Words and Music: Bill Roper and Clif Flynt
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The Title Will Follow

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G  C                                G
It was the strangest filksing where we did not call the tune.
    D7                                G
The strangest thing was not the daylight filtering through the room.
        C                           G
For the microphones that normally are hidden far from view
     D7                                             G
Were standing right in front of us as tall as me or you.

     (Chorus)
            C                              G
     And he watches level meters with his headphones o'er his ears,
         D7                              G
     The little man who sits in back and everybody fears.
         C                             G
     For when the sing is over he plays back just what he hears.
           D7                                     G
     Every sour note, missed string, and busted chord.


They told us that the singing was supposed to start at ten.
We said, you mean PM, of course.  They said, now guess again.
The Dawn Patrol assembled at the predetermined site
To discover the recording gear was not behaving right.

(Chorus)

The audience sat groggily and watched us all perform.
The filk room by some miracle was not too cold or warm.
But often we would hear a voice that echoed from the rear
Saying "Move a little closer so my microphone can hear."

(Chorus)

The audience was perfect and the filksing room was fine,
But the filksingers began to feel that they would lose their minds.
Confronted by the microphones and longing for a way
To laugh and joke and sing and not consider how they played.

(Chorus)
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