

Talking Dragon

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Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

G C
The other night I had this dream
D7
I was just somebody's fantasy.
G C
So I went to a soothsayer, very next day
D7
To see what kind of sooth he would say.
G
He said it was a bad dream
C
Wouldn't worry about it, though...
D7
Who'd have enough imagination to
dream up a dragon.

Well, bad dreams tend to make me feel
Like it's time to find another meal,
So I set off walking down the street
Just looking for a bite to eat.
Figured a virgin or two would
go down nicely.
Getting a little hard to find, though.
Don't seem to get as big as they used to.

Now, about five miles down the road
Was a donkey with a heavy load.
Rider and donkey both looked old,
But as I passed them I smelled gold.
You know what gold does to a dragon?

The donkey tasted good enough
But the rider looked a little tough.
Little old guy all covered with dirt
With a bar of gold hid under his shirt.
Little bag of jewels, too.
Toasted him and served him with
melted gold sauce
And some garnets for a garnish.

Well, I wandered back the way he'd come
To find the mine that loot came from,
And thinking of all the gold I'd get
I walked straight into a dragon net.

(instrumental break)

Well, I couldn't run and I couldn't fly,
And they didn't get close enough to fry.
Then out came a bloke all dressed in red
Who looked me over and then he said:

Be upstanding in court!

The accused will now hear
the charges against him...

Went on for forty-five minutes.

Something about dragon on
the public highway,

And creating a delicacy out of a miner.

They went on talking all day long
While I sat there writing my funeral song.
When the judge said "Guilty!"

I thought I was dead.

Then, "Fifty years to life!" he said.

Stuck me here in this monastery
roasting pigs.

Not a virgin around for fifty miles.

Except some of the pigs, of course.

Could be worse.

So now you've heard my tale of woe:

I'm stuck here fifty years or so,

But it's not as bad as it might seem—

The monks and me have a little scheme.

You see, they're putting in a convent
right next door,

And we figure we'll split the virgins
fifty-fifty.

The perpetrator wishes to acknowledge (in order): that fellow Anon, for the Talking Blues; Woodie Guthrie and Bob Dylan (for the *BAD* dream); W. C. Fields, for his definition of a virgin; a certain television series; Arlo Guthrie's forty-five minutes; and the Catholic Church.

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