# Golfers

## Lewis Black

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There are two groups of people whose lives are much fuller, when they anticipate, these are gamblers and golfers. Thats when life's the best for them. Uh, I am a golfer, and that's a Scottish word, and it means asshole. If you're a golfer here this evening, and you don't know that you're an asshole, put on the crown, tonight you're the king. There is, I promise you, no greater group of idiots, collectively than golfers. If you're not a golfer, realize it, if you're ever having an arguement with a golfer, you actually know more than the golfer, because you're IQ is AT LEAST, 30 points higher. Because the golfer has taken a portion of his mind, and flushed it down the toilet. It's unbelievable, you're probably lucky, if you don't play golf. You probably had a moment of lucididty, when you thought maybe I should play this game, then ya look out your window and there was your neighbor, carrying a set of clubs to the car, wearing lime green pants, because golfers are colorblind, and you thought, wow, there goes a douchebag. All golfers when they begin to play the game, are all really equal, thier skill level is um more than shitty. And then, about ten years after playing the game, oh happy day, they become, SHITTY!! And then one day they wake up, and in those three hours before they go to the golf course, the best three hours a golfer has, when they're anticipating just how great a day it's going to be, it's all going to come together, the millions of dollars invested in this sport are finally gonna pay of, when I become less than SHITTY!! What kind of a fucking fruitcake aspires to become less than shitty. The golfer, if they had any brains at all, would go to the course, um, get in the cart at the cluhouse and drive with the pals, to the first tee, and then take a good long look at it, and then turn to each other and go "wow, that was a great day" and then turn around and go back to the clubhouse where they really belong. But, instead the golfer, being the moron that he is, will get out of the cart, and take the driver, that's the club that you use to hit the ball the furthest, and due to incredible technology,the driver head is now the size of an infant. Even a monkey with a stick up is ass coming out of it's throat, in it's final death twitches, could hit the ball. And then, then the golfer stides up and puts the ball on the tee, and has thier last real thought of the day, "just remember to breath through your ass." And then they swing, and 35 yards, RIGHT IN THE FUCKING WOODS!! And then the game of golf, becomes not someone hitting a ball, but the conversation that takes place for the entire 18 holes inside the golfers head. Because as soon as that ball flies into the woods the next sound the golfer hears, is the sound of his voice inside his own head. "I told you when you woke up this morning that you were a piece of shit." And you said "that's right, and i'm going to prove it to you again, were going to play golf." I said "why should we do that, it's always a painful experience. Why don't we have a couple of beers and kick back and enjoy the day. So here we are, enjoying the day, in the woods, isn't it nice, look there's some poison sumac, why don't you grab a couple of leaves and wipe it on your nuts, we haven't had it there. OH MY GOD IT'S A SNAKE!! oh, only kidding. Wow, looks like the ball' s lost, what did that cost, 5 bucks? Boy, that was a buy, five dollar ball, cause thats the ball that Tiger uses. Well, did we learn a lesson today? YOUR'E NOT FUCKING TIGER!!" Why don't ya

reach in the bag and grab another one of those five dollar beautys? Maybe line it up and try to hit it into the other woods so maybe we will end up on the FAREWAY FOR A CHANGE!! Better yet, why don't you take that ball and just shove it up your ass, then try to shoot it out your pee pee hole? If we had spent the last fifteen years doing that at least we would have a skill today. So fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, and fuck you!! Because golf was a game designed for people who don't hate themselves enough in thier daliy lives. Don't ever let a golfer tell you that they care about nature, every golf course is covered with enough chemicals you could destroy a village. And every golfer in this room knows that the following is true, that they could hit a ball, and it could end up behind the oldest and most beautiful tree in North America, and thier first thought would be "if I had a chiansaw, that prick would be down."

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