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To the tune of “Boozing” (trad.)

What is this sound that’s assaulting my brain?
It’s filking, bloody well filking
A strange creature howling in terror and pain?
It’s filking, bloody well filking
Around the next corner, spread out on the ground
A great ugly body, all hairy and round
And twenty three heads make that god-awful sound
Of filking, bloody well filking

(chorus)

Filking, filking, just you and I
Drinking Tully, when we are dry
Some miss the low notes, and some can’t sing high
But we all are bloody well filking.

What are the joys of a poor SF fan?
Why, filking, bloody well filking
And what is he doing whenever he can?
He’s filking, bloody well filking
There’s nothing but drivel tonight on TV,
There’s a line at the movie we wanted to see,
And books are expensive, but filking is free
So we all are bloody well filking

(chorus)

What is the bane of the whole hotel crew?
It’s filking, bloody well filking
And what are they wishing that we wouldn’t do?
Why, filking, bloody well filking
They tell us ”shut up” – we’re too loud to ignore
They want us to move ’cause they can’t clean the floor
But what are they doing standing there in the door?
They’re filking, bloody well filking!

(chorus)

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HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky’s songbook