

Mick the Master Farter

Kevin Bloody Wilson

I first met him in the classroom
back in 1963
we seemed to hit it off pretty good
we were mates mick and me
he wasn't such a big kid
even back then at the start
and he wasn't all that clever either
but Jesus he could fart

I first found that out in class one day
when things were going pretty slow
and just to keep us all amused
Mick let this fucking ripper go
well, you should have been there
look, i'd describe it if i could
but i just turned around and i said,
"Hey Mick your fucking good!"

And at the eng of school Grand Final
on the rugby field that time
we were getting beaten
they were 12 and we were 9
and play was 3 yards from our goal-line
when the referee called a scrum
and mick said, "Don't worry fellas,
we've as good as got it won."

So we just locked ourselves down in the scrum,
and we held eachothers nose
and mick our little hooker
he let this fucking ripper go!
well, it stung their nose
and it burnt their eyes
and it even scorched the grass
and i twigged right then and there,
he had a double jointed arse!

chorous

Mick, me mate the master farter
put the art back into farting
with his custom tailored farts
Mick, me mate the master farter
broke new ground in breaking wind
with his double jointed arse

verse 2

And it was just a couple of years later
we both went to seee Kamaahl
it was a really poshy sort of show
in this great big bloody hall
all the blokes were dressed like penguins,
well you should have seen the sorts
and Kamaahl himself wore a sheilas dress,
like a bloody black boy george

we were all locked in there like sardines,
for the show to get underway
but the tuber player didn't log
he'd booked off crook that day
and Kamaahl said, "Without a tuber player i cannot
commence the show."
so old mick jumps up says,
"Sambo mate, I'll have a fucking go!"

Well, from then on in I honestly thought,
that the whole show would be ruined
but he just winked at me and picked that tuber up
just like he knew what he was doing
then the maestro tapped his little stick,
to tell the band to start
and mick just shut his eyes and cocked
his leg,
and then began to fart!

well you could have heard a pin drop
that night there in the hall
and it's hard to say who sounded best
Mick farting or Kamaahl
then the audience just went apeshit
they cheered and clapped and stood
and Kamaahl smiled as if to say,
"Hey Mick, your fucking good

chorous

Mick me mate the master farter
put the art back into farting
with his custom tailored farts
Mick me mate the master farter
with his True-pitch perfect, calibrated
double jointed arse

verse 3

Well, good news travels fast it seems
and it wasn't very long
before Mick got this midnight phonecall
from Ben Lexan and Alan Bond
they said, "Mick we've got this specialist job,
and we're prepared to pay ya',
Mick old son would you consider farting for Australia?"

We'll just prop you on our brand new yatch,
when theres no sea-breeze blowing
and get Mick the master farter to start
her and keep the bastard going
so Mick went into training
on sausage rolls and pies
and Vegemite and Fosters beer
and a schollarship from Heinz

The world had never seen before
a yatch so finely groomed
or a crew so fit and young and strong
or an arse so finely tuned
the Yanks weren't even in the race
not even in the same class
what with Ben Lexan and his secret keel

and Micks fuel injeted arse

Well he come back a bloody hero didn't he,
the old Australian boy
and government comissioned this bloke
to do a big statue of his Koy
and I can still see Mick standing there
when they confirmed his Knighthood
and Bob Hawke pinning it on saying,
"Hey mick..... your fucking good!"

chorous

Mick me mate the master farter
put the class back into farting
with his designer-lable farts
Mick me mate the master farted
with his True-pitch perfect calibrated,
turbo thrusted, fuel injected, W.I.N.G.S.proteced,
double jointed arse.