

Fang from Yang Yawn

I'm Fang of Yang Yawn, I live with me mate
Pat the swagman, retired of late.
He found me by the river, a pup
My eyes still shut, he picked me up,
A yelping bundle, without any hair.
'E took me back home into his care.

I grew very fast, big, and strong
without any hair, but a tail real long.
At the pub, I made 'em all dart.
I was the freak, with a strange loud bark.
I could swim like a fish and run very fast
If Pat was teased, I give 'em a blast!

My skin's like leather, tough and dark.
My mouth is huge. My growl's a bark.
My body's long and legs real short.
I growl and snap, grunt and snort.
The other dogs keep real clear,
cower in the corner, whimper in fear.

Pat and I go on our way;
we go for walks, swim, and play.
I splash in and dive underneath,
Knowing how to hold my breath,
then catch some fish for us to eat.
Pat gives a hug, and then a treat.

One day a croc came to the river
making swimmers scream and shiver.
Pat and I went there and saw
a boy dragged off from the shore
by big white teeth and scaly claw.
I jumped in after, and clacked my jaw.

The Doc and Vet grabbed a bandage,
while I snarled out in croc language.
I growled and snapped in a vicious tone;
the Croc sighed and said with a moan,
'Cripes, ya the image of ya mum.
I can't eat you, my little chum!'

He opened up his mouth real wide,
let the boy go and saved his hide.
He splashed his tail and swam away,
nae seen again from that day.
That is how the legend began
of the croc forlorn and brave young Fang.

There's pats and cheers now when I pass.
I lap beer from me very own glass.
I'm famous like mum, a dog called Skye.
Her dad's on the box at Gundagai!
But truth is 'tween you and me,
The croc was me dad! Now don't ya see?

