

**If Memory Served** (Crews/Zajkowski)

I'd recall what I had done  
To drive your love away  
See through these mists of drunkenness  
That cloud my mind today

I know these things with clarity  
That surely would astound  
If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown

If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown  
Who sees the glass is empty  
And pours another round  
And teach a thing or two  
This mind's grown so unsound  
If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown

I'd recollect and live again  
The love that we once knew  
And tell you of my sad regrets  
I tried so hard to do

Yes memory could tell it clear  
The meaning then be found  
If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown

If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown  
Who sees the glass is empty  
And pours another round  
And teach a thing or two  
This mind's grown so unsound  
If memory served me half as well  
As the man downtown

Chris: Sings and plays

**Private Gherkin's Psychedelic Silly Mustache Band** (Zajkowski)

Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band  
Loaded up the instruments and groupies in the van  
Crossing or' the seas, crossing or' the land  
Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band

Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band  
Absurdity is really getting out of hand  
It's getting so much clearer that I do not understand  
Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band

Waxing whiskers, twirling handle bars  
Private Gherkin's ship's come in  
'Twas sailing through the stars  
Playing toy pianos, traded in our old guitars  
Parachutes are opening  
Grandmother's pickle jars

Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band  
Fluorescent colored medals proudly shining on the vest  
Monocles and periscopes, tried cheating on the test  
Private Gherkin's psychedelic silly mustache band

Waxing whiskers, twirling handle bars  
Private Gherkin's ship's come in  
'Twas sailing through the stars  
Playing toy pianos, traded in our old guitars  
Parachutes are opening  
Grandmother's pickle jars

Chris: Sings and plays