

# The King of Calibar

Words and Music Bill Harley from *Down In the Backpack*



Verse #1: In the far off land that's known as Calibar  
There lived an ancient king called Balthasar  
Who lived on moldy bread and stale cigars  
And played all day upon a blue guitar

Verse #2: He played guitar and sang a silly song  
He screeched and screamed and went on much, much, much, much, much,  
Much, much, much, much, much, much, much too long  
It never stopped it just went on and on and on and on and on and on and on  
And on... his voice was bad, but it was really strong

Verse #3: His voice was like a flock of quacking ducks  
Or a thousand screeching, screaming fire trucks  
Or slimy creatures moaning in the muck  
The folks of Calibar were really stuck

**Chorus: Oh the old king Balthasar from the land of Calibar  
He played upon his blue guitar and lived on bread and stale cigars**

Verse #4: All day and night old Balthasar would sing  
The blue guitar poured music from its strings  
A horrid noise, but no one said a thing  
Because, now don't forget, he was the king

Verse #5: He sang for days, for weeks for months and years  
People moaned and covered up their ears  
"He'll never stop," they said, "We'll all die, we fear"  
They sobbed and wept and cried into their beers

**Chorus: Oh the old king Balthasar from the land of Calibar  
He played upon his blue guitar and lived on bread and stale cigars**

Verse #6: 'Til one day he got up from his bed  
"Bring me my guitar," the old king said  
He strummed the strings and shook his graying head  
And then the ancient king fell over dead

Verse #7: They called and brought the doctors from afar  
To see what killed the king of Calibar  
The doctors said, "It's really quite bizarre  
He died from moldy bread and stale cigars"

Verse #8: The queen of Balthasar was quite *bereaved*  
The folks of Calibar all sobbed and grieved  
They cried and wiped their noses in their sleeves  
Though secretly they all were quite relieved

**Chorus: Oh the old king Balthasar from the land of Calibar  
He played upon his blue guitar and *died* from bread and stale cigars**