

## 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!