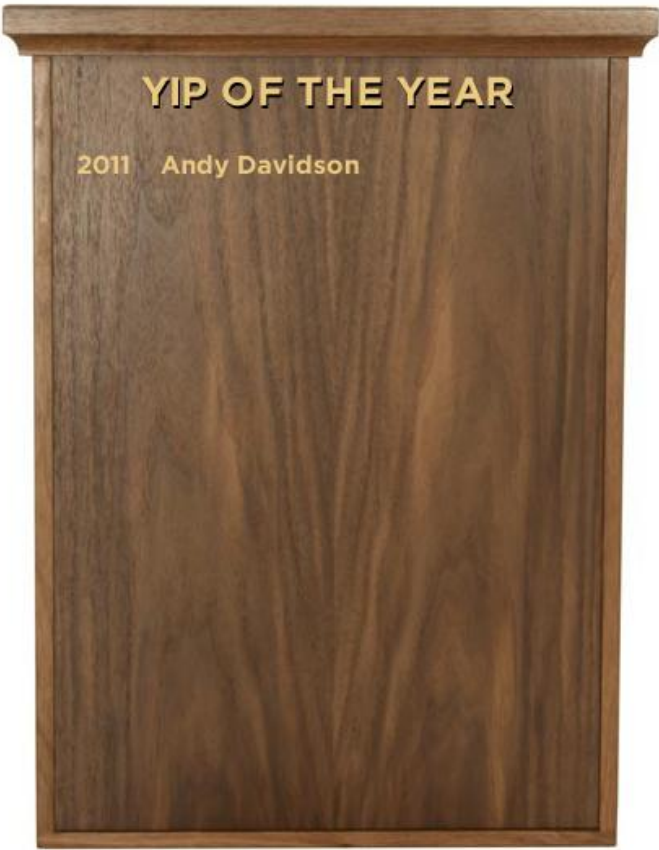
CLUB MAN OF THE YEAR

2011 Lloyd Godwin

LEGEND OF THE YEAR

2011 Huw 'Nugget' Jones

THE HONOURS BOARDS



Capture this years POTY, LOTY, YOTY & COTY

2011 WINNING CAPTAIN J.ROBINSON



From the ugly scenes on the 17th hole at Brookline in 1999 to those of joy at Celtic Mannor in 2010, The Ryder Cup has provided much drama in recent years. Add in Nugget and plenty of funnels and singing to the mix and you can appreciate the potential we saw for Tanglwyst 2011. As the anticipation was building throughout the summer, I regularly dreamt of doing a Boo Weekley and riding my driver down the first fairway 'cowboy style'. Unfortunately you have to hit it straight for that gag. When I found out I was going to be one of the First Tanglwyst captains I felt privileged and even more excited.

My first responsibility was to select a winning team. Aided by the last minute addition of our most consistent performer, David Mullin, I felt confident that I had assembled in wonderful mint green v necks a group of 6 men capable of great (breaking 100) things on the course. The opportunity to stamp their names into the history books surely motivation enough. My confidence wavered slightly on the first tee at Royal Porthcawl as Andy scuffed a sharply hooking worm burner into the Bristol Channel. But before long Chinos had resorted to hip flask mind games in his match against me and Godders and I knew Rhys' reds were on the ropes. From that point on we did not let up eventually setting a margin of victory that will surely never again be seen in the history of Tanglwyst.

The domination was more questionable in the bar where Rhys' team were the more seasoned boat racers, not to mention muff-magnets. However in line with the noble ethos of Tanglwyst, a number of last year's opponents will this year be my team mates so maybe we will be able to maintain the standard on the course and increase it in the bar. The continuing efforts of founding members Rhys and Ger will ensure a long and illustrious future for this competition and to have been the winning captain of the inaugural match is an honour. While the trophy remains safely on British soil, its replica has pride of place on my new American mantelpiece, a reminder of a cracking group of lads back home.

*James Robinson
aka RimJob aka Yank*

THE TANGLWYST CUP LEGENDS, PAST PLAYERS & COURSES

Legends.



*Huw Jones
aka Nugget
2011 LOTY*

Courses.

2011 Courses

S.Wales

Royal Porthcawl GC

Clyne GC

Cardiff GC

2012 Courses

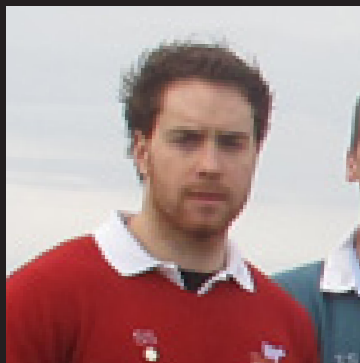
Diss

Gog Magog GC

Great Yarmouth & Caister GC

Diss GC

Past Players.



Simon Stoker

Played 3

Won 0

Lost 3

Draw 0

CAPTIANED
BY

R.Jenkins



THE TANGLWYST PLAYERS 2011

From Left to Right

Simon Stoker, Dave Mullin, Ben King, Alex Laffan, Andrew Mullin, James Roninson, Sam Shirley, Andy Davidson, Geraint Edwards, Dave Hoare, Rhys Jenkins, Lloyd Godwin*

**retired member*



2012 THE TEAMS GREEN TEAM



*Andrew Mullin
2012 Team Captain
Honorary President*

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 3</i>	General
<i>Draw 0</i>	Knowledge



*James Robinson
2011 Team Captain
2011 Winner*

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 3</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	We
<i>Draw 0</i>	Willy
	Wanky



*Geraint Edwards
Honorary Secretary*

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 3</i>	Upside
<i>Draw 0</i>	down
	Funnel



*Rhys Jenkins
Honorary Treasurer
2011 Team Captain*

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 3</i>	Spontaneous
<i>Draw 0</i>	vomiting



*Dave Hoare
2011 Winner
2011 POTY*

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 3</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	Un
<i>Draw 0</i>	sportmanship
	chat



James Reeve

<i>Played 0</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	The
<i>Draw 0</i>	unknown
	quantity

2012 THE TEAMS YELLOW TEAM



Dave Mullin
2012 Team Captain
2011 Winner

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 3</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	Hustling
<i>Draw 0</i>	



Alex Laffan
2011 Winner

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 3</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	Levers
<i>Draw 0</i>	



Ben King

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 3</i>	Loose
<i>Draw 0</i>	ness



Sam Shirley

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 0</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 2.5</i>	Inconsistant
<i>Draw .5</i>	form



Lloyd Godwin
2011 Winner
2011 CMOTY

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 3</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	Doner
<i>Draw 0</i>	Carving



Andy Davidson
2011 Winner
2011 YOTY

<i>Played 3</i>	SPECIAL
<i>Won 2.5</i>	POWER
<i>Lost 0</i>	Immaculate
<i>Draw .5</i>	swing

THE TANGLWYST SONGS

Blue text donates Andy's lines.

Lola

*I met her in a club down in old Soho
Where you drink champagne and it
tastes just like cherry-cola*

C-o-l-a cola

*She walked up to me and she asked
me to dance*

*I asked her her name and in a dark
brown voice she said Lola*

L-o-l-a Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

*Well I'm not the worlds most physi-
cal guy*

*But when she squeezed me tight she
nearly broke my spine*

Oh my Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

*Well I'm not dumb but I can't under-
stand*

*Why she walked like a woman and
talked like a man*

*Oh my Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola lo-lo-lo-lo
Lola*

*Well we drank champagne and
danced all night*

Under electric candlelight

*She picked me up and sat me on her
knee*

*And said dear boy wont you come
home with me*

*Well I'm not the worlds most passion-
ate guy*

*But when I looked in her eyes well I
almost fell for my Lola*

Lo-lo-lo-lo Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

I pushed her away

I walked to the door

I fell to the floor

I got down on my knees

Then I looked at her and she at me

*Well that's the way that I want it to
stay*

*And I always want it to be that way for
my Lola*

Lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

Girls will be boys and boys will be girls

*It's a mixed up muddled up shook up
world except for Lola*

Lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

Well I left home just a week before

*And I'd never ever kissed a woman
before*

*But Lola smiled and took me by the
hand*

*And said dear boy I'm gonna make
you a man*

*Well I'm not the worlds most mascu-
line man*

*But I know what I am and I'm glad I'm
a man*

And so is Lola

Lo-lo-lo-lo Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola lo-lo-lo-lo Lola

Stand by me

*When the night has come
And the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we'll see
No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid
Just as long as you stand, stand by me*

*And darlin', darlin', stand by me, oh now now stand by me
Stand by me, stand by me*

*If the sky that we look upon
Should tumble and fall
And the mountains should crumble to the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear
Just as long as you stand, stand by me*

*And darlin', darlin', stand by me, oh stand by me
Stand by me, stand by me, stand by me-e, yeah*

*Whenever you're in trouble won't you stand by me, oh
now now stand by me
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me
Darlin', darlin', stand by me-e, stand by me
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me*

Delilah

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window

I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind

She was my woman

As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind

My, my, my, Delilah

Why, why, why, Delilah

I could see that girl was no good for me

But I was lost like a slave that no man could free

At break of day when that man drove away, I was waiting

I cross the street to her house and she opened the door

She stood there laughing

Ha Ha Ha Ha

I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my Delilah

Why, why, why Delilah

So before they come to break down the door

Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more

Save Tonight

*Go on and close the curtains
cause all we need is candle light
You and me and a bottle of wine
going to hold you tonight
Well we know I'm going away
and how I wish, I wish it weren't so
So take this wine and drink with me
let's delay our misery*

*Save tonight
and fight the break of dawn
Come tomorrow
tomorrow I'll be gone*

*Save tonight
and fight the break of dawn
Come tomorrow
tomorrow I'll be gone*

*There's a log on the fire
and it burns like me for you
Tomorrow comes with one desire
to take me away it's true
It ain't easy to say goodbye
darling please don't start to cry
Cause girl you know I've got to go, oh
Lord I wish it wasn't so*

*Save tonight
and fight the break of dawn
Come tomorrow
tomorrow I'll be gone*

Wild rover

*I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.*

*chorus: And it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.*

*I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."*

chorus

*I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."*

chorus

*I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress (forgive) me as oftentimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.*

chorus

Won't back down

*Well I wont back down, no I wont back down
You can stand me up at the gates of hell
But I wont back down*

*Gonna stand my ground, wont be turned around
And Ill keep this world from draggin me down
Gonna stand my ground and I wont back down*

*Hey baby, there aint no easy way out
Hey I will stand my ground
And I wont back down.*

*Well I know whats right, I got just one life
In a world that keeps on pushin me around
But Ill stand my ground and I wont back down*

*Hey baby there aint no easy way out
Hey I will stand my ground
And I wont back down
No, I wont back down*

Sloop john b

*We come on the sloop john b
My grandfather and me
Around nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home*

*So hoist up the john bs sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I wanna go home*

*The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the capns trunk
The constable had to come and
take him away
Sheriff john stone
Why dont you leave me alone, yeah
yeah
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go
home*

*So hoist up the john bs sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home, let me go home
Why dont you let me go home
(hoist up the john bs sail)
Hoist up the john b
I feel so broke up I wanna go home
Let me go home*

*The poor cook he got the shits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all
of my corn
Let me go home
Why dont they let me go home
This is the worst trip Ive ever been
on*

*So hoist up the john bs sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home, let me go home
Why dont you let me go home*

Sunny Afternoon

*The tax mans taken all my dough,
And left me in my stately home,
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.
And I cant sail my yacht,
Hes taken everything Ive got,
All Ive gots this sunny afternoon.*

*Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze.
I got a big fat mama trying to break me.
And I love to live so pleasantly,
Live this life of luxury,
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime*

*My girlfriends run off with my car,
And gone back to her ma and pa,
Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty.
Now Im sitting here,
Sipping at my ice cold beer,
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.*

*Help me, help me, help me sail away,
Well give me two good reasons why I oughta stay.
cause I love to live so pleasantly,
Live this life of luxury,
Lazing on a sunny afternoon.
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime*

You can call me Al

*A man walks down the street,
He says, Why am I short of attention?
Got a short little span of attention,
And whoa, my nights are so long!
Where's my wife and family?
What if I die here?
Who'll be my role-model?
Now that my role-model is
Gone gone,
He ducked back down the alley,
With some roly-poly, little bat-faced girl.
All along along
There were incidents and accidents,
There were hints and allegations*

*If you'll be my bodyguard,
I can be your long lost pal!
I can call you Betty,
And Betty, when you call me,
You can call me Al!
Call me Al*

*A man walks down the street,
It's a street in a strange world.
Maybe it's the Third World.
Maybe it's his first time around.
He doesn't speak the language,
He holds no currency.
He is a foreign man,
He is surrounded by the sound,
sound
Cattle in the marketplace.
Scatterlings and orphanages.
He looks around, around*

*He sees angels in the architec-
ture,
Spinning in infinity,
He says, Amen! and Hallelujah!*

*If you'll be my bodyguard,
I can be your long lost pal!
I can call you Betty,
And Betty, when you call me,
You can call me Al!
You can call me Al*

I Used to Work in Chicago

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.*

*A lady came into the store today, asking for a kit kat
A Kit kat from the store
A Kit kat she wanted, 4 fingers she got!*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.*

*A lady came into the store today, asking for a donut
A donut from the store
A donut she wanted, cream filled she got!*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.*

*A lady came into the store today, asking for an oriental viewing device
An oriental viewing device from the store
An oriental viewing device she wanted, my japs eye she got!*

NOTES

[illegible]

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