



# THE GREAT 8



The Great 8 comes but once a year, they clean their clubs, they pack their gear  
The night before, they wait to rise, their wives they grin and roll their eyes  
A kid at Christmas, imagine that, they're out the door and grab a hat  
Our wives we thank for many years, for letting us out, to share some beers  
Dr. Seuss we thank, for teaching us well, I'll borrow some words, to help me tell  
That's right my friends, you get your wish, a few more pages of gibberish



The sun did not shine, it was too cold to play, so the Great 8 got up, and flew to Knoxville that day

We arrived there by wagon, we arrived there by plane, we were eager to play, some more Great  
8 games

Eight men arrive at the store, they fill their carts, then grab some more

Some of this, and some of that, now put that down, it'll make you fat

It really is a scary site, go left, now straight, and then a right

Their carts are filled, all kinds of stuff, they scratch their chins, is that enough?

They venture to their happy home, the house is large, with space to roam

The evening is a festive one, we share some laughs and have some fun

I sat there with Eddie, we sat there with Hawk, and I said, "this is nice, let's just sit here and talk"

Tonight we are brothers, tomorrow we're foes, our first match is scheduled, to the first tee we go

We head to bed and without warning, "hey look" the sun, it's Thursday morning

David's whine is never boring, "I couldn't sleep with all the snoring"

Kunkel's up, what's he makin? "Ahhhhh... yes" ... the smell of bacon

Soon the coffee begins to roast, followed by, hash browns and toast

Some like eggs extra cheesy ... I'll have mine, over easy

The meal's large, it's never little, here's to Jeff and his Great 8 griddle

He's mastered breakfast I must say, the most important meal, of the day

The van is packed, they pile in, they ante-up, they're in to win

They find the course with stories told, is that a path? No it's a road

They hit the range and putt a few, the talk is big, that's nothing new

The teams are set, these groups of four, they hit their drives, and then one more

The match is on, the sun is out, now and then, you here a shout

Dan drained a put, and then through a fist, Paul did not like it, not one little bit

Ed cranks a drive, and Dan's in good cheer, the cousins are worried, they reach for a beer  
Eddie moves cheese, the results are quite clear, Paul holds his breath, Hawk is in tears

"Bump!", and then something went bump, how that bump made us jump!

Our cart has been rammed by the cousins I see

They giggle; they smirk, as they flee to the tee

We look up ahead, in the fairway afar; David has crushed one, ever so far

Then we see him, step into the sand

"What a shame", Dan thought quietly, secretly proud

Until he heard Eddie, say it out loud

"Now Now!" have no fear said the Hawk

This is Dave's shot, just wait and you watch

Dave picks it clean, and lands it six feet from the stick

Paul shouts "hell yah" that's my partner you pricks!

Mike's in the fairway and John near the trees

Dan says our turn, "watch this, if you please"

Michael swings smoothly, his divot fly's up

His ball, it lands softly, a foot from the cup

Eddie raises his hand to the sky

And Dan follows through, to complete the high five

Each match, they continue, with much of the same

As each player searches to find his best game

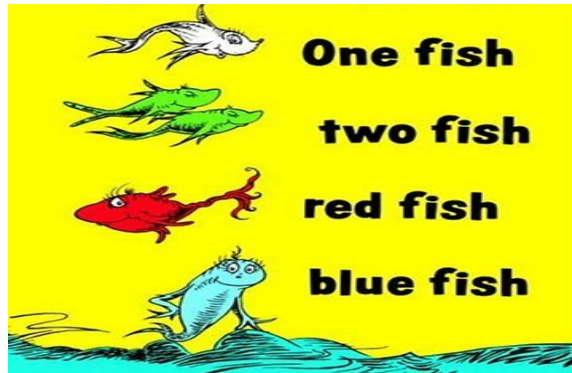
The words are sarcastic, the laughter a stitch

The beer is refreshing, the course is a bitch

Eighteen more times, they try to post a low score

Up ahead in the distance, Johnny yells FORE!  
The matches are settled, handshakes to the winner  
Time to retreat, and settle in for dinner

Hawk on the grill, David settling bets  
Men in the kitchen, as good as it gets  
The partners are formed, the cards they come out  
Shortly you'll hear, "Euchre" they shout  
With beverage in hand, and the sun low in the sky  
They smile and they laugh, of days gone by  
The memories are treasured, these are not borrowed  
The Great 8 looks forward, to a thousand tomorrows  
As dinner is served, a strange calm settles in  
Eight friends look about and can't help what they feel  
The words may be silent, but the warmth is quite real  
How does one share, what goes through one's mind  
When friends of our cloth, are so hard to find  
We have so much to be thankful and so little regret  
Our lives they move forward, we don't want to forget  
The times we have shared, are priceless to all  
The cheers and the tears and each night's last call  
Let's reflect for a moment, or two, if you wish  
These words, they remind me, of one silly fish



One course, two course, green course, blue course!

From there to here, from here to there, Great 8 friendship's everywhere

The Player's?

These Player's come but once a year, they come with grit and show no fear

Each Player varies, they surely do, all are old and none are new

Some are thin and some are fat, some have hair and some a hat

Some play well and others poor, who really cares ... just yell fore!

Some are short and some are tall, some don't have a hair at all

Some bring jokes and some a riddle, some show up, with a griddle

From there to here, from here to there, Great 8 friendship's everywhere

Some are fast and some are slow, some are high, and some are low

Not one of them is like another, don't ask me why, go ask your mother

Where do they come from? I can say, they all have come a long long way

From there to here, from here to there, Great 8 friendship's everywhere

The scores you say? Well, that's a story, for a rainy day

Some are sad and some are glad, and some are very very bad

Why are they sad and glad and bad? I don't know, go ask your dad

The Courses?

The courses vary, they surely do, some are old and some are new  
Some are hilly, some are not, others are, so very hot  
Some play short, and others long, some have rhythm, like a song  
Most are tough, don't ask me witch, a few of them, are quite a bitch  
Some play fair and others breezy, none of them, are ever easy  
From there to here, from here to there, Great 8 friendship's everywhere  
Why do they come, every year? These players with no fear?  
I scratch my head and chin and pause ...

They don't come for ribbons, they don't come for tags  
they don't come for packages, boxes or bags

Then why DO they come you ask?

Settle in ... listen ... and grab a glass

The sky is blue, the sun shines bright, you need a wind, to fly a kite

What goes up, must come down, you need a wheel, to go around

Some things are clear and plain you see

So lend an ear and grab a knee

What's the secret? well here's a tip

The Great 8 you see ....IS "friendship"

"Friendship" you say, a respected mate?, what's so special, about this Great 8?

The Great 8, I argue, is not the glory ...the friendship ... now that's the story

Re-fill your glass and listen up, the words are few, the meaning much

Friendships come and friendships go, the reason, I'm not wise

The wisdom of the old fisherman, there is a lesson to be taught

He smiles not for the one that got away, but for the one he caught

Top-off your glass, now listen close, and quietly, we raise a toast  
Our toast my friends, is just a token, the meaning deep of words unspoken  
So raise your glass of preference, and toast to what we've caught  
For the measure of our friendship, can't be bargained for or bought  
The old fisherman he's smiling, with the wisdom of his years  
For he sees what we have landed, and in his eyes are tears  
The tears are not of sadness, but of joy and pride and love  
He's sees what he's created from the heavens up above  
Not always do his plans work out, they often go astray  
But every now and then my friends, he likes to get his way

So next time we tee it up, let's take a moment to nod and think  
I'll bet he'll be nodding back, with a smile and a wink  
In 80 we were 18 and we called the world our oyster  
Returning to those years in mind, hand upon my brow,  
I gaze into the years ahead and all I see are clouds  
But once upon our friendship, the clouds begin to part  
The friendly voice of laughter, begins to warm my heart  
So the mysteries of our lives remain, all across our world  
As for us, we toast ... our friendship ... is our pearl!

One more note, before we part

We thank our wives, with all our heart

Behind every good man, there's a woman we know  
We rarely admit it and we don't always show  
Who's kidding who, we all now the score  
Your efforts are endless and we always want more  
So here's to our wives, for our annual fun  
Add it to our tab, we owe you one!