

## 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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