double bones blues - - Parodie

It's early Sunday morning, the sun is coming up
I'm on the tee at seven, I'm here to try my luck
They say this game's a tough one, but I'll give it my best shot
Though the bunkers look like beaches and the greens like parking lots

Oh Lord, what am I gonna do?
Help me keep my head down
Save me from those double bogey blues

First, I pull out my driver, I check my stance and grip
I'm trying to remember every single Nicklaus tip
Straighten that left elbow, slightly bend your knees
Keep your head behind the ball and look out for those trees

Oh Lord, what club should I choose?
Y'know I'm lost out in the forest
Save me from those double bogey blues

Well, I started out with three balls, now two of them are lost
Got two hundred yards of water that I got to get across
If I hear somebody talking 'bout a forty dollar bet
I got thirty in my pocket, but I won't let 'em see me sweat

Oh Lord, the next Bud's for you
Help me with this three wood
Save me from those double bogey blues