
Capercaillie Blues



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.

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.
An old sailor, his soul still drifting,
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