

**In My Hand I Hold A Ball,  
White and Dimpled, Rather Small.**

**Oh, How Bland It Does Appear,  
This Harmless Looking Little Sphere.**

**By Its Size I Could Not Guess,  
The Awesome Strength It Does Possess.**

**But Since I Fell Beneath Its Spell,  
I've Wandered Through The Fires Of H\*\*\*.**

**My Life Has Not Been Quite The Same,  
Since I Chose To Play This Stupid Game.  
It Rules My Mind For Hours On End,  
A Fortune It Has Made Me Spend.**

**It Has Made Me Yell, Curse And Cry.  
I Hate Myself And Want To Die.  
It Promises A Thing Called Par,  
If I Can Hit It straight And Far..**

**To Master Such A Tiny Ball,  
Should Not Be Very Hard At All..  
But My Desires The Ball Refuses,  
And Does Exactly As It Chooses.  
It Hooks and Slices, Dribbles And Dies,  
And Even Disappears Before My Eyes.**

**Often It Will Have A Whim,  
To Hit A Tree Or Take A Swim.**

**With Miles Of Grass On Which To Land,  
It Finds A Tiny Patch Of Sand.**

**Then Has Me Offering Up My Soul,  
If Only It Would Find The Hole.**

**It's Made Me Whimper Like A Pup,  
And Swear That I Will Give It Up.  
And Take To Drink To Ease My Sorrow,  
But The Ball Knows. I'll Be Back Tomorrow.**

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**A recent study found the average golfer walks about 900 miles a year.  
Another study found golfers drink, on average, 22 gallons of alcohol a year.  
That means, on average, golfers get about 41 miles to the gallon.  
Almost feel like a hybrid.**