

Hide In Your Pot

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

When he sent Herc for the lion,
Eurytheus thought that would be that.
He thought that no one,
Could lay any blow on,
That man-eating beast of a cat.
So when he came back from Tyrns,
Boasting the score was one nil.
Something went ping,
In the mind of the king,
And he said he was feeling quite ill.
He called for a pot made of bronze,
When they asked him, "What for?" he responded:

Chorus

Hide in your pot when you're frightened,
Hide in your pot when you're scared.
If you sense a crithos,
Then reach for your pithos,
And no one will know that you're there!

Verse 2

This proved the king was a coward,
For ev'ry task finished hence.
Herc was instructed,
All work be conducted,
Beyond the perimeter fence.
This made the king look quite foolish,
People would giggle and stare.
Nothing less cooler,
Than seeing your ruler,
All hidden in Greek kitchenware.
There's never been another boss,
Who made his H.Q. in a pithos.

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Chorus

Hide in your pot when you're frightened,
Hide in your pot when you're scared.
If you sense a crithos,
Then reach for your pithos,
And no one will know that you're there!

Verse 3

Don't be afraid if you're weak,
Just say that you're feeling a bit Greek.

Chorus

Hide in your pot when you're frightened,
Hide in your pot when you're scared.
If you sense a crithos,
Then reach for your pithos,
And no one will know that you're there!

