

Kenya Cowboy

*Sung to the tune of
"The Lavender Cowboy"*

This was an early composition, with some inspired rhymes, such as between "sharp he" and Yarpie, (slang for someone of South African Boer origin) contributed by my wife!

He's a typical Kenya Cowboy,
Stupid, but not really bad
He's pathetic, erratic, pig-headed, dogmatic
And thinks he's one hell of a lad.

He wears shorts and a khaki bush jacket,
Slouch hat with leopard-skin band,
Suede boots from Bata's, long socks with stout garters,
His Dad's 303 in his hand.

He was born on a farm in the Highlands,
The grandson of trekkers from South,
And his accent's so sharp he could only be Yarpie
The moment he opens his mouth.

His sister's a typical cowgirl,
Idle and not all that bright.
She can't cook or sew and she's untidy, though
She looks like a bit of alright.

He drives in a clapped out jalopy
And if you require further proof
You can tell from afar which one is his car
By the hand holding on to its roof.

He worked for a time at Malindi
Taking the tourists for dives,
From a hut on the beach, but within easy reach
Of the Driftwood, and other bloke's wives

It's a shame that the Long Bar's no longer,
That's the place where the cowboys all said.
"I'll have a Tusker this Saturday lunch, Sir."
Now they meet at the Norfolk instead."

For...

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And thinks he's one hell of a lad.

*Petter Finne
1974*