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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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