

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