

One Thing Led to Another

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The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, Dm, G7, F, Am, and D7. The lyrics are: Last month, I baked choc'-late chip cook-ies For a friend who need-ed a lift. Just a few doz-en choc'-late chip cook-ies, For a kind and con - si-der-ate gift But on see-ing them fresh from the o-ven, And piled up on top of the plate, I found my-self start-ing to won-der Just what King Char-le-magne ate. Chorus And I'm not real-ly sure how it hap-pened Each thought led me fur-ther a - stray. But one thing led to a - noth-er, And I cooked my first feast yes-ter - day.

I needed some garb for a tourney,
For my clothing was looking quite grim.
Just a plain, simple tunic of cotton
With maybe a snippet of trim.

So I went to purchase some broadcloth,
Sensible, sturdy, and sane,
But I passed by a bolt of blue velvet,
That must have been calling my name.

*And I'm not really sure how it happened
My thought process isn't quite clear.
But one thing led to another,
Now I'm wearing my new Landsknecht gear.*

I was called into court by the heralds
Where they gave me a beautiful scroll
And the next day I went to the craft store
And blew my entire bankroll

I shopped for a couple of hours
For inks and calligraphy pens
And parchment and pigments and paper
And bottles and brushes and then

*I'm not really sure how it happened
The thought of it leaves me quite faint.
But one thing led to another,
And now I'm using gold leaf and lead paint*

I went to a party at Pennsic,
Where they served lots of tasty brown beer.
Imagine my shock and amazement
When I found it was brewed by a peer.

And it sounded so simple and easy
When he told me the steps it required.
Just some yeast and some grain and some water,
And an hour or two on the fire.

*And I'm not really sure how it happened.
My early attempts were all flops
But one thing led to another,
Now I'm growing four acres of hops.*

I bought a drop spindle to play with,
And a small hank of Wensleydale wool,
And some shuttles and spindles and twisters,
Because fiber arts looked awfully cool

Then I sent off my letter to Santa
To ask for a four-harness loom,
That has more pedals than a church organ,
And fills my entire front room.

*And I'm not really sure how it happened,
I never thought I'd dive so deep,
But one thing led to another,
Now I'm raising ten heritage sheep.*

I went to my first bardic circle
Where I heard lots of marvelous songs
I laughed and I listened for hours
As I sat with my friends until dawn.

Then I purchased a small ukulele
And copied down lyrics and chords
I filled up a couple of notebooks
To sing for the ladies and lords

*And I'm not really sure how it happened,
It didn't seem terribly hard,
But one thing led to another,
And now they've made me the new kingdom bard.*

I've been playing this game for three decades,
My craft supplies fill every nook.
My brain is replete with the knowledge
From all of the classes I took.

The laurels all say I lack focus,
I'm distracted at every turn.
I should pick just one thing and stick to it,
But there's always so much more to learn.

*And I'm not really sure how it happens
Curiosity leads me astray
But when one thing leads to another,
I can't let common sense bar my way..*