Galahad

Josh Ritter

The Angel of the Holy Grail saw Galahad come riding,
So he took the Holy Grail off the shelf.
And inside the Holy Chapel made for Holy Grail hiding,
The Angel could be seen to smile to himself.

If you're the Great Sir Galahad from now on, said the Angel,
May all angels call me blessed of my race.
If you're not the Great Sir Galahad I warn you, keep on riding,
And if you are I pray you'll let me see your face.

Galahad removed his helmet, said, Good Angel, look upon me,
Fear not for I bring tidings of great joy.
For long years the Grail you've guarded now you get to let me drink it,
How happy must be angels thus employed.

All the favours that you shower upon me, a simple angel,
Said the Angel, Your benevolence abounds.
Take your boots off, Great Sir Galahad; for by your astounding beauty
Whatever ground you stand on turns to holy ground.

Galahad took off his boots and he watched the ground quite closely
And the Angel smiled to himself again.
He said, I can't believe I'm asking, but Sir Galahad please tell me -
What is it that makes you want to go to Heaven?

In Heaven there's no lamb chops, Queen Guineveres for hand jobs,
Marijuana, Kenny Rogers or ecstasy.
No pillaging, no rape, perhaps you've come by some mistake to me,
This seems more error than knight errantry.

Now what about the stable boys, I know you think they're handsome,
And some of them they think you're awful handsome too.
And sitting up in Heaven you'll still think about them often,
When you're an angel thinking's all that you can do.

At this Sir Galahad got angry, Angel, he said, don't you tempt me,
I wish to go to Heaven and not to Hell.
So when stable boys look lonesome, when the women call me handsome,
I'll hold my virtue very firmly by myself.

I guarantee you'll hold it often, said the Angel, oh one more thing -
Before you drink the cup please take your armour off.
I gotta carry you to heaven and despite what you'd imagine
I have trouble bearing heavy things aloft.

Sir Galahad stood naked and a pile of his armor,
His boots and helmet scattered all around.
His perfect lips they sipped the Grail, his perfect heart commenced to fail,
His perfect body fell upon the ground.

The Angel smoked a cigarette, when he was sure Galahad was dead
He picked all of his clothes up off the floor.
Then I put on his boots and armor, I laid his body on the altar,
Put his helmet on then I headed for the door.

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