Folkie

Folkie
(Rick Bower)

Oh I am a folk musician, though my songs are seldom sold
'Cause I massacre the music with three feet of Spanish chipboard
and a capo
I do requests;
Just the ones that got three chords and then I disregard the rest
And when Dylan dies I'll maybe be the best

Seeking free beer and expenses I come looking for a job
But I never get no offers--
Just a come on from some groupie in lower Sackville
(down on 6th St.)

I do declare--
I've had problems with my sex life since I fell and broke my wrist
And my other songs are just as bad as this.

Li li li...etc.

Oh, I've sung the folk tradition with my finger in my ear
'Cause half the stuff I'm singing, I just can't bear to hear,
But I'm an artist
Bar after bar
To the strumming of a clamp-totaled beat up five string Kaytell guitar.

In Portland town one night I clean forgot the second verse
(At Chicago House)

So I sang the 27th twice as loud and in reverse, and no one noticed
I took a bow
And a long look at my wrist watch; made some faces at the crowd.

Li li li...etc.

On the stage I stand so bravely, for a folkie is my trade
And I carry the reminder of every gig I ever played,
like at the Legion (Outhouse)
I fled in fear
With the imprint of a Moosehead bottle stamped behind my ear
(Shiner)
And a voice that yelled, "Don't play that s*** in here!"

Li li li...etc.

Oh I've got my act together now; I've got it figured out,
Dropping hairballs of string rosin, mainlinin' on the stout
And having hangups.
Pick up my guitar, play in vain
But they are leaving, they are leaving, and the folkie still remains
In this crummy bar to sing one last refrain.

Li li li...ad naseum.

(other and/or variant verses)

Oh, I've sang the folk tradition with me finger in me ear,
And I've massacred folk music with a yard of German plywood and a capo...
I'm like the rest,
I sing the ones that's got two chords in and I disregard the rest.
With Bert Weedon's help, one day I'll be the best.

Li li li etc.
I'm called Lead Fingers Wedlock and my story's seldom told
I massacre folk music with a yard of German plywood and a capo
I do requests
Just the ones that got two chords in and I disregard the rest
When <your favorite folksinger's name here> dies someday I'll be the best.

Asking 20 plus expenses I went looking for a gig but I got no offers
Just a come-on from a groupie down in <your town here>
I do declare
I was feeling rather horny so I had her then and there
Heh, heh, heh, ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!

I have sung the folk tradition with my finger in my ear
Cause half the tripe I'm singing, I just can't bear to hear
It's a load of cobblers
Bar after bar
To the rhythm of an off-key British one-string thatched guitar

La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.

In "Sir Patrick Spens" I clean forgot the forty-second verse
So I sang the twenty-seventh, twice as loud and in reverse
And no one noticed
I laughed for hours
The tears ran down my trousers, I thought I'd wet my drawers

La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.

Note: The song is a real crowd pleaser, I've found. I like to use

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it as a set opener. DS

DS, WT et al

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