

## One More Time

### "Song Of Fête"

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Smiths are sharpening the swords  
When there is time to get aboard  
And leave for unknown destinies  
Well known as barbarians  
But most of them were trading men  
And full of curiosity  
When the men came back to town  
They would tell their stories  
Who they'd met and all they'd experienced

Blow your horn and beat the drum  
And shout it out to everyone  
Tonight we're gonna celebrate  
Singing our Song Of Fête

Tell the town to come along  
So blow your horn and beat the drum  
Tonight we're gonna celebrate  
Singing out our Song Of Fête

Life was hard on everyone  
But still they tried to have some fun  
Whenever they all had the chance  
Rich and poor they tried to flee  
Their cold and hard reality  
With banquets full of songs and dance  
They invited jesters who  
Always did amuse them  
They invited poets to spellbind them

Blow your horn and beat the drum  
And shout it out to everyone  
Tonight we're gonna celebrate  
Singing our Song Of Fête

When the men came back to town  
They would tell their stories  
Who they'd met and all they'd experienced

Blow your horn and beat the drum  
And shout it out to everyone

Tonight we're gonna celebrate  
Singing our Song Of FÃ¢te

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