

"The Day the Table Died" Also known as "Hail Hail to the Fellows in Mail" Tune: American Pie

It's been so long ago, but I still remember, how the stories used to make me smile, And I knew if given half a chance, I'd kill so many with my lance, that maybe I'd be famous for a while. So death and bloodshed I'd deliver with every arrow from my quiver, All this bloody hassle, just to defend one castle, And I remember how he shed a tear, when he learned of Lance and Guinevere, And something touched me way down here, the day the table died.

Chorus:

Hail, hail to the fellows in mail, slaying dragons, saving damsels, chasing after the grail, We fought off evil 'til our faces were pale, wondering if there was a chance we might fail, Could there be a chance we might fail?

Well, hast thou read the Book of Merlin, with its stories that Sir Rod of Sperling, Could have penned for Twilight Zone? And do you believe in legendry, and the tales of chivalry, Like the one about the longsword in the stone? Well, Launcelot came from Paree, to serve in Arthur's cavalry, He sweated off his tail, to wear the royal mail, And when Lance had won his confidence, he met Queen Guinevere by chance, And melted down his iron pants, the day the table died.

Chorus:

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For many years, Lance and the Queen kept their meetings clandestine, Finding ways to be alone, It was on a fateful summer day, Mordred found them in the hay, And the Frenchman knew his cover had been blown, Arthur cried, "Swear by Excalibur, you truly did not lie with her!" The notion was absurd, Lance answered not a word, And so the knight, no longer chaste, unto his native soil he raced, Leaving Guinevere alone to face the day the table died.

Chorus:

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Convicted of a grave offense by Mordred's damning evidence, Guinevere was set to burn, And Arthur loathed his bastard son, for all his work had been undone, But he swore somehow the tables would be turned. When Lance arrived to save the day and carried Guinevere away, The king was so relieved, his true love was reprieved. So Guinevere became a nun, and Launcelot had no more fun, And Mordred soon was on the run, the day the table died.

Chorus:

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I stand guard at the castle door, though Arthur reigns not any more. Camelot's a memory. Still, it does my heart good to recall the mighty kingdom's rise and fall, And the place it occupies in history. The spirit of those days, it seems, continues only in our dreams, But there we can enjoy it. Let no one dare destroy it! One prophecy from days of yore says Arthur will arise once more, And make all as it was before the day the table died.

Chorus:

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