

## Dangerous Dan McGrew

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the clubhouse at CLBC;  
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a rag-time tune;  
Outside on the green, in a Singles game, bowled Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was cold as blazes, and into the din and the glare,  
There stumbled an old bowler fresh from a tournament, dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.  
He looked like a man who had lost all his games and had scarcely the strength of a mouse,  
Yet he placed a twenty on the bar, and he called for drinks on the house.  
There was none could place the stranger's face, though we searched ourselves for a clue;  
But we drank his health, and the last to drink was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell;  
And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had bowled in hell;  
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a bowler whose day is done,  
As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the drops fell one by one.  
Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering what he'd do,  
And I turned my head—and there watching him was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and onto the green in a kind of daze,  
Till at last Dangerous Dan McGrew fell in the way of his wandering gaze.  
Now Dan McGrew was having a drink after winning once again,  
So the stranger stumbles across the green and challenges him to a game.  
His white shirt was glazed with dirt, and I saw him sway;  
Then he clutched his bowl with his talon hands—my God! but that man could play.

The stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most peculiar way;  
In his white shirt that was glazed with dirt, he stood and I saw him sway;  
Then his lips curled up in a kind of grin, and when he spoke, and his voice was calm,  
And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none of you give a damn;  
But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my poke they're true,  
That one of you is that bowler from hell... and that is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and two guns blazed in the dark,  
And a woman screamed, and the lights went on, and two men lay stiff and stark.  
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
While the old bowler lay clutched to the breast of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess I ought to know.  
They say that the stranger was crazed with "hooch," and I'm not denying it's so.  
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between us two—  
The woman that kissed him and—pinched his bowls—was the lady that's known as Lou.