

Greyhound Bound for Pennsic

Words: Koshka (Ekaterina Zvyozdosamtseva) (mka Maya Heath)

Music: City of New Orleans by Arlo Guthrie

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Greyhound Bound for Pennsic'. It consists of six staves of music in 4/4 time, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: 'Ri - din' on the Grey - hound bound for Pen - nsic Cal - on - tir Cen - tral Wednes - day even - ing rail Fif - teen girls and twen - ty rest - less fight - ers heaps of ar - mor, 'bout a thous - and pounds of chain mail All al - ong the east - bound od - ess - y the bus pulls out of For - got - ten Sea and heads for Penn - syl - van - ia's blood - y fields The year - ly pil - gra - medge to make to win the war for Mid - realms sake We're goin' to make those East - ern sis - sies yield Good morn - ing your maj - est - y, how are you? Say don't you know us? We're your reb - el sons Cal - on - tir has come to save your ass at Penn - sic We'll have killed a thous - and foes 'fore the day is done.'

Ridin' on a Greyhound bound for Pennsic
Calontir Central Wednesday evening rail
Fifteen girls and twenty restless fighters
Heaps of armor, 'bout a thousand pounds of chain mail.

All along the eastbound odyssey
The bus pulls out of Forgotten Sea
And heads towards Pennsylvania's bloody
fields.
The yearly pilgrimage to make
To win the war for Midrealm's sake
We're going to make those Eastern sissies
yield.

*Good mornin', Your Majesty, how are you?
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons
Calontir has come to save your ass at Pennsic
We'll have killed a thousand foes 'fore the day is done.*

Ridin' on a Greyhound bound for Pennsic
Feelin' tired, but no one wants to sleep
Pass the plastic jug that holds the zoomies
Hopin' that my tent won't spring a leak.
We've brought our swords and our guitars
Our Chinese rugs and water jars
Our pillows, blankets, lanterns, garb and
shoes.
Prepared for heat and cold and rain
With remedies for fighters pain
A hundred jugs of Gatorade and booze.

*Good evenin', Your Majesty, how are you?
Don't you know us? We're your rebel sons
Calontir has come to drink with you at Pennsic
We'll have drunk a thousand rounds 'fore the evening's
done.*

Homeward bound, amazing we survived it
We all look like we've just been through a war
Tellin' tales and swapping brags about the battle
We're reveling a thousand miles or more.
And all the knocks and bruises seem
To fade into a fighters dream
Of plans to build a better helm and shield.
Next year we'll be back again
For revel's sake and glory gained
With tactics that are sure to sweep the field.

*Good night, Your Majesty, we'll see ya
Now you know us, we're your rebel sons
Calontir has come to fight for you at Pennsic
We'll have gone a thousand miles 'fore the day is done.*