

Ploughing a troll

Miracle Of Sound

There once was a farmer from old Flotsam town
Who was tired of sowing his seeds on the ground
He went for a wander and walked till the dawn
Till a wanton old she troll he stumbled upon

And a hey-ho he's ploughing a troll!
The gods only know how the key fits the hole
Around in the stinking great den they did roll
And a hey-ho he's ploughing a troll!

The farmer he knew it was love at first sight
They ploughed through the morning and into the night
With teeth rotten black and a rank leather hide
This hideous creature his bestial bride

And a hey-ho he's ploughing a troll!
The gods only know how the key fits the hole
A cavernous cave for his puny old pole
And a hey-ho he's ploughing a troll!

After time his excitement it started to droop
He groaned at her farts and her cold onion soup
The troll fixed his eye with a scowl made of stone
And when the guards came around all they found were his bones

And a hey-ho he was ploughing a troll!
The gods only know how the key fit the hole
No burial mound and no rest for his soul
Because hey-ho he was ploughing a troll!

And a hey-ho he was ploughing a troll!
The gods only know how the key fit the hole
A dirty auld tale from the bed to the bowl
Because hey-ho he was ploughing a troll!