

The Ballad of Simon Dee

*In sixty three,
On steam T.V.
I watched a chap called Simon Dee
Who used to strut and preen and brag
About his ice white E-type Jag.
He had a chick on either arm
“Why not ?” he said, “it does no harm”.*

*But in a mystery, very weird
He simply upped and disappeared
Along with his current bird
Of whom no more was ever heard.*

*The rumour was, it's fair to say
That she was in the family way.
The question, never reconciled
(Was) Had Simon sired a secret child?*

*Scroll forward now to even date
And ask yourselves, is it too late
To solve this baffling mystery
Of who this secret child could be?*

*Now, is it me or am I dense?
(or) Is it just coincidence?
We have two Simons in our team,
Simon Hawkins (narrow beam!)
Who's often known to his mates
(Simply) as Hawk, or Simon H
But the other Simon Drage, you see
Is often known as Simon D
(But the) comparison gets even better
Than that one (rather telling) letter.*

*Stand back and look at simple facts -
Like what he drives and how he acts
Rather like a rutting stag!
And blow me down! He drives a JAG!*

*He may one day get sent to Hades
But not before he's charmed the ladies
With words of wit and confidence
And not to mention fashion sense!*

*In Saville Row, I know it rankles
That he wears their suits above the ankles.
He may not have his father's grace,
But is he the one? I rest my case!*

*But as he sits (back) and gently chortles
You may enquire, lesser mortals
How (this) every woman's dream
Plays for such a humble team*

*I can explain this strange position
He should have been the opposition
But one day at Warwick Uni
Cricket's answer to Wayne Rooney
Sadly received a lowly snub
(When) Lemmings banned him from their club.*

*They said it wasn't worth their lives
To introduce him to their wives!
We thought this was a heinous slander
One to which we could not pander
"Simon" we said "forget the fuss"
"Welcome, mate, and play for us!"*

*And so that day, the added gloss
Of Barford's gain and Lemming's loss
Was that rejected man, they rated zero
Has become a super hero!*

*I heard you all give such a cheer
For the clubman of the year
He knows more clubs than Arnold Palmer
But has he a chink in his suit of armour?*

*Well! Like a normal cricket man
He will admit he's not a fan
Of umpires with trigger fingers
Mine included (The memory lingers!)*

*It happened out at Moseley Arms
When I couldn't quell my restless arms
I was umping at square leg
Simon batting. But I beg
To ask him (for the sake of peace
Why he stood outside his crease*

*When the wicky lurked behind the stumps
Shod it seemed in ballet pumps
Standing up to such a quickie
Didn't Simon think it tricky?*

*No! He took a mighty swing
He missed, and wicket keeper king
Swooped and swept off Simon's bails.
Sadly the memory never pales
Of Simon's face, - a schoolgirl pout
As I sadly gave him out.*

*I can still hear his harrumphing
About such a narrow stumping*

*But he did not punch out my lights
Just took me to the court of human rights.*

*But this was just the merest blip
An uncharacteristic slip
Of a happy man who's rarely mardy
Except when the bar has no Bacardi!*

*But when you look at him on balance
It seems he has so many talents
Pool, Cricket, Snooker, Darts
(and probably several martial arts)
And after nearly every match
We all say "Simon! What a catch!"
If only his wives all thought the same
But then again, it might spoil the game!*

*But if you want to be quite thorough
Compare him to David Attenborough
Who made a documentary thriller
Sitting next to a gorilla
Or, another time tamed an orang utan
But he couldn't face The TANGO Man!*

*No! That honour goes to Simon Drage
Who re-writes history page by page*

*So clang the cymbals, beat the drums
Watch out Snitterfield Here he comes!*