

Disco Biscuits

"Spaga"

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Here, free to part
Just to sing you a lullaby
Of Spaga, the Intifada
His souvenir, the dragon's eye

FIRE breathes the dragon
Tooth for tooth,
and eye for eye
The knight in shining armor
The fair maiden, his battle cry

And with a prayer
for the maiden,
who would then lay him
So with his valour
He would soon tower
The Dragon's lair

Spaga's emerged in victory
Slain the beast for all to see
And the little knights courage knew to end
As he danced and dodged about the dragon's den

Avoiding fire breath and razor claws
Till the mighty dragon made his fatal flaw
When he turned to check the maiden's cell
Spaga thrust his sword with a terrific yell (alt. and sent
him straight to hell)

The maiden saw Spaga standing tall
As he watched the beast take his final fall
His sword illuminated as the smoke cleared
He told her firmly "come my dear"

So what then of the true reward
Said Spaga coyly as he sheathed his sword
Anything you wish I ask of thee Hand in hand
immersed in glee

