Who?

Who comforts me, when the greens turn brown,
Who does my work when I'm not around?

Turns off the pumps when they're forgotten, Soothes my brow, when I feel rotten?

Gives me Maalox, when my men don't show, Overlooks the green they 'forgot' to mow?

Who calms me down and kisses my tears, When I waited 6 months for the part from Sears?

Who says, I'll walk I don't have to ride, And does a day's work with old fashioned pride?

Is a comfort, a blessing, a joy to be near, Boosts up my ego, dismisses my fears?

Lifts my balls out of the rough When the scene is bad, and the going's tough?

Nobody!

