

Utopia, Singring And The Glass Guitar

(An Electrified Fairy Tale)

This is an electrified fairy tale. If you've never heard of an electrified fairy tale, just picture little fairies with wee tiny electric guitars.

Once upon a time [not long ago] in a land not far from here, there was a place called Harmony. Everyone in Harmony was happy and this "joie devivre" was guarded by their invisible patron, the muse Singring. But jealous forces, and there are always jealous forces in such tales, have conspired to capture the spirit, imprisoning it in [an instrument of glass, locking it in] a chest with four keys, and casting the keys to the four corners of the earth so that only four particularly brave and talented individuals might retrieve them. It is here that our story begins.

There's a rumor I heard that's going 'round town

Someone's captured Singring, Singring

Come hear the news, come hurry on down

Down to the old town square

The announcer wipes at his eyes, he's trying to hide

See it in his face, tell by his expression

The secret knowledge that claws to escape as he cried

Day of infamy, someone's captured Singring

Day of tragedy, someone's captured Singring

Now what shall we do, what shall we do now?

And if you take a look around, Harmony is dying

Someone trapped the spirit in a glass guitar

And if you listen with your heart, you can hear it crying

Free me from my crystal prison in this glass guitar

There's a rumor I heard that's going around

Someone's saving Singring, Singring

Come hear the summons, hurry on down

Down to the village green

And the spokesman speaks for us all, together we call

Brave adventurers, warriors, and free men

Conquer self and so in the end save us all

Conquer earth and wind, conquer fire and water

Brave adventurers, come and save us all

And if you fail to win the keys, Harmony is dying

Trapped away forever in a glass guitar

And if you listen with your heart, you can hear it crying

Free me from my crystal prison in this glass guitar

Having gathered on the green, the brave adventurers of the land march off in search of the keys. Their quest leads them first to the river's edge.

Lead me to the water

Pass me my flagon of wine

I said show me to the water

Quick before I change my mind

I go down to the river and bravely the rapids I row

Over the falls to the bottomless pool