

Dear Cup Week I love you to bits, Queen of the Sport of Kings,
A calendar of greatest hits, your racing gives me wings.

Suiting, hatting, frocking up - my favourite time of year,
November brings a famous Cup, champagne, and ice-cold beer.

On spacious lawns you pay no rent, there's plenty of high jinks,
But nothing beats a corporate tent - free food, a tote and drinks.

The luscious turf that spans the track, at famous Flemington,
Down the straight six and the back, makes it number one.

The runners circle round the yard, nice bloodstock on parade,
I see a job I'd find too hard, and it involves a spade.

Check out the form and who's on board, the track and change of gear,
Avoid the hot tips from that fraud, who turns up once a year.

Jockeys trail, sit, weave and dodge, and settle in a groove,
When they see Chiquita Lodge, that's when they make their move.

I snared a first-four in race two, return was quite alright,
Picked up the meal tab for my crew, at Flower Drum that night.

My Oaks Day Quaddie investment, paid thousands and above,
The missus asked me how I went - 'Oh, about even, love'.

The purists adore Derby Day, good punters do alright,
It is the only time you may, see me wear black & white.

Up in the stands they're like a clown, jumping all excited,
Get those in front to sit back down, and you sir will be knighted.

Attractive blonde drinking Shiraz, disheveled but still nice,
Gave me what could be taken as, directional advice.

The racing's great and not surpassed, Cup week has what it takes,
We're on a stayer in the last, to win the 'Get-Out' stakes.