

SHE'S DRIVING THE FAIRWAY IN SEVEN

(Tune: Stairway to Heaven)

Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

There's a lady who sure is incredibly old
and she's golfing, though she's eighty-seven.
She's ahead of us playin' and it's almost inhumane
to watch her driving the fairway in seven.

Oh oh oh oh and she's driving the fairway in seven

She's no Tiger Woods, but they've nick-named her good.
'Round the clubhouse she's known as "The Turtle."
'Cause before every swing, she adjusts everything:
First her bra, then her teeth, then her girdle.

Ooh, and it makes me wonder. Who could make so many blunders?

When she hits off the tee, the ball rolls feebly
and it crawls five, six feet, maybe seven.
In a tree by the brook, her ball's lost, so we look,
Sometimes all of her shots are misdriven.

Ooh, and it makes me wonder. None of us are getting any younger

If there's a Titleist in the hedgerow, don't be alarmed now.
It's just a ball shanked by the old queen.
"Dear lady, can't you let us play through?" we're shouting at you.
But you don't catch on - your hearing aid's not on!

And as we climb that grassy knoll,
there walks this lady we all know.
Her ball stands three feet from the hole.
Her first putt doesn't reach it's goal.
The second rolls right past the hole.
She hits the third putt way too hard.
Her fourth goes in the cup at last.
looked like it wasn't going to go,
but it hit a rock and started to roll...
and went into the hole
it actually plopped inside the hole.

It's a short Par 3, and she's just shot. . . eleven!