

Stew of Many Flavours

by loves23rules

This is a filking of COAT OF MANY COLOURS by the wonderful Dolly Parton. I imagine this piece sung by an adult Ginny Weasley.

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Chapter 1 of 1

This is a filking of COAT OF MANY COLOURS by the wonderful Dolly Parton. I imagine this piece sung by an adult Ginny Weasley.

This is my answer to the Podcast Filk Challenge. It is a filking of COAT OF MANY COLOURS by the wonderful Dolly Parton. I imagine this piece sung by an adult Ginny Weasley.

I really should apologize... but I won't. It is my firm belief that silliness is vital for survival in a mad world. Enjoy!

Back in the Pensieve I'll go stick my head again

Watching the seasons of my youth

I recall a box of sweets that someone gave us

And how my mamma put the sweets to use

There were beans of many flavors, and every piece was small

And we hadn't any food, and it was far down to the mall

Mamma stewed the beans together, stirring every bean with love

She made the stew of many flavors that I got so sick of

As she stewed she told the story from a Lockhart book she'd read

About a pot of many flavors Gilderoy found, and then she said,

"Perhaps this stew will bring you magic and happiness."

And I just couldn't wait to eat it

And mamma poured it with a kiss

The stew of many flavors that mama made for me
Made of Bertie Bott's beans, but I ate it so bravely
Although we had no money, to St. Mungo's then rode we
'Cause that stew of many flavors my mamma made for me
Spewing honey, salt and spinach, ear wax, grapes and marshmallow
From the stew of many flavors, I hurried to the loo
Just to find the twins there laughing and making fun of me
And the stew of many flavors my mamma made for me
Oh, I couldn't understand it, for they'd tasted it as well
And I asked them how they managed not to puke, "Is there a spell?"
They taught me *Purificata*, and I learnt it most aptly
So that stew of many flavors wouldn't be the death of me
Oh, I know that fish and putty don't blend well, and I can see
that even truly good cooks can fail miserably.
Now I know we had no money, but tomatoes, snot and tea?
It spoilt that stew of many flavors my mamma made for me
Yeah, made for me