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GEORGE GERDES
SON OF
OBITUARY

SIDE ONE: Hey Packy ♦ Long Time, No See ♦ Sack of Woe ♦ Messin' With Missus Lately ♦ Son of Obituary

SIDE TWO: Roll Me Over Jehovah ♦ Slash Your Sole ♦ Catechism Wednesday ♦ Intellectual Baby ♦ Waiting Is ♦ S.O.B. Reprise

Featuring The Spine Tingling Talents Of: David Briggs, Kenny Buttrey, Charlie McCoy, Grungie O'Muck, Billy Lee Sanford, Henry Strzelecki, Bucky Wilkin, Mike Williams.

Engineer: Ernie Winfrey ♦ Recorders: Harold Lee, Billy Sherrill.

Packy's dog biscuits courtesy Kelso Herston
Recorded at the cozy air cooled Soundshop, Nashville, Tenn. in the swelter of July...

Produced by Nikolas K. Venet.

Faithful girl friday Renee.

All songs written by George Gerdes with exception of "Int. Baby" co-authored with John Burleigh.

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Special thanks—Merle and the Snuff Queens.



HEY PACKY

been shufflin' a lonesome old trail
gonna send a letter to my dog in the mail
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
my legs tired my feet are a-draggin'
but i ain't stoppin' till i see his tail waggin'
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
well i heard the proverb tell
a dog is a man's best friend
there's no more detainin' i'm walkin' it's rainin'
packy's waitin' at the rainbow's end
the clouds drift and the world is so wide
a fella feels lucky with a dog by his side
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
a two-bit mutt ain't worth a dollar
but he'll be glad to see you and he'll come when you holler
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
hey packy, i'm comin' home
i'm gonna scratch your little head i'm gonna feed you a bone
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
some folks work hard searchin' for somethin'
they could see so plain in a dog's tail thumpin'
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
those folks wonderin' why they was born
ain't never been a swimmin' with their dog in the mornin'
hey packy, i'm comin' back again
because i heard the proverb tell
a dog is a man's best friend
well there's no more detainin' i'm walkin' it's rainin'
packy's waitin' at the rainbow's end
hey packy i'm comin' home
i'm gonna scratch your head i'm gonna feed you a bone
hey packy, i'm comin' back again

LONG TIME NO SEE

Long time, no see
have you been back baby to your used-to-be?
Your grace, my sin
but i think i'll take a chance and try to love you again.
Well you're a hide n seek mama but you're back homefree-
i bet you never thought you'd pull the wool over me
but the present keeps a-comin' so the future's the past
it makes it absolutely certain that nothin' won't last.
won't last...
Long time, no see
what you get for your money can't be better for free.
The same old song
but with a bit o different beat since you've been gone
i keep a curliquin' circles with a key for the sound
of some simulated synchopated song for a clown
who somersaults in sawdust, stands on his head
falls asleep in the clouds but he wakes up in bed.
in bed...
Long time, no see
aw woncha shuffle off to Buffalo and marry with me?
My liege, recalls,
we'll keep eatin' shredded wheat until Niagara falls.
Well a yellow pot o gold to hold ain't no recompense
for a woman who is greedy or a man with no sense...
but you can't watch a rainbow till the rainin' begins
and ends to see me comin' back to love you again.
again...

SACK OF WOE

Please don't ask me what to do,
my answer just might stick to you
Long before you see it through
the short end could fall to you
and it's a sack of woe to carry
lord make it lighter
and a line to tow.
It's as black as coal
but the sun keeps getting brighter
or so they tell me so.



I won't tell you what i see
if you promise not to talk to me.
Sure as two is company
the one you want just made us three
and it's a sack of woe to carry
lord make it lighter
and a line to tow.
It's a heavy load
and the ties keep getting tighter
until they snap, you know.
Don't bother to look behind,
if you want to change your mind.
The here and now is well and fine,
the light we see will make us blind
and it's a sack of woe to carry
lord make it lighter
and a line to tow.
It's as black as coal
but the sun keeps getting brighter
or so they tell me so.

MESSIN' WITH MISSUS LATELY

Missus Lately, she's so lonely,
Uncle Sam he took her one and only man away.
Me-my intentions are not so good
but i just sit here and drink like i should-
a drunken cassanova, that's the way i was made.
Singin' you mustn't cry missus lately
cause your man has got some duty to do
come sit yourself in the booth now baby
i'll pour a drink for you or two or three or four or more
Poor Mr. Lately, he went across the ocean you know,
just to fight a little yellow tiny man in the greenfields
of vietnam.
Well, me, i just sit here and drink all day
over in hernando's hideaway
waiting so impatiently for his wife to arrive.
Singin' please don't cry missus lately
for your man has got some better place to go,
come fold your head on my shoulder now girl
i'll dry the tear from your eye
I yi yi yi...
No i don't know why the world turned out this way-
why folks like him must fight and die while i just
sit and drink and play.
i only know that love makes you feel good inside
but i'm not out to take anyone for a ride
and if i am evil it's not for you or me to decide
so please don't cry Missus Lately
cause your man has got some duty to do.
Come sit yourself in the booth now baby
i'll pour a drink for you...
come sit yourself in the booth now baby
i'll pour a drink for you...

SON OF OBITUARY

I'm a son of obituary being reborn
i'm gonna put my insanity into a form
i'm pregnantly passing into the green room
one slap on the ass means i'm out of the womb
and it's so much fun just being alive
but you must keep your wits about you to survive
and it ain't all that bad when your body must die
cause the spirit can lift and your soul knows to fly.
O god has a halo and the devil has horns
existential division twixt which we are torn
i look at life like a rose with its stem full of thorns
i'm a flesh colored fish in a sea so forlorn
aw but it's so much fun just being alive
but you must keep your wits about you to survive
and it ain't all that bad when your body must die
cause the spirit can lift and your soul knows to fly
i'm a son of Obituary being reborn
i'm gonna put my insanity back into form
i'm pregnantly passing into the green room
one slap on the ass means i'm out of the womb.

UAS-5593

ROLL ME OVER JEHOVAH

my best friend stabbed me in the back once
he said boy it's good for you to feel
an honest end to this allowance
of saying things just aren't real
my drunk compadre in the Kettle
done hitched my wagon to a star
but if it wasn't for Gene Autry
i'd have never picked up a guitar
now roll me over once Jehovah
an honest injun hit the dirt
pray tell when it'll be all over
...the truth hurts...

just sitting in a cozy corner
i being you you being me
but for the masks and chains that bind us
lord knows the truth'd set us free

well roll me over once Jehovah
an honest injun hit the dirt
pray tell when it'll be all over
...the truth hurts...

if we could just sit and discuss things
it just might settle up the score
but you're so shifty and disgusting
i don't wana talk to you no more

roll me over once Jehovah
an honest injun hit the dirt
pray tell when it'll be all over
...the truth hurts...

SLASH YOUR SOLE

is that a razor blade on your bathroom floor?
you better watch your step you won't have no toes no more
or you will slash your sole and wail in misery
no hydrogen peroxide will end your agony
so walk carefully on porcelain or marble
but watch your step-please don't slash your sole
your aero-shave is laying in your empty sink
your skin is scruffly and your eyes are o so pink
you better get your old spice quick so you don't get a rash
back up three feet and you will mince your heel to hash
so squash your eyes and let the faucet water roll
but look behind-please don't slash your sole
AAAARAARAAGHHH!

the ceiling is peeling and you have nothing to wish
your mirror's winking at inside of it a swish
a voice is trembling and you don't know what to say
you were seeing something till your eyes got in the way
so sweat your head and put this flesh sheath in a hole
but look behind-don't slash your sole.

CATECHISM WEDNESDAY

Cold catechism wednesday
fall the leaves of autumn on the ground
the sky is turning grey.
Wrap your schoolboy shoes in rubber
i think it's going to rain...
it's going to rain.

Cold catechism wednesday
down the hall fat salvador goes by
in bored corduroy.
Hear his brand new sandle shoes
echo rise and fall
and we're all in awe...

Cold catechism wednesday
sing the sisters of saint pascal's angels
in the church abode.

Dress up in your sunday best suit
you're going to see the Lord.
Yes you're going to see...

INTELLECTUAL BABY

well when i play the guitar for my baby
she says it's such a bore
but she thinks it's hip, why she almost flips,
when i quote from Bernard Shaw.
my intellectual baby
she has me in a daze
well she can take a bath
readin' Grapes of Wrath



while whistlin' a Polonaise.
well i was watchin' Muhammad Ali on the T.V.
and she started to put me down
but she thinks it's great when i meditate
on a poem by Ezra Pound.
my intellectual baby
she has me in a whirl
she can dig pop art
and expound on Sartre
man how i love that girl.
she don't dig teenage parties
she says they're philistine
and i sure don't know why she'd ever go
for such a bourgeoisie boy like me
but when i'm in her arms yeah
she knows how to set me free
she says it's essential to be existential
when she's out with a boy like me
so i don't mind my baby
when she puts down rock n roll
cause when i read her in meter
the bhagavad gita, man
that chick she sure got soul
my intellectual baby
well she's my egghead star
and that bhagavad gita causes
La Dolce Vita in the backseat of my car

WAITING IS

wise man believing that he knows the way
the fool pretending that he lost
the loser's waiting for a brighter day
the winner is a-crying at the cost
the mocker's mocking with a laughing face
a child is playing with a toy
the clock is ticking full of time in space
a pregnant lady, boy o boy.
the world is waiting for the sunrise
and i don't really know a thing
come to me where we can close our eyes
i got some pretty song to sing
a mother is praying for her dreadful dream
her son's still saying it isn't so
two sisters fighting in a tearful scene
the father silently he knows
the congregation is a-waiting
Monseignor don't know what to pray
come to me where we can just hold hands a while
before the time does pass away.
a pretty girl is passing down the lane
the sidewalk sparkles underneath
a simple song is singing so sweet and plain
my smiling lips don't show my teeth
a stranger's thinking that he knows a face
an old lover's playing it real coy
the earth is spinning full of time and space
a bouncing baby boy o boy!

S.O.B. REPRISE

Yeah, but...
It's so much fun just being alive
but you must keep your wits about you to survive
and it ain't all that bad
when your body must die
cause the Spirit can lift
and your soul knows to fly...





UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

SIDE 1

STEREO

UAS-5593

Produced by
Nikolas K. Venet

GEORGE
GERDES

Son Of Obituary

- 1. HEY PACKY • 3:38
- 2. LONG TIME, NO SEE • 3:40
- 3. SACK OF WOE • 3:55
- 4. MESSIN' WITH MISSUS LATELY • 4:06
- 5. SON OF OBITUARY • 4:02

Written by George Gerdes
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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

SIDE 2

STEREO

UAS-5593

Produced by
Nikolas K. Venet

GEORGE
GERDES

Son Of Obituary

- 1. ROLL ME OVER JEHOVAH • 4:45
- 2. SLASH YOUR SOLE • 3:45
- 3. CATECHISM WEDNESDAY • 4:20
- *4. INTELLECTUAL BABY • 2:50
- 5. WAITING IS • 3:55
- 6. S.O.B. REPRISE • :40

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