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## *Capercaillie Blues*

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An age-old Capercaillie with a wounded toe  
Lived for four long meditative years all alone  
On a branch at the side of silent Silverlake.

By the time it was time to amputate  
Two Crested Grebes passed by  
To treat the saints foot patiently day by day  
Until it had toetally healed.

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When the Grebes were no longer in need  
A Grey Albion came along to stay  
As a remarkable new housemate.  
And immediately turned the place  
Upside Down, to change it into  
A vibrant new meat Monastery.  
An excellent cook by the way  
Especially when it comes to  
An old-fashioned fazant stew.  
A hip haired Albatros from overseas  
Joined the Royal Mahalo Family.  
A last sailor, drifting on his soul,  
At last feeling Here perfectly free.  
Finally a Snow Owsley flew in,  
A deadhead with a B-rad black Eye,  
Brewing sweet, juicy strawberry Beer.  
How I Love the Neverending Blues  
Of Cap & Company