

The greatest adventurer the world's ever seen,
Got his start as a farmer, whose thumbs were so green,
He'd planted an acorn, and grew himself a tree,
With wood for two cabins, so he built himself three.

They say that this man was so handsome, so humble,
His field had the flowers that'd make the bees bumble,
And girls he'd done greeted did grin and did grumble,
That they couldn't have him, for in love they did tumble.

He had heard 'bout a quest to go save a fair maiden,
That with gold and with jewels he'd be beyond laden,
So he walked with his pony, and quips he was tradin',
As his village waved hats for the goodbyes he'd bade 'em.

He dined with a gator, and he danced slow with a bear,
He shook hands with some snakes and made stew for a hare,
The land itself loved him, and he treated her fair,
So she asked him his journey, and she took him right there.

So he came to an old battle scarred dungeon keep,
With a great dragon jealous of her fat golden heap,
'Round a princess whose days were now long without sleep,
Bravely into the fray the man errant did leap.

"Oh your beautiful scales, and your long luscious horns,
Your beguiling swift tail, now my heart has been torn,
For the maiden's a beauty, sure as you here are born,
But it's you that I'm loving, and will wake up to next morn'."

So that's how the adventurer found lots of luck,
Out the back door the royal fair maid he had snuck,
But into the cave back the brave man had tucked,
For rather than women, the *dragon* he fucked.