

**Dangerous Dick**  
*and the Duckbusters*

**The *Karst Fever***  
**Songbook**

**Lyrics from the Second Album**

**For copies of the album  
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# Contents

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<i>Cavers to the Core</i> .....	3
<i>Bangin' Bill</i> .....	4
<i>The Caver's Prayer</i> .....	5
<i>Dangerous Dick</i> .....	6
<i>The Codger's Caving Club</i> .....	8
<i>The Cavernous Crawl (continued)</i> .....	10
<i>A "Shaw" Thing</i> .....	11
<i>Karst Fever</i> .....	12
<i>The Parys Mountain Mine</i> .....	13
<i>Don'tcha Meddle with the Mole!</i> .....	14
<i>This Old Caving Helmet of Mine</i> .....	15
<i>Frozen at the Top of the Drop</i> .....	16
<i>The Caver's Alphabet</i> .....	17
<i>Time ta Quit Cavin' (When the Lights go Out!)</i> .....	18

## *Cavers to the Core*

*Words and Music © 2005 by Adrian C. Duncan*

Well, it's time again, me cavin' friends  
For some music and some fun  
With Dangerous Dick and his crew handpicked  
Duckbusters every one!  
And we're here to sing 'till the rafters ring  
And our throats are feeling raw  
Then we'll head back down to the underground  
'Cause we're cavers to the core!

*Cavers to the core, me b'yes,  
We're cavers to the core  
As we play and sing, don't forget one thing  
We're cavers to the core!!*

Now we never sneer at a pint of beer  
Or a chance for a song or two  
And if you feel the same, never mind your name,  
We extend our hands to you  
But when the draft blows strong and the route leads on  
Where none have been before  
You'll find us there, no matter where  
'Cause we're cavers to the core!

So we hope you'll find these simple rhymes  
That we're here to sing for you  
May remind you all of the cavern's call  
And the scenes it leads us through  
For our songs all come from the things we've done  
As we venture and explore  
Yes, we're truly proud to sing out loud  
That we're cavers to the core!

# ***Bangin' Bill***

*Words and music © 2005 by Adrian C. Duncan*

Now if you're pushing a cave sometime  
Where the draft blows strong and the route feels fine  
But a bloody great boulder blocks yer way  
Call Bangin' Bill, and he'll make yer day!!

***Bangin' Bill, Bangin' Bill  
If he ever gets to Heaven, he'll be bangin' still!  
If you wanna have a blast underneath some hill  
Put out the call for Bangin' Bill!!!***

With his hammer drill and his coil of wire  
He's a sight to make the rock perspire!  
'Cause a well-placed charge and a 12 volt fuse  
Makes an offer no boulder can refuse!

No rock too big, no task too small  
Bangin' Bill can crack them all!!  
Just give him a chance, and without much trouble  
He'll reduce any boulder to a pile of rubble!!

Now he knows all the tricks of the bangin' game  
And precision is his middle name  
He can split a rock right where you say  
And land all the rubble in the old spoil tray!!

Now the squeezes shrink with the passing years  
Though some may blame too many beers!!  
But if you don't fit, 'cause you're fat and old  
Call Bangin' Bill, and it's problem solved!!

# *The Caver's Prayer*

*Traditional - new lyrics by Adrian Duncan*

Now a caver took a ouigee karst-walking one day  
Said the caver to the ouigee "Come, let us pray!  
And if we have one prayer, then we may as well have ten!  
Let's have a bloody litany!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What first shall we pray for, let's pray for a cave  
Glory, oh glory, as dark as the grave!  
And if we find one cave, may we also find ten!  
Let's find a bloody labyrinth!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What next shall we pray for, let's pray for some rope  
Glory, oh glory, down which we can grope!  
And if we have one rope, may we also have ten!  
Let's have a bloody rat's nest!!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What next shall we pray for, let's pray for a shaft  
Glory, oh glory, to challenge our craft!  
And if we drop one shaft, may we also drop ten!  
Let's drop a bloody staircase!!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What next shall we pray for, let's pray for a stream  
Glory, oh glory, to wash our cave clean!  
And if we find one stream, may we also find ten!  
Let's find a bloody Amazon!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What next shall we pray for, let's pray for some stals  
Glory, oh glory, the photographer's pals!!  
And if we find one stal, may we also find ten!  
Let's find a bloody show-cave!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

"What next shall we pray for, let's pray for a squeeze  
Glory, oh glory, as tight as you please!  
And if we push one squeeze, let's also push ten!  
Let's squeeze our bloody skins off!!" Said the ouigee "Amen!!"

"What last shall we pray for, let's pray for some beer!  
Glory, oh glory, to fill us with cheer!  
And if we drink one beer, may we also drink ten!!  
Let's drink a bloody brewery!" Said the ouigee, "Amen!!"

# *Dangerous Dick*

© 2004 by Adam La Rusic and Adrian Duncan

Well I wanna tell yez all 'bout a tattle of a tale  
That's ten times taller than Jonah and the Whale  
Of the underground heroes that we're here to hail  
Dangerous Dick and his crew

If yer stuck in the muck in a really ugly duck  
You've struck outta luck an' ya feelin' like a shmuck  
Just call for that crazy crew o' cavin' Canucks  
And they'll always see ya through!!

*Chorus:*

*No cave too deep, no hole too small  
For Dangerous Dick to wiggle and to crawl  
With his brave Duckbusters standin' tall  
He's always there to answer to the caver's call !!*

When yer floppin' in a flood or paddlin' through a puddle  
Yer gear's in a muddle and the route is double trouble  
Ya wiggle an' ya squiggle an' ya burrow an' ya scuttle  
But yer still set to take the fall

When yer feelin' like a mole folded over in a hole  
Yer wet an' yer cold, plus you've gone and lost yer Croll  
And the cave's got a hold an' it's set to take its toll  
Just send out the call!

*Chorus*

*Hey, who was that masked man?  
I never got his name  
I wanted to just say Thank You  
'But he's off on his rounds again*

When yer legs can't be trusted 'cause you're feelin' flat an' flustered  
Ya can't cut the mustard and the whole trip's busted  
Your troubles will be dusted once you've been Duckbuster'ed  
By Dangerous Dick an' his crew!!

*Instrumental break*

*Hey, who were those strange guys?  
They sure pulled me through!  
They got me outta danger  
And they'll do the same fer you!*

If yer cavin' on a dare, an' yer skills can't compare  
Yer stuck somewhere an' yer tearing out yer hair  
Dontcha ever despair, 'cause they'll all soon be there  
Dangerous Dick and his crew!!

*Double chorus to end*

# *The Codger's Caving Club*

© 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

Now I'm a caving codger and I've caved for years and years  
I've dropped a lot of pitches and I've downed a lot of beers!  
But time has had its way with me, and so I've had to find  
A new approach to caving that's more civilised and kind!

*Yes, I'm proud to be a member of the Codger's Caving Club  
We do our shopping at Pharmasave and our caving in the pub!!*

Now we codgers know the angles 'cause we've done it all before  
We always bring the proper gear, of that you can be sure  
But when it comes to Power Bars, we're really in a bind  
'Coz just to save a bit of weight, we leave our teeth behind!!

If you want to talk experience, it's us that knows the lot!  
We've been through every cavern and we've bottomed every pot  
So if you need a guide some time, we're the best by far  
We'll show you round the caves if we remember where they are!!

Well, we may not be so nimble now as once we were before  
But we can raise our glasses still and stumble through a door!  
So go and grab yer walking stick, and don't forget yer pills  
And we're off to do some caving in the nearest bar and grill!!

Now when it comes to grumbling, b'yes, believe me, we're the best  
And if you like to bullshit, we can out-talk all the rest!!  
So we can always make you smile or maybe shed a tear  
If you're prepared to match us when it comes to drinking beer!!

Now you may feel superior 'coz we're way less fit than you  
But soon enough ol' Father Time will come and get you too!  
Yes, the years will keep on slipping by until there'll come a day  
When you'll become a codger too and you'll be proud to say:



# *The Cavernous Crawl*

*Words © 2004 by Adrian Duncan*

There was Pat and me in the mood for a spree  
In old Vancouver town  
Where a caver cursed with a raging thirst  
Knows a sure way to wet it down  
"Got it cracked!" says Pat, "Go and grab yer hat  
While I put out the caver's call!  
And we'll all head out on the downtown Cavernous Crawl!"

*If you can take real ale without going pale  
And stick to your whisky straight  
If you can stand your round when the sun goes down  
And drink level with your mates  
If you can keep your feet when the pitch is steep  
And another might stumble and fall  
Then your face fits fine, and you're welcome any time  
To join us on the Cavernous Crawl!*

So it's off to the start in the gathering dark  
At Sailor's up the hill  
The stals shine bright, but the beer tastes right  
And a cream ale fits the bill  
And our thoughts are merry as we head for the ferry  
And a Smiley's dinner downtown  
With a jug of nut brown ale, just to wash it down!!

Now we've made a start, and we're in good heart  
For the survey seems quite clear  
And the Steamworks room very quickly looms  
As a stop for some well-brewed beer  
Now the entry pitch gives us quite a twitch  
As we try not to fall downstairs  
So it's on belay as we tackle the pitch in pairs!!

## *The Cavernous Crawl (continued)*

Now we're in good form, Boomer's talking up a storm  
But it's time for a Guinness or two  
And we're doubly blessed with the Heather's best  
Plus a double of the "mountain dew"  
Now the Blarney Stone's like a second home  
But the entry passage is closed  
And our digging tackle's at home, so we're really hosed!!

Now the Yaletown beckons and Big Al reckons  
That we need a few well-brewed ales  
The crawlway's level and we really revel  
In the taste that never fails!  
Then at the Trap & Gill, we get our fill  
Of the Screech that we all crave  
It'll cure all ills or maybe put you in your grave!!

# A "Shaw" Thing

Words © 2003 by Adrian Duncan

If you're down in the hole and you're wet through and cold  
And the roof's dipping down to the water  
And it looks like a duck, you think "Holy ——"!  
And you wish you were twelve inches shorter!!  
But once there's no doubt that your route has run out  
And you're facing a series of sumps  
Don't fret any more, just call for Pat Shaw  
You can keep all yer balers and pumps!!

*It's a Shaw thing, just one more thing  
In which Pat can survive any test  
He'll just offer his thanks, make you pack down his tanks  
And start doing what Pat Shaw does best!!*

If the route's been a rough one, the crawl's been a tough one  
And you feel like you're worn to the bone  
But to pay for your sins, you're still half-way in  
And you left all yer Power Bars at home!  
Plus the water's run out and there's really no doubt  
That the last pitch is one pitch too far  
If you're really in luck and you owe Pat ten bucks  
He'll extract you, wherever you are!

*It's a Shaw thing, just one more thing  
In which Pat can survive any test  
When yer back's to the wall, he'll set up the haul  
And start doing what Pat Shaw does best!!*

When you're flat on yer face in the mineral paste  
Or you're stuck in a crawlway real tight!  
Or perhaps you're entangled 'cause the rigging's all mangled  
And you wish you could vanish from sight!  
But that's when a flash will make yer teeth gnash  
'Cause whenever Pat Shaw is around  
No screw-up's immune from his strobe and his zoom  
"Candid Camera" goes deep underground!!

*It's a Shaw thing, just one more thing  
In which Pat can survive any test  
So the whole world will know, to his scanner he'll go  
And start doing what Pat Shaw does best!!*

*It's a Shaw thing, just one more thing  
In which Pat can survive any test  
So go grab a beer, let's all raise a cheer  
And start doing what Pat Shaw does best!!*

*Dedicated in friendship and with great respect and gratitude to that dependable and generous man of many talents - my caving mentor, Pat Shaw!*

# Karst Fever

*Words and Music © 2004 by Adrian C. Duncan*

Well, I woke up this morning, I was feelin' ill  
So I went to the doctor to get me some pills  
He said " There ain't a whole lot that a doctor can do  
'Cause it's plain to see jest what's the matter with you - ya got

*Karst Fever*

*Karst Fever*

*If that limestone craving's got ya all in a stew  
Karst Fever's got a hold on you!!*

Now if ya havin' trouble sleepin', though yer worn to the bone,  
'Cause ya can't stop thinking 'bout that fissured limestone  
Then that ol' karst fever's got ya firm in its grip  
And ya better start planning fer a karst-walkin' trip - that'll cure

*Karst Fever, etc.*

Now if your thoughts keep a-reachin' to them limestone hills  
There ain't no kinda use just a-poppin' them pills  
Ya gotta get to the karst, take a good look around  
And maybe find yerself a new hole in the ground - ya can beat

*Karst Fever, etc.*

When ya get back home after a real fine trip  
That ol' Karst Fever will have loosened its grip  
You'll be feelin' just fine for a few days, but then  
Karst Fever's gonna get ya again - you'll be fightin'

# *The Parys Mountain Mine*

*Words and music © 2003 by Adrian Duncan*

Now it's Wednesday night in Amlwch town  
Which means that it's time to head on down  
To the damp and the darkness all around  
In the Parys Mountain Mine!  
There's manky timbers everywhere  
And the mud and the grot get in yer hair  
But there's sights to see beyond compare  
In the Parys Mountain Mine!

*So let's all take our headlamps' glow  
Where the moonlight never shines  
And we'll sing this song as down we go  
To the stopes and the levels far below  
Where the mud lies thick and the waters flow  
In the Parys Mountain Mine!!*

Now the mine began, as we now know  
Four thousand years or more ago  
When the rock succumbed to the hammer-stone's blow  
In the Parys Mountain Mine.  
And the Romans too came by this way  
Then the Cornish miners had their day  
But now the ghosts and the Knockers hold sway  
In the Parys Mountain Mine

If you don't mind having to slither and grope  
Down a cranky ladder and a mud-stained rope  
You just might make it to Gobsmack Stope  
In the Parys Mountain Mine!!  
Then you'll grit yer teeth and hold yer breath  
As you pass the Incredible Wall of Death  
Where the levels beckon right and left  
In the Parys Mountain Mine!!

So let's be off, me brave recruits  
Grab a pair of gloves and some decent boots  
And we'll all head down in our boiler suits  
To the Parys Mountain Mine!  
And when we're done, it's off again  
To the bar of the Pilot Boat by ten  
Where we'll drink to the glory once again  
Of the Parys Mountain Mine!!

# *Don'tcha Meddle with the Mole!*

*Words and Music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan*

If you're pushin' out a cave and you're getting' kinda stuck  
And it's gonna take some digging to open things up  
Just put out the call to the guy they call The Mole  
And he'll dig, dig, dig 'till he's opened up the hole!

*But don'tcha meddle with the Mole (when he's hot on a dig)*

*Don'tcha meddle with the Mole ('n case he comes up big)*

*Yes, if yer number one goal's just to open up the hole*

*Brother, don'tcha meddle with the Mole!*

Well, they call him the Mole, and they're not far wrong  
'Cause he can dig hard n' deep all day long  
Swingin' that shovel like a club on a tee  
Pilin' up the dirt like a gopher on a spree!

*So don'tcha meddle with the Mole, etc.*

Well, he went into the desert just to dig on a dare  
Everybody told him, "Man, there's no caves there!"  
But the Mole dug regardless, and the tales all tell  
That he had the last laugh, 'cuz he struck an oil well!

*So don'tcha meddle with the Mole, etc.*

Well, one day he was a-digging when he broke into a cave  
With the stals all a'burnin' to the sounds of the grave  
Imps all cavortin' and the Devil there as well  
And he quickly realized that he'd finally dug to Hell!

*So don'tcha meddle with the Mole, etc.*

Says the Devil to the Mole, "Man, ya can't stay here!  
'Cause security's a problem, and to me it's quite clear  
That you'll just keep on a-digging, like you've always done before  
'Till you've opened up a route straight to Heaven's front door!!"

*So don'tcha meddle with the Mole, etc.*

# *This Old Caving Helmet of Mine*

*Words and music © 2005 by Adrian C. Duncan*

Well, hello there, my friend! Won't you stay for a while?  
Grab a beer, park yer backside right there  
Please excuse all the mess - I was sorting my gear  
Just to see what's in need of repair  
When I found this old helmet I'd not seen in years  
It's the first one that I ever owned  
And it set me to thinking of times long ago  
When first to the limestone I roamed

*So here's to the miles and the memories  
To the caves and the friends from old times  
So dear to my heart, and I never will part  
With this old caving helmet of mine.*

Now I still can recall my very first trip  
In the springtime of my fourteenth year  
When we got to the cave, it looked so dark and cold  
That excitement turned quickly to fear!  
Then someone came over, said, "Time to go, son!  
Here's your helmet and light - put them on!"  
And as soon as I strapped this old pot on me head  
I felt like I really belonged.

Now each of the scrapes, the scratches and dents  
Marks a time when it saved me poor head  
See this dent near the front? That's the mark from a stone  
That could easily have left me for dead.  
And if you look closely, there's traces of mud  
From the caves of my youth long ago  
It's a precious reminder of all the good times  
That I've spent with me mates down below

Now time's marched along - I'm far older now  
And the years have brought changes for sure  
I've a new helmet now, and this old one's retired  
I can't wear it to cave any more  
But this battered old helmet still shows all the signs  
Of the times that we spent down below  
Yes, this old piece of gear holds a record so dear  
Of my first caving trips long ago

# *Frozen at the Top of the Drop*

*Words and music by Adrian C. Duncan*

Well, today I went a-caving for the very first time  
'Cause they told me it would be a breeze  
So far it's been fine, and I've had a good time  
Hell, I didn't even mind the squeeze!  
But they never told me nuthin' 'bout a 30 metre drop  
And now I'm feelin' kinda weak at the knees

*'Cause I'm frozen at the top of the drop,  
Frozen at the top of the drop!  
Ain't no supposing, you know I ain't a-posing  
I'm a-frozen at the top of the drop!  
Yeah, my mind is decomposing and I never would have chosen  
To be frozen at the top of the drop!*

Now if they'd only told me, then I might have been OK  
'Cause I could'a got my head prepared.  
I could'a closed my eyes an' tried to visualise  
How to handle this without getting' scared  
But now here I am with a pair of shakin' hands  
It's a feelin' that I wish I'd been spared!

Now it's deep and it's dark - I can't see the bottom  
And the world seems to end right here!  
The water thunders down, there's a mist all around  
But there's one thing that's increasingly clear  
I'd be better off by far to be sittin' in some bar  
Chuggin' on an ice-cold beer!!



# The Caver's Alphabet

*Words and music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan  
(with a tip o' the helmet to Boomer for the last line!!)*

A for ascender which we use to climb  
B for the bullshit we hear all the time!  
C is for crawlway, to make us all sweat  
And D for the ducks that we'd rather forget!!  
E for the expert whose theories sound swell  
F for the facts that blow theory to hell !  
G for the granite at which we all scoff  
And H for the Hens that we all love to quaff!!

I is for insult, to exchange with yer mates  
J for the jokes when they catch yer mistakes!  
K is for karst, where the caves can be found  
And L for the lights which we need underground  
M is for manky, the state of our gear  
N is for nervous, the first stage of fear  
O for the ougee, so timid and slow  
And P for the Power Bars we eat on the go

Q for the quorum, the AGM's goal  
R for the ropes that we rig down the hole  
S for the surveys that get us confused  
And T for the time that they cause us to lose!!  
U for the underground, we're all its pals  
V for the vandals who bust all the stals  
W for water, so wet and so cold  
And X marks the spot if yer digging for gold!!

Y for the yell that we give when we're stuck  
There's no rhyme for Z, b'yes, but who gives a !?@#!\$?!

## *Time ta Quit Cavin' (When the Lights go Out!)*

*Words and music by Adrian C. Duncan*

Well, there's lotsa things ta do that are better in the dark  
An' you know I ain't a-talkin' 'bout a walk in the park  
But there's one thing for certain, yeah, there's really no doubt  
That it's time ta quit cavin' when the lights go out, yes, it's

*Time ta quit cavin'*

*Time ta quit cavin'*

Well you can take it as ya find it, but there's really no doubt  
That it's time ta quit cavin' when the lights go out!!

Well you can do yer lovey-dovin' with the lights down low  
But when yer underground and you're hard on the go  
If yer light lets ya down, man, yer really hung out  
'Cause it's time ta quit cavin' when the lights go out, yes it's

*Time ta quit cavin', etc.*

Well a dark night's fine just for gazin' at the stars  
Checking out a satellite or lookin' for Mars  
But when yer batteries are gone or yer lamp's up the spout  
It's time ta quit cavin' when the lights go out!!

*Time ta quit cavin', etc.*

Now there's nothing like the darkness for catchin' up on sleep  
But ya really need yer lightin' if you're goin' down deep  
So don't forget yer backup, 'cause there's really no doubt  
That it's time ta quit cavin' when the lights go out!!

*Time ta quit cavin', etc.*

Well you can take it as ya find it, but there's really no doubt  
That it's time ta quit a-cavin' when the lights go out!!

