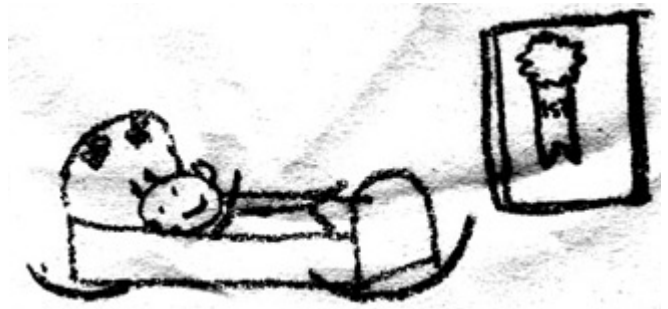
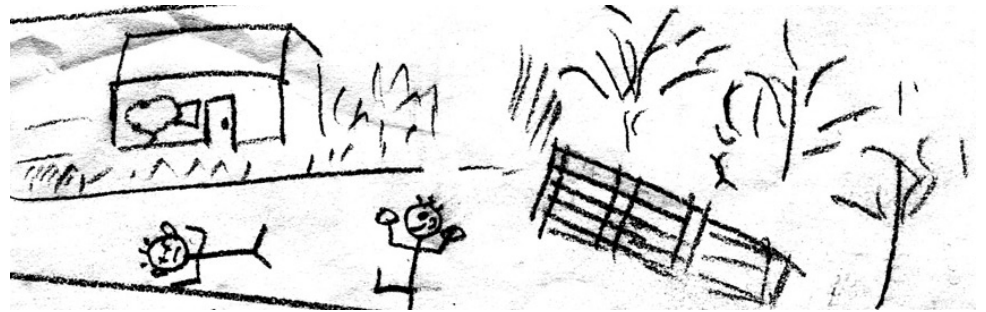


The Wrestler - For Bruce Weide - By Elnora Osburn - 1967

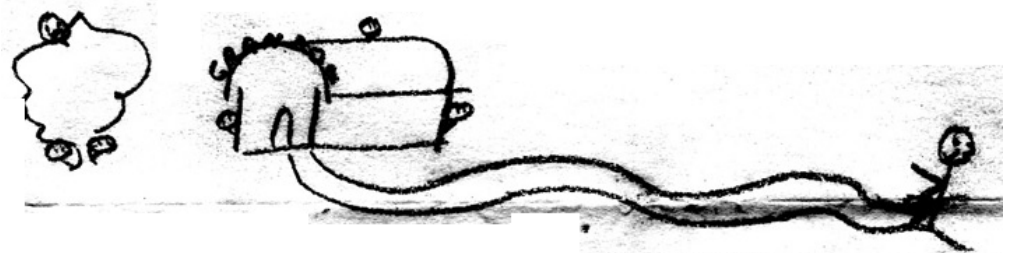
Once there was a little boy  
Gumdrop Gus be name  
And we saw early in his life  
He'd make his way to fame.



Billy Lynn Gilbert had to move  
Because the "Terror" of the block  
Attached him in the street one day  
And gave a mighty - SOCK!



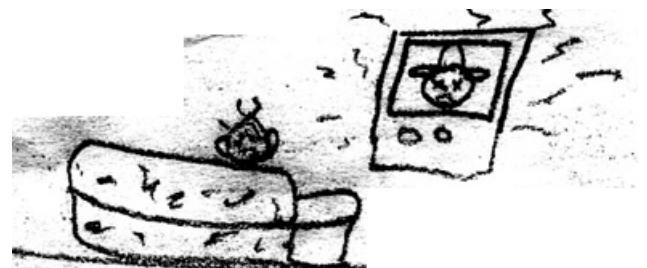
Grenada School is quiet now  
The bullies strut with ease  
The boy who clobbered them is gone  
They're back up off their knees.



He knew he should eat carefully  
If he'd grow big and strong  
He ate a tone of cereal  
And peanut butter all day long.



He rested too - before TV.  
Until the late, late show  
With bloodshot tubes would say, "you win."  
Now WE have gotta go.

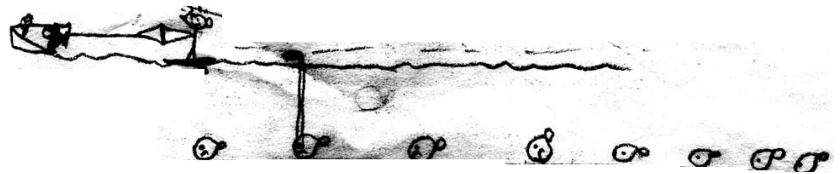


He water skied until this day

The fish ain't come up yet

An' all the catfish swim down deep

They think it was a jet.



On the guitar he strummed the tunes

Like "Tex-Arkana Baby"

And all those girls just flashed their eyes

& hopin' - someday - maybe.

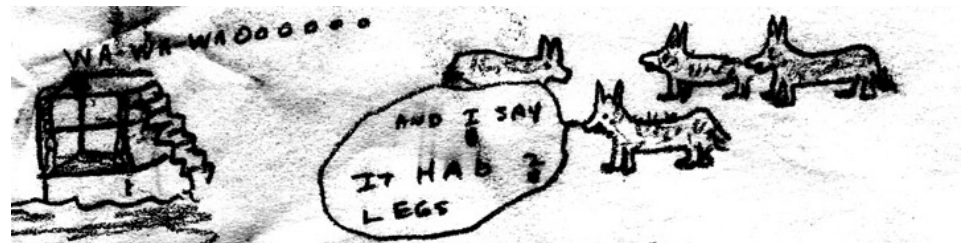


He had those coyotes so confused

About his yippin' - howlin'

They've started fights among  
themselves

You just should hear 'em growlin'.



He burned up three typewriters

A-flashin' o'er those keys

He'd type outside at 80 below

And his fingers would not freeze.



The Snowmobile would fairly fly

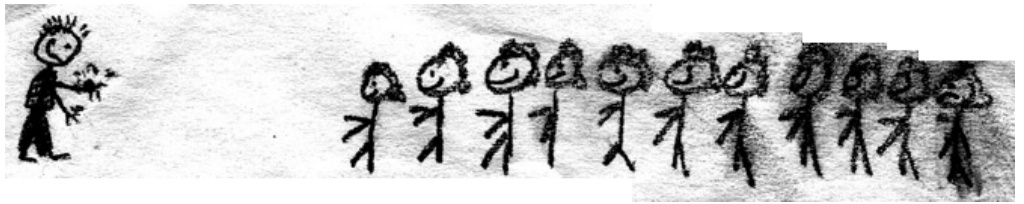
Up Mt. McKinley and down

And then he'd put the thing in high

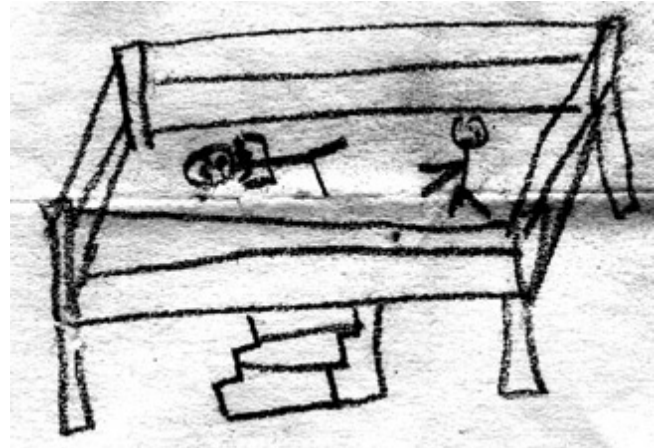
And roar right into town.



He was a flashy dresser  
diamonds and rubies in his rings  
And every teacher (save but one)  
Said, "He knows many things."

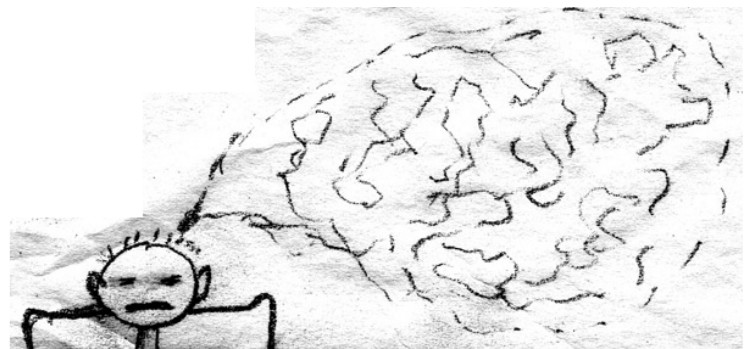


He was so good in everything  
And things were A-OK  
Until he learned some brand new words  
And then - then came the day.

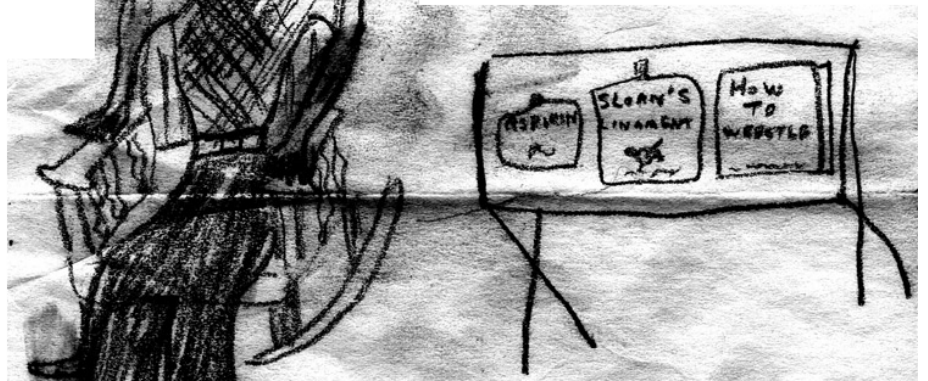


"Half Nelson" - "head lock" - "hammerlock"  
Until that frightful day  
Those words were only fun to him  
He thought 'twas all in play.

O somewhere in that frozen land  
Where he sun might shine at night  
A former one-time wrestler  
Breathes slightly light tonight.



The tape it pulls a little  
The twisting - easy now  
The baths - they come less often  
He gets fuller from the chow.



The Champ - The Winnah - Brucey  
Sits quietly at home  
Makin' plans for greater days  
While he knits a collar bone.

