

Slalom, slalom, slalom
They'll soon have to carry me home
I don't like the gates
And I hate all the waits
I want to go straight where my fancy dictates
Oh bring back those fond recollections
Of the days when we schussed all the hills
You could ski as you please without bending
ze knees.
Slalom, slalom, slalom.

II

Slalom, slalom, slalom
My skis have a longing to roam
They tear down the course like a runaway horse
And I tag along with the greatest remorse
Oh bring back those fond recollections
Of the days when stick riding was done

Slalom, slalom, slalom
We Hoehles all think you're too prone
To wiggle down hills
Without any spills
Instead of a schuss with its multiple
thrills
Oh bring back those fond recollections
Of the days when a telemark turn
With its wobbly trend made your hair
stand on end
Slalom, slalom, slalom.

IV

Slalom, slalom, slalom
We're getting too brittle of bone.
We're too old to race,
Let youth take our place,
Our joints are too stiff for a slalom's
fast pace.