

Father Ray

by Bob Boucher, Jan 2011

The Padre loved his wine, whiskey and song
but he and his Bishop did not get along.
Ray's sent to a place to dry out and stuff
but for my old pal, it was not enough.

The bishop said "that two month vacation
didn't work out. Try some other vocation.
Get out of those skirts and put on some pants.
Con somebody else with that song and dance."

Ray's out of a job and down on his luck,
his pockets are empty, has nary a buck.
Comes to my office, I'm such a soft touch.
But besides preaching he can't do too much.

I made him Chaplin to bring us good vibe,
for a Contest twixt us and an Asian tribe.
"Come on now Padre, Pray us some Prayers.
Make it real solemn, they have good players."

Ray gets all solemn and then opens his Yap.

*Hail Mary full of grace,
put those Japs in second place.
Amen*

That's one hell of a prayer I must agree.
I hope that it works. We'll just wait and see.
It worked! Yes it worked! We're all of good cheer.
OK says Padre. You owe me a beer!