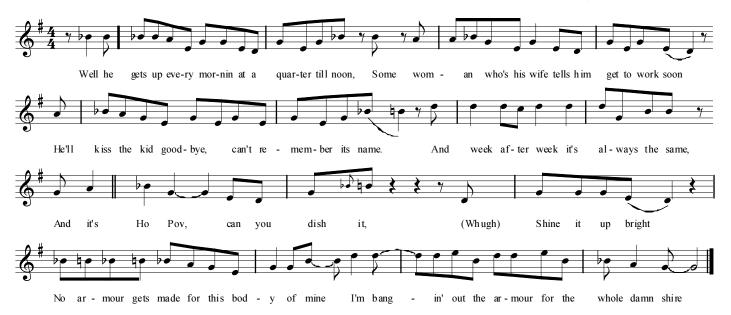
Pavel Holler

Words: Soubrianne

Music: White Collar Holler - Nigel Russell.



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?"