

The Dead Dog Filkers
by Griff Sanford

(Capo 2)

Verse 1

Em D
The circle is going, but it is not gone
Em D
The last dozen stalwarts continuing on
C Em
The swans have all fled for the bed and the dawn
C D
But the dead dog filkers are singing
Em D
It's been seven hours since the circle began
Em D
With fiddlers and strummers and piping of Pan
C Em
And singers whose voices can cover the span
C D Em
And the dead dog filkers are singing

CHORUS

C D Em
Voices of platinum, bladders of steel
C D Em
We do not need a nap or a meal
C D Em
Sleep is for wimps and time is not real
C D Em
The dead dog filkers are singing

Verse 2

Their faces are haggard, their will it is sound
To sing to the end of their songbooks all 'round
And sing every tune that was ever renowned
The dead dog filkers are singing
Their pages are tattered, their batteries low
They push on regardless - their willpowers grow
The songs keep on coming from somewhere below
The dead dog filkers are singing

CHORUS

Verse 3

An oldie but goodie, a classic old song
The filkers keep pushing their voices along
The overnight filksing - to this they belong
The dead dog filkers are singing
The coffee is waning, the well has run dry
And still these brave filkers continue to try
To raise up their voices till the sun's shining high
The dead dog filkers are singing

CHORUS (Mid)

C D Em
Voices of platinum, bladders of steel
C D Em
We do not need a nap or a meal
C D Em
Sleep is for wimps and time is not real
C D
The dead dog filkers are singing

CHORUS (Final)

C D Em
Voices of platinum, bladders of steel
C D Em
We do not need a nap or a meal
C D Em
Sleep is for wimps and time is not real
C D Em
The dead dog filkers are singing