

Old Tom, the Townsville saddler, said he didn't drink much,
Just four beers on the way home from work each evening,
Double that on Saturdays, with an occasional beer at home.

He told of his brother who'd been on the city council,
Used to drive south with a mate on council business,
And have several beers on the way,
Then a good many more when they arrived.
He said, by comparison, his brother really put them away.
And he wasn't going to say what was the cause
But when the brother finally took the doctor's advice
and stopped drinking,

He died.