

The Pennsic Pavilion Blues

We drove 10 hours on the road, with our huge war wagon load
You'd think I'd packed everything we'd use
But I've got the Pennsic Pavilion Blues

We packed enough stuff to last a week, 32 washers so the tent won't leak
Finials and banners and ropes and pails
We oughta survive a eight on the Richter scale
CH: I can only find one of my medieval shoes, cause I've got the PPB

Our cooler is stuffed up to the gills, with cold roast meat and kosher dills
And bacon and eggs and lots of cheese
We look like the Beverly Hillbillies
CH: The essentials of life! Lots of beer and booze, to beat the PPB

We've got chairs and tables and lamps and lights
To find our way back home late at night
When the squires and the ladies started making mayhem
And the bardic didn't end til 6 am.

CH: He gets to herald and I'd better snooze, I'll sleep through the PPB

The last minute checklist is all crossed off, the trailer is locked and he takes off
But wait! You forgot to bring something sweet You left your lady standing in the street
CH: You know you wanna see all of her tattoos, Or you'll have the PPB