Jiggery Pokery

The Duckworth Lewis Method

'Twas the first test of the Ashes Series 1993.
Australia had only managed 289 and we
felt all was going to plan
that first innings at Old Trafford.
Then Merv Hughes and his handlebar moustache
dismissed poor Athers.

I took the crease to great applause
and focussed on me dinner.
I knew that I had little cause
to fear their young leg spinner.
He loosened up his shoulder
and, with no run-up at all,
he rolled his right arm over
and he let go of the ball.

It was jiggery pokery, trickery, jokery,
How did he open me up?
Robbery, muggery, Aussie skull-duggery,
Out for a buggering duck.
What a delivery.
I might as well have been,
holding a contra bassoon.
Jiggery Pokery who was this nobody
making me look a buffoon?
Like a blithering old buffoon.

At first the ball looked straight enough
I had it in me sights,
but such was its rotation
that it swerved out to the right.
I thought 'Well, that's a leg break.
That's easily defended.'
So I stuck my left leg out
and jammed my bat against it.

But the ball it span obscenely
and out of the rough it jumped,
veered back across my bat and pad
clipping my off stump.

It took a while to hit me,
I momentarily lingered.
But then I saw old Dickie Bird
slowly raise his finger.

It was jiggery pokery, trickery, jokery.
How did he open me up?
Robbery, muggery, Aussie skull-duggery.
Out for a buggering duck.
What a delivery.
I might as well have been
holding a child's balloon.
Jiggery Pokery, who was this nobody
making me look a buffoon?
Like an accident-prone buffoon.

How such a ball could be bowled
I don't know, but if you asked me
if it had been a cheese roll,
it would never have got past me.

It was jiggery pokery, trickery, jokery.
How did he open me up?
Robbery, muggery, Aussie skull-duggery.
What in the buggery
was his delivery?
I might as well have been
holding a cob of corn.
Jiggery Pokery, who was this nobody
making me look so forlorn?

I hate Shane Warne!

Lyrics submitted by Ruby.

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