

Bard

Tripod

Meet you by the art room door
In a circle on the hallway floor
Teacher held you back again
Drawing ogres in your textbook margin
Keeping your eyes down and dodging oranges
On the bus trip home
Every day you're battle-scarred
You'll grow up to be a bard
You'll grow up to be a bard

Hurt yourself at sports again
You're not made for mud and wind
Limping home through quiet streets
Sprinkler spits a snare drum beat
Kids down on the vacant block throw rocks at you
For talking to yourself again
Days like this are way too hard
You'll grow up to be a bard
You'll grow up to be a bard

You'll tell your own daughter stories
She'll get some dice of her own one day
They can trademark the name all they like
It's all ripped off Tolkien anyway
'Cause dragons and dungeons go back
They go back a long, long way
And they won't go away
They won't go away

Meet you by the art room door
In a circle on the hallway floor
Made up a new map last night
It's got a dragon and a wizard fight
Once the ranger and the thief get here
We can lock the door
Shut the noise out from the yard
Then we can let down our guard

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