

## **Bob Clayton**

# **"Folksong Gig From Hell"**

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Folksong Gig from Hell  
or, We Only Do it for the Money  
(Bob Clayton)  
We were with a singer friend, driving north a few short  
miles,  
To see him do an opening act, and that just made us  
smile;  
With rising expectations, we were headed out of town,  
When right there in the high-speed lane the poor old  
van broke down.  
cho: It's a long way to sing a folksong,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to sing a folksong,  
Through the icy wind and snow.  
Good-bye to ease and comfort  
And hello toil and woe!  
It's a long, long way to sing a folksong  
But you know that we'd all go.  
We got onto the shoulder of the lane divider there  
With rush-hour traffic on both sides in the chilly winter  
air.  
The van was rocking every time a truck came bruising  
past  
And I thought, "We've really done it now, this trip may  
be our last."  
We fiddled with the wire and clamps and all that other  
stuff,  
But the engine never caught again, it didn't have  
enough.  
It looked just like the coil had blown, although it was  
brand-new  
And we began to think for us the evening's fun was  
through.  
So then we all got bundled up and gave up on the ride,  
Crossed three lanes of traffic and climbed a steep  
hillside;  
Found a phone at a station there, and called a tow-  
truck fast  
Then called the club where our friend's first gig looked  
like to be  
his last.  
Surprise, surprise! the club said, "Wait, we'll send a car

for you!

We promised you a chance to sing, it's the least that we can do."

So, to make a longish story short, we all got to the club  
Some sooner, and some later, and that's, of course,  
the rub.

You see, someone had to go and get our cars, way  
back in town

And the two of us who did so can remember with a  
frown.

We wasted time, spent money, never ate and ---here's  
the thing

Missed our friend's guest set, and never got to hear  
him sing.

Now we get down to the case, the nub, the camel's  
straw.

We didn't miss the headline act, and that's the final  
flaw.

Amateur, uninteresting, and out-of-tune as well

And we had to sit and listen in this folksong gig from  
Hell.

tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

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