

Brom's Reign

Words: Brom Blackhand Music: Steve Goodman

Well the feast's done and even-ing is fall-ing, And the air it is charged with fear. The BoD it is sleep-ing; the Wi-tan is weep-ing: "Oh God, please save poor Ca-lon -tir!"

And the pop-u-lous is in a ruck-us, And man-y of them have fled, And they're all cry-ing, "He's gon-na fuck us," "Once they put that damn crown on his head."

Do me wey hey, O you'll rue the day, A bar-bar-ic bas-tard like me Did show up to fight, here where might still makes right; O just stick a-round and you'll see.

Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way In plun-der-ing poor Ca-lon -tir. You've pissed me off roy-al, and made my blood bo-il; Now you'll see just what I hold dear.

Well the feast's done and evening is falling,
And the air it is charged with fear.
The BoD it is sleeping; the Witan is weeping:
"Oh God, please save poor Calontir!"
And the populous is in a ruckus,
And many of them have fled,
And they're all crying, "He's gonna fuck us,"
"Once they put that damn crown on his head."

*Do me wey hey, O you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight,
Here where might still makes right;
O just stick around and you'll see.
Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way
In plundering poor Calontir.
You pissed me off royal,
And made my blood boil;
Now you'll see just what I hold dear.*

First I'll get to your treasury's money,
All that money you've worked for so hard:
And I'll piss it away on our new defense budget,
In other words, swords for my guard.
Well, I think that rattan is for pussies;
From now on we'll only use steel.
And to keep every fight, from lasting an hour
I'm also outlawing the shield.

Chorus

And the feasting will be done at Arby's
'till the manager's countenance sours. Then
I'll hold drunken court in the basement of Steelholm,
And make sure it goes on for hours.
To the fighters give rubber band crossbows,
To the poets, give Crackerjack rings,
But I'll give Uncle Stephen a Pelican
'Cause I like the way the man sings.

Chorus

I'll send letters to various kingdoms;
Call the kings perverts and the queens whores.
There's a twenty dollar site fee this year boys;
Guess who owns the site for the war!
'Ere the battle starts I'll twist my ankle,
So I'll sit on the side and drink beer;
And make book on the odds for that novice,
That dumbfuck who borrowed my gear!

Chorus

And when my reign's finally over,
And the time's come for me to step down,
Your next sucker won't look so regal,
Since I went and pawned off your crowns.
I've stepped down six thousand bucks richer
Though it's cost me a couple of friends;
But they say if I'm good, for another six months
I can come back and do it again

*Do me wey hey, O you'll rue the day,
A barbaric bastard like me
Did show up to fight,
Here where might still makes right;
O just stick around and you'll see.
Do me wey hey, I'll go all the way
In bugging poor Calontir.
You pissed me off royal,
And made my blood boil;
By God you just wait till next year.*