

Filking

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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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