

True Story

words and music by Leslie Fish

Chorus: *Am* *G* *Am* *G* *E*
Harmless historical nuts who wear boiler plate on their butts
Am *G*
Who dress up in clothes from the twelfth century
E
To bash on each other with sticks and debris
Am *G* *Am* *E* *Am* *G* *Am*
And make up the world's largest private army, harmless historical nuts

Am *G* *Am* *G* *E*
As I was out walking expecting no harm, two big FBI men grabbed me by the arm
Am *G*
Dragged me into a cellar, shone lights in my eyes
E *Am* *G* *Am* *E*
Demanding full answers without any lies about a new threat to good patriotism
Am *G* *E* *Am*
This Society for Creative Anarchism, I said they're just...

I answered 'tis true to that club I belong
But pardon me gentlefolk, you've spelled the name wrong
Now I swear by the cross and the host and the chrisem
That last word is actually anachronism
It just means outdated, pray why don't you look
In Sir Merriam Webster's reliable book, it says we're just...

When finally persuaded to look up the word
They blushed and they winced loud enough to be heard
They sent me back hastily out on the street
But I knew 'twasn't over and once more we'd meet
So I passed on the warning to realms far and near
To give the impression for all the next year that we're just...

And soon enough four infiltrators came in, oh snooping for politics, sniffing for sin
Three went away again scratching their heads
But the fourth quit his job and turned stick jock instead
He's won coronets, he's in love with the sport
And we still have a copy of his last report, it says we're just...