

# The Parable of Glenn McGrath's Haircut

## TISM

My mate Roger got a girl pregnant when he was fourteen. He was so shit =  
scared he told me, and when he said  
that her dad was a cop I thought he was joking. I told him he's got to =  
tell someone, and so he went and told a teacher, and the girl eventually =  
got an abortion. He was fucking shitting himself, let me tell you, but =  
six months later he was fucking around like always. Ooh, aahh, Glenn McGrath "You betta watch it" I thought to  
myself. But Roger was pretty fucking =  
sure of himself. He was the guy who first brought a block of hash to a =  
party. Because I was his friend I was there when he first showed it to =  
people, and we all went down the backyard and he rolled a joint. Where =  
did he get it from? My parents would have killed me if they knew. I =  
thought we'd all turn into junkies or something if we had too much. The last time I saw Roger was last year at  
the Boxing Day test. He'd =  
turned into such a fat, normal, yobbo cunt. "The wife nearly didn't let =  
me out today" he said, and he did all that chanting yobs do, like "Ooh, =  
Aahh, Glenn McGrath". "It got you in the end" I thought to myself, as I =  
looked at Roger. "Life got you in the end, pal. You were such a cocky, =  
successful winner when we were 16, but now you're just another sad fat =  
prick sitting in the M.C.G high-fiving in self-congratulation, as if its =  
you that had the skill and determination to play for Australia". Its =  
the cunts with the bad haircuts that you've got to watch out for. =  
There's never been a popular teenager yet who's done rat's with their =  
life. Its the fucking dorks that give it a real go. Glenn McGrath got =  
5 for 50 that day.

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