

Really Bad Armor

Words: Jóhann Steinarsson

Music: Any Old Iron (an old English music hall song)
by Charles Collins, Fred Terry and E.A. Sheppard

Just a week or two a-go my poor old Un-cle Bill, went and kicked the buc-ket and he left me in his will,
He had a suit of ar-mor that was tak-ing up some space, Asked if I would wear it on the list field in his place.
I put it on, just to test the size, Did-n't weigh me down that much, so I thought, 'what a prize!'
Next time fight-er prac-tice came I brought that ar-mor out, The mar-shal star-ted snic-ker-ing and then be-gan to shout...
Real - ly bad ar - mor! Real - ly bad ar - mor! Real - ly, real - ly, real - ly bad ar - mor! Rips and tears;
needs a ri - vet there; That gor-get needs a full re - pair! Out of date, se - cond - hand plate, And the
duct tape's lost its ar-dor, No I would -n't give ya tup-pence for that ar-mor set, Bad ar-mor! Bad ar-mor!

Just a week or two ago my poor old Uncle Bill,
went and kicked the bucket and he left me in his will,
He had a suit of armor that was taking up some space,
Asked if I would wear it on the list field in his place.
I put it on, just to test the size,
Didn't weigh me down that much, so I thought, 'what a prize!'
Next time fighter practice came I brought that armor out,
The marshal started snickering and then began to shout...

*Really bad armor! Really bad armor!
Really, really, really bad armor!
Rips and tears; needs a rivet there;
That gorget needs a full repair!
Out of date, second-hand plate,
And the duct tape's lost its ardor,
No I wouldn't give ya tuppence for that armor set,
Bad armor! Bad armor!*

Went up to the Lilies War, and oh, it was a sight,
With oh so many warriors I thought I'd die of fright,
Suited up my armor and prepared to hit the scene,
When who d'ya think approached me but our Royal King & Queen!
I bowed my head, greeted them polite,
Said I hoped the two of them would watch me as I fight,
The King he smiled broadly and he bid me lift my head,
And as I did the two of them both sniggered as they said...

Chorus

At the Coronation it was time to have some fun,
The new King called a tournament for each and every one.
Mace and shield was the stipulation that we had,
I armored up and went out just to show them what I had.
I fought my best, mace on helmet rang,
In a couple rounds I found I'd won the whole shebang.
Thought I looked a dandy, all victorious in the ring,
But as I stood there smiling, oh the crowd began to sing...

Chorus

Shan't forget the day my knight accepted me as squire,
Was right after a battle and my limbs were all on fire.
Everyone was watching closely as I took a knee,
Swore my oath as he bestowed a red belt upon me.
I put it on, right around my waist,
Cinched around my armor, put a smile upon my face.
The fyrdsmen all applauded and it filled my heart with glee,
My knight gave me a handshake and then said these words to me...
(All together now...)

Chorus

Repeat chorus at 2x speed (optional)