

Monty Python

"The Tale Of Sir Robin"

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Bravely bold Sir Robin rode forth from Camelot
He was not afraid to die, O brave Sir Robin
He was not at all afraid to be killed in nasty ways
Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin
He was not in the least bit scared
to be mashed into a pulp
Or to have his eyes gouged out and his elbows broken
To have his kneecaps split and his body burned away
And his limbs all hacked and mangled, brave Sir Robin
His head smashed in and his heart cut out
And his liver removed and his bowels unplugged
And his nostrils raped and his bottom
burnt off and his penis...
He is brave Sir Robin,
Brave Sir Robin who...
To fight and...

...

Brave Sir Robin ran away (NO!)
Bravely, ran away...away... (I didn't)
When danger reared its ugly head
He bravely turned his tail and fled
Yes, brave Sir Robin turned about
And gallantly he chickened out
Bravely taking to his feet (I never did!)
He beat a very brave retreat
Bravest of the brave, Sir Robin

...

...

...

He is packing it in and packing it up
And sneaking away and bugging up
And chickening out and pissing off home,
Yes, bravely he is throwing in the sponge.

