

Words: Bill Roper
Music: "Unreality Warp" by Clif Flynt
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Kinda Mediocre Actually

Now strange things happen where filk is sung,
But the strangest song I've heard begun
Is a little song that's full of puns.
We call it "Unreality Warp".
'Cause you never know what Clif will sing.
He'll try to rhyme most anything.
And if it neither scans nor rhymes,
He'll claim it was in 5/4 time.
Weird little tempo.
Strange little chords.
To boldly go where no fingers have gone before.
Amazing! Fantastic! Kinda mediocre actually.

We were having a quiet little filk,
Things were going along just as smooth as silk
When Clif walked in with his guitar
And settled down in a straight-backed char.
(You have to maintain the original Flyntian rhyme scheme.)
A little neofan was sitting in the corner
And she said, "Clif? Filker Clif? Could you sing that song?
You know, that Unreality Warp?"
We spaced her. It didn't help. He sang it anyway.
That Clif Flynt - he's got a heart of stone.
He said he just didn't want us to take him for granite.
We told him that wasn't gneiss.
And he said of quartz it was.
We tried to drown him out with a chorus of "Mica O' Meara".
And then the going really got rocky.
Clif took two steps back, didn't know what to say.
Neither did I.
Clif sang, "I'm being followed by my tune's shadows,
Tune's shadows, tune's shadows."
And we said "Stone him, stone him."
Clif said we were all just a bunch of turquoise.
Then one fan pulled a knife.
Said he wanted to see if striking steel against Flynt would make
sparks.
Clif took two steps back, didn't know what to say.
Neither did I.
So I looked at Steve and he nodded, because garnet, we're both
peaceable fellows,
And we each grabbed a brick and we rocked 'em both to sleep.

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And if it neither scans nor rhymes,
He'll claim it was in 9/7 time.
Now don't you fret.
Clif won't string you along.
I'm sure he'll pick something different to sing from now on.
He won't harp on this one any more -
Unless he wants to guitared and feathered.