

# Hey Rors (Insert Adjective Here)



(Words and music Kurt E Hoffman ©2011)

He's walking off the yardage in a gale force wind today,  
He doesn't have the dandruff cuz' the wind blew it all away.  
Just strolling to a free beat, not a bit of stress has he,  
And, the swing of his long club is as fluid as it can be  
And the bookies kept the odds low on this lad because they knew.  
He cares for nothing fancy and he digs his mother's stew.

Hey Rors, it's a magical day,  
It's remarkable, fabulous, insert adjective here, hey

He's a Northern Irish golfer, and he takes the world by storm,  
And the press just keeps talking about his incredible form.  
Then he's often playing football in the middle of his day,  
Distracted by 2 dogs who often meddle in his play  
They're calling him a wonder, and they say he shall go far,  
Bewildered yet humbled when he shoots 9 under par

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It's remarkable, fabulous, insert adjective here, hey

Hey Rors