On the Trail of the Festival

Words and Music © 1982 by Don Freed
Tune adapted from “The State of Arkansas”
Musical Calligraphy by Patty Rogers
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Come all you folk enthusiasts and listen to my song Please do not grow fidgety and kindly do not youn Con-

carrying some folk singers who did agree to go And spend the summer pleasant on the Trail of the Festival.

The original melody, I am told by Ken Bloom, is that of a traditional song called “The State of Arkansas” which, in turn, Woody Guthrie used in “Buffalo Skinners” (Don Freed)
Come all ye folk enthusiasts and listen to my song
Please do not grow fidgety and kindly do not yawn
Concerning some folksingers who did agree to go
And spend the summer pleasant on the Trail of the Festival

Twas back in February I was sitting all alone
When a well-known organizer called me on the phone
Saying, "How do you do, folksinger, and how'd you like to go
And spend the summer pleasant on the Trail of the Festival?"

Well me having a brand new album to flog, to this question I did say
"This going out on the Festival Trail depends upon the pay
If you'll pay decent wages, transportation to and fro
I'll consider coming along with you on the Trail of the Festival."

"Yes, I'll pay decent wages and airline tickets too
If you'll do a thirty minute set of songs both old and new
But if you don't get to play mainstage or don't get reviewed
I don't want no complaining and you'll also eat our food!"

Well with all this big time talking he signed up quite a show
A hoard of egomaniacs just itchin' for to go
To stand before the masses with the talent that we've honed
Just a-hopin' that it doesn't rain...and the sound man isn't stoned

Well it was my time upon the stage and I began to sing
First number that I started, god damn! I broke a string
And coming from the northwest the darkest clouds I've ever seen
And they started carrying out big rolls of pol-y-eth-y-ene

When the first evening was over and the crowd had gone away
We all went out and partied until the break of day
We all got hangovers, from the whiskey wine and hops
And we had to wear sunglasses in the afternoon workshops

When the season was all finished, well we went back to the clubs
Some went to the concert halls, some went to the pubs
I bought an answering machine in case I get a call
To do it all again next year on the Trail of the Festival.