

Four Shadow

"Blankets and Pie"

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(spoken)

There is a sayin' as old as the very hills of Scotland
themselves

That a Scotsman's love of his country is surpassed only
by his love of pie.

It's no wonder then that the darkest, dreariest cloud
over the history of Scotland

Was the Great Pie Famine of 1635.

'Aye. In those troubled times, many were driven to
madness...

The only known cure for Pie Madness was to send the
afflicted up the rocky slopes

Of Mount McAngishirewacarnebag-shire...

With nothing but kilt and cap between them and the
cold, cold winds.

Those that came down were forever cured of the
madness

And once again loved pie in a calm and socially
acceptable manner.

Those fortunate souls remember the long nights and
unforgiving ground

And never again cast their eye upon Mount McDoogal-
burg-shire-angus--bag...

And some never came down at all.

And even today, as the sun sets on Mount McConnel-
be-um-rvv-vrvv-shire...

As the cold night air settles in, you can still hear the
tune they sang...

One, two, one two three four! ...FOUR!

(singing)

Oh my lodging is on the cold ground and I'm freezing

So won't you please bring me some blankets and pie

Oh my lodging is on the cold ground and I'm freezing

So bring me some blankets and pie

Blankets and pie, blankets and pie

Oh won't you please bring me some blankets and pie

Oh my lodging is on the cold ground and I'm freezing

So bring me some blankets and pie!

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