

# Pavel Holler

Words: Soubrienne

Music: White Collar Holler - Nigel Russell.



Well he gets up eve-ry mor-nin at a quar-ter till noon, Some wom - an who's his wife tells him get to work soon



He'll kiss the kid good-bye, can't re - mem-ber its name. And week af-ter week it's al-ways the same,



And it's Ho Pov, can you dish it, (Whugh) Shine it up bright



No ar - mour gets made for this bod - y of mine I'm bang - in' out the ar - mour for the whole damn shire

Well he gets up every mornin' at a quarter till noon,  
Some woman who's his wife tells him get to work soon  
He'll kiss the kid goodbye, can't remember its name.  
And week after week it's always the same,

## *Chorus*

*And it's Ho Pav, can you dish it, (Whugh)*

*Shine it up bright*

*No armour gets made for this body of mine*

*I'm bangin out the armour for the whole damn shire*

Well he gets out the leather, spends an hour with the punch  
Then it's draw up the patterns then he'll break for some lunch  
Cut the steel, grind it smooth, dish, pound and peen,  
Rivet, hot glue, and polish it clean

And it's home again, eat again, read the shire news  
He makes love to his lady at four fifty-two  
He dreams the same-a dream when he's sleepin' at night  
He's soarin' over hills like a wren in flight

Some day he's gonna give up all his rivets and steel  
He'll pound out the anvil till it rolls like a wheel  
Melt down his hammers and set hisself loose  
And go home to Russia to live with a moose

This Master lives for three things, every year,  
Estrella, Lillies, and a lot o' dark beer,  
Valens says, "Pav, I want us lookin' real good,  
So's after you kill'em, would ya stack 'em like wood?"