# Ken Mckinnon's Wild Ride

## [Stan Coster](#)

Ken McKinnon was a jockey, a good one too I understand, and from his reckless riding earned the nickname
Dangerous Dan!
I had always found him honest, he was not one to deceive, but a tale he used to tell me I find hard to believe.
It was years ago at Gunnedah way back in the past and every horse I rode that day for some reason ran last.
And so with empty pockets I soughed from the track, along the road to Tamworth I tried hitchhiking back.
But every car ignored me and so did every truck, till weary and dejected I sat down and cursed my luck.
I sat beneath a old gum tree glancing up I saw a giant old goanna fifteen feet in length or more.
Well I pelted him with gibbers till he scampered to the ground where upon his back I bolted and steered for
Tamworth town, he bunged and rocked and twisted but I kept him going straight, I steered him with a
hackamore made from boot laces mate!
*break*
Well we passed all cars and semis, like they were standing still.
We showered them with gravel as we raced along at will.
Across the Tamworth racecourse and the bridge across the Peel and then from sheer exhaustion my head
commenced to reel
I fell from of his scaly back and with a awful thud I landed on the road in front of Joe Maguires Pub. The
drinkers from old Joes rushed out and really hurt my pride by shouting out "McKinnon you reckon you can ride!
You call yourself a jockey well now your pride is hurt to let an old goanna dump you fairly in the dirt"
Well that's the tale McKinnon told and swore that it was true and whether you believe or not I guess that's up to
you.

Lyrics Submitted by Aiden