

My Bling is My Own

(a Filk of My Thing is My Own, a naughty medieval ditty)

King Michael proclaimed, our crowns are too loud,
And he cannot tell who is who in a crowd.
But I want my coronet grandfathered in,
To not wear this pointy hat would be a sin

Chorus: My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, let other young
barons may do what they will
My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, the more are the inches the
bigger the thrill!

My pearls all around are like golfballs, 'tis true
Embattled, engrailed, and engraved, and it's blue
With strawberry, blueberry leaves all be-decked
Heraldically it's not remotely correct!

Chorus: My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, let other young
barons may do what they will
My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, the more are the inches the
bigger the thrill!

King Michael's ...well King, His arm it is strong,
And I do not think that he will like my song.
But if he beheads me for making this jest
I'll go to the block knowing *I* look the best!

Chorus: My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, let other young
barons may do what they will
My bling is my own, and I'll keep it so still, the more are the inches the
bigger the thrill!
The more are the inches the bigger....the thrill-illl-illl!

My satirical comment on a controversy regarding the proper sizing of baronial coronets