

## ONE MORE FILKSONG

Lyrics by Mark Osier

TTA One More Minute by "weird Al" Yankovic

Well I heard that you're leavin'  
Gonna leave me far behind  
'Cause you've got some other interests  
You've decided that I'm not your kind

So I pulled your tape out of my stereo  
And I tore all your songbooks in two  
And I burned down the hotels where we used to sing  
Just because they remind me of you

That's right - you ain't gonna see me cryin'  
I'm glad you've got other things to do  
'Cause I'd rather sing Banned From Argo 'till the polar ice caps melt  
Than sing one more filksong with you

I guess I might seem kind of bitter  
You see it's just one little thing  
I'd sing all your songs 'cause I can't write my own  
And now I have nothing to sing

So honey let me help you pack your suitcase  
Just leave before the con is even through  
'Cause I'd rather have Tom Smith filk every last one of my songs  
Than sing one more filksong with you

I'd rather listen to the Bangals or Ice-T  
Than hear you sing that crap to all the fen  
And I'd rather hear Yoko Ono sing "Les Mis"  
Again and again and again and again and again

(Oh can't you see what I'm trying to say...)

I'd rather have a newbie sing my songs off key  
Or hear the Phantom of the Opera on kazoo  
I'd rather drain all the spitvalves of symphony orchestras in my mouth  
Than sing one more filksong with you

Yes I'd rather slit open both wrists with my guitar strings  
Or tie a knot 'till my genitalia turn blue  
I'd rather hear the Arkansas Bagpipe Brigade play a medley of Bee Gees  
Than sing one more filksong with you

I'd rather smash my guitar up into little pieces, pick one up and run it into  
my chest 'till I choke on my own blood and die...  
Than sing one more filksong with you