

ALTERNATIVE SONG LYRICS FOR THE ARCHER

BY COLIN P.

HERE COMES SUMMER

Here comes summer,  
Targets out down Eden Way,  
Here comes Summer,  
Grab my bow and get away.  
If you're willing  
We'll go shooting right away,  
Oh let the arrows fly,  
Straight into the gold today.

YOU'RE SIXTEEN

You walked into my sight,  
And I let go,  
Now you're flat on the floor,  
You're sixteen, You're beautiful,  
And you're dead.

By popular demand from 1 person "THE ARCHER'S LAMENT" printed in the BA a couple of years ago.

I perform the art of archery,  
Friends tell me I'm wrong in the head,  
On a winters day I stand in a field,  
When I ought to be lying in bed.

All through the week, to get to work,  
I rise in the early morn',  
When Sunday comes I'm boiling soup,  
Before the break of dawn.

I drag on my winter woolies,  
While frozen and half asleep,  
Then go and shoot on a misty range,  
In frost that makes statues weep.

I'm aching and hungry,  
My loosing fingers have just turned blue with the cold,  
Will some one please show me  
in a force nine gale,  
How to hit the "bloody gold".