

# SQUIRE'S LAMENT

BY HL AMBRA MICHELLI

V1: I WOULD SOMEDAY BE A KNIGHT, LET ME TELL YOU WHY  
14,000 RIVETS DONE, 40 MORE TO PLY!



CHORUS:

*oh, my hands ARE CRAMPED, my FINGERS SORE  
though I've yet TOUCHED A BLADE  
BUT AS my GOODLY KNIGHT ASSURES  
FOR SUCH WERE SQUIRES MADE*

V2: SERVICE IS THE SOUL OF MAN, SO MY KNIGHT DOETH SAY  
THAT'S WHY I'M POSTING EVERY GOD-DAMNED TENT ON THE FIELD TODAY

V3: HOUSEHOLD BEARS A HEAVY PRICE, ONE I GET TO PAY  
CAUSE YOUR TABLES, CHAIRS, AND BENCHES ALL, I MADE LAST SATURDAY

V4: ITS ALL ABOUT AESTHETICS, SO SAYS MY KNIGHTS LADY  
THAT'S WHY I' PACK A TRAILER FULL OF CRAP WE "REALLY" NEED

V5: I'M A HUMAN PELL IT SEEMS, WORKING ON MY GUARD  
BRUISING PARTS OF ME KEEP WHISP'RING, "QUIT, AND BE A BARD!"

V6: I WOULD BE A KNIGHT ONE DAY, BUT TODAY MY CHARMS  
HAVE WON ME THE GUILTE TO, TAKE A MAN-AT-ARMS

FINAL CHORUS:

*oh his hands BE CRAMPED AND FINGERS SORE  
though he's yet TOUCHED A BLADE  
BUT AS I'LL thusly him ASSURE,  
"FOR SUCH WERE men-AT-ARMS MADE." [ha]*

*his hands BE CRAMPED AND FINGERS SORE  
though he's yet TOUCHED A BLADE  
BUT AS I'LL thusly him ASSURE,  
"FOR SUCH WERE men-AT-ARMS MADE!"*