

## **Song for Thing's Tide**

*sung to the tune of "Fanny Poer" by Turlough O'Carolan  
words by Karl Donaldsson*

Midsummer's come and gone this year  
And now days shorten, the cold draws near  
But I'm sweating my brains right out of my ear  
So thank the gods for this ice-cold beer!

My shoes are squishy and soaked with sweat  
And damn if the clothing I wear ain't wet  
Mosquitoes will find of me blood to get  
But those fuckers will fly away drunk, I bet!

The axe-throwing and bow-shooting go fine, I say!  
Drunk people with sharp thingies will find a way  
To get the most out of this hot, humid day  
A bunch of heathens at play!

The beer-drinking and blot-sumbleing unify kin  
Folk passing out, crashed all about, we call "turned in"  
And the next day we wake up mouth tasting of tin  
Reminding of the fun there's been.