

The Parable Of Glenn McGrath's Haircut

TISM

My mate Roger got a girl pregnant when he was fourteen. He was so shit =
Scared he told me, and when he said
That her dad was a cop I thought he was joking. I told him he's got to =
Tell someone, and so he went and told a teacher, and the girl eventually =
Got an abortion. He was fucking shitting himself, let me tell you, but =
Six months later he was fucking around like always.

Ooh, aahh, Glenn McGrath

"You betta watch it" I thought to myself. But Roger was pretty fucking =
Sure of himself. He was the guy who first brought a block of hash to a =
Party. Because I was his friend I was there when he first showed it to =
People, and we all went down the backyard and he rolled a joint. Where =
Did he get it from? My parents would have killed me if they knew. I =
Thought we'd all turn into junkies or something if we had too much.

The last time I saw Roger was last year at the Boxing Day test. He'd =
Turned into such a fat, normal, yobbo cunt. "The wife nearly didn't let =
Me out today" he said, and he did all that chanting yobs do, like "Ooh, =
Aahh, Glenn McGrath". "It got you in the end" I thought to myself, as I =
Looked at Roger. "Life got you in the end, pal. You were such a cocky, =
Successful winner when we were 16, but now you're just another sad fat =
Prick sitting in the M.C.G high-fiving in self-congratulation, as if it's =
You that had the skill and determination to play for Australia". it's =
The cunts with the bad haircuts that you've got to watch out for. =
There's never been a popular teenager yet who's done rat's with their =
Life. it's the fucking dorks that give it a real go. Glenn McGrath got =

5 for 50 that day.