

Filkers of Cambreath

am G am
Guitars flash, weird chords swing,
 G C G am
chairs have built a malformed ring
 G am
bardic circling is just great,
 em C G am
circle turns like a wheel of fate.

 G
Some brave filkers sing with glee,
em C G am
know that filking's all 'bout ME

 G em
Others yet would rather die:
G em G am
How Many of You Are Too Damn Shy!

They grow pale as the circle turns,
Many a cheek that blushes and burns.
Eyes are staring at the floor,
Just How Fast Can You Reach The Door!
Fleeing yet is all in vain,
It's Filk till You're No Longer Sane
Stop the whining, give it a try:
How Many of You Are Too Damn Shy!

There's this phrase none wants to hear:
I Didn't Sing For Over A Year
This Is the First I Ever Writ -
Well just try, have a go at it.
Don't give a damn on how it sounds,
Just sing along on the circle grounds.
Make us laugh or make us cry:
How Many of You Are Too Damn Shy!

Dawn has broke, it's still not o'er,
Some are sleeping on the floor.
Ten hours filking took their toll,
Of those who filked with heart and soul.
No one here will chop off your head,
Filk along or go to bed.
Sing your song, don't tell us why -
How Many of You Are Too Damn Shy!

Guitars flash, weird chords swing,
Some chairs are left to form a ring
Bardic circling still is great,
Circle turns till it's far too late
We brave filkers croak with glee,
Know that filking's all 'bout ME,
Raise your voice and call the cry,
How Many of You Are Too Damn Shy!