

## **The Brownlow Count**

It's a Monday night in September in old Melbourne town  
The blokes are in tuxedos, the ladies in flash gowns  
You'd think they were there for a fancy socialite's ball  
But no such luck, it's just the Brownlow medal call.

The footy season's finished except for one last game  
Two teams still left standing, they'll be fighting soon for fame  
Their men will forgo the champagne, beer and wine  
But if they win on Saturday, I doubt they'll then abstain.

Some WAGS, as we call them, put on quite a show  
Cleavage in abundance, my but they do glow  
This could be their ticket to a new career  
As influencers, models, there's money in the air.

Millions watch it on TV, although it's hardly riveting stuff  
The compère calling out the votes given by the umps  
There's two hundred games that the votes he has to call  
With ad breaks and cameos, it's three hours in all.

The players and their WAGS, sit through it to the end  
At their team's table, hoping that a friend  
Will bring home the medal, to make this night worthwhile  
Sitting here, can't really talk, plastering on a smile.

There's many could be the winner, champions through and through  
It's like a slow motion horse race, with bets placed on it too  
Sometimes the favourite wins, about half the time  
But there's some great players who miss out time after time.

**Kevin Davis**  
**September 2025**