

BRINE PUPPIES WITH A SIDE OF FRIES

Lyrics by Mark Osier

Music by Debbie Ridpath Ohi

Once in every filk there comes a time
When Urban Tapestry sings "Puppies Cooked in Brine"
No more songs of headless dwarves or rampaging Dorsai
They sing the song to change the mood, though I can't say why

I'll sit there and keep quiet, waiting for the mood
To swing on back to beer and sex and rotten food
I don't want to write of lovely scenes and beautiful faeries
Hobbits cute and centaurs bold all playing in the trees

Cute! Cute! All their stuff is cute!
Or it's so damn sappy myself I'd like to shoot
Virgin elves on unicorns and noble armored kings
Tons and tons of nauseating Barney sorts of things
Ooooh shit!

No way, I won't do it - I would lose my mind
Forget your songs of rainbows - give me "Puppies Cooked in Brine"
Still they keep on singing - I consider myself cursed
'Cause they're starting love songs and those things are the worst