

Whatever (G)

Lyrics by Amanda Eagle, Dawnya Thill, Julia West, and Russ Fish
To the tune of "The Scotsman" by Mike Cross

Well a filker with guitar left a con one evening fair
And one could tell by how he coughed that he'd filked more than his share,
Forgotten all the words and could no longer keep his tune,
And with his nose deep in a book did hit his head and swoon.

Sing sing little ditties I did know!
Sing sing ditties I know,
And with his nose deep in a book did hit his head and swoon.

About that time two strange and gawky gamers happened by.
One said to the other with a sly look in her eye,
"See yon sleeping filker, bereft of figs or dice,
I have a good idea but it isn't very nice."

Sing sing little ditties I did know!
Sing sing ditties I know,
"I have a good idea but it isn't very nice."

They crept up on that sleeping filker quiet as could be,
And opened up his books a bit to see what they could see
And there behold for them to view, within his filkish tomes,
Was nothing more than silly tunes and badly scanning poems.

Sing sing little ditties I did know!
Sing sing ditties I know,
Was nothing more than silly tunes and badly scanning poems.

Well the gamers held their laughter and one said, "We must be gone.
Let's leave a gift for 'Mozart' here before we move along."
They kided his books, and in their place left dice and player's guide
And tiptoed back toward the con still laughing, side by side.

Sing sing little ditties I did know!
Sing sing ditties I know,
And tiptoed back toward the con still laughing, side by side.

Now the filker woke in two days time--he'd finally got some rest--
And marveled at the player's guide that lay upon his chest.
He opened up that rule book, and with a gleeful cheer
Said, "With these ideas I'm sure to win the Pegasus next year!"

Sing sing little ditties I did know!
Sing sing ditties I know,
"With these ideas I'm sure to win the Pegasus next year!"

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