

GEORGE

GERDES

OBITUARY





Peas Porridge Hot
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*You should come out to California
where I've been living in the trees
Every night I pour my passion fruit juice
and then for dinner I eat peas*

CHORUS
*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*

*I don't need no crafty politicians
to tell me that justice's just a dream
You can tell Franklin Delano I'll row row my boat
ever so gently down the stream*

*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*

*I've bared my soul many times over
and Goldilocks, she slept in my bed.
"Watch out for falling avocados," she said
"They're liable to go to your head."*

*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*

*Don't want to die of radiation
and I don't want to die of an O.D.
I'm of the chromosome damage generation gap
zapped by the colors on TV.*

*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*

*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*
*You should come out to California
where you can live just as you please
and every night you'll pour your passion fruit juice
and then for dinner you'll eat...PEAS*

*Peas porridge hot / peas porridge cold
peas porridge in the pot / nine days old.*

Sweet Janine
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*well, sweet janine taylor, she sings just like sophie tucker.
if you want her you can find her in the backroom
of the north beach barroom ballroom floor.
i don't need no other lady, you can keep your sexy sadie,
'cause sweet janine, she pleases me and she takes me on a
voyage*

*over far and distant waters.
sweet janine, i need ya now, don't you hear me call?
and i'm heavin' as i'm weavin' over here inside the
bathroom stall.*

*o janine, why don't you please pull me out?
well, she guzzles her cinzano as she sits on the piano
and she shelves her meaty sweet knees into a neat old
cheesecake pose.*

*if she wants you for her lover you can come or run for cover
'cause she'll climb and crawl all over you,
and drain you like a deserted well...
spent.*

*sweet janine, i need ya now, don't you hear me call?
and i'm heavin' as i'm weavin' over here inside the
bathroom stall.*

*o janine, get over here and pull me out!
well, she calls this place a bummer, as she jokes unto the
drummer.*

*but it ain't any wonder that there's fun inside of her
bloodshot eyes.
she sings some Broadway showstuff, strikes a match and takes
a slow puff
off a red lipstick stained white tipped stale l&M.
well, sweet janine taylor, she sings just like sophie tucker
if you want her you can find her in the backroom
of the north beach barroom ballroom floor.
i don't need no other lady, you can keep your martha rye
because sweet janine she pleases me and she takes me on a
voyage*

over far and distant waters.

Real As Rain
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*Every love that is real must hold pain
of the backyard of your heart.
Swimming like a fish inside
the bloodstream of your veins
though to you it's as real as the rain
And your beauty is real as the rain
and my voice can't conceal what's so plain
when the finger picking guitar lick is playing
and the music cascades like the rain*

*Seeking to spread more light is the aim
every moment you don't is spent in vain
carefully carve wood along the grain
and the rest shall follow / like the rain
and your beauty is real as the rain
and my voice can't conceal what's so plain
when the finger picking guitar lick is playing
and the music cascades like the rain*

The Lap Of Luxury
Words and Music by Grungie O'muck

*Sitting alone in the lap of luxury
I don't know how I got here
but I wish I was gone
I'm going home soon as that bus leaves*

*the pain it was small
but my how it's grown
It's been raining all around my heart
I better leave before it turns to ice
It's been snowing all inside my head
I gotta go before it happens twice*

*Sitting up here on top of everything
the view down below is looking better all the time
Pack up my things I got to get out of here
Well I feel like a tree
grown above timber line.*

*The road is calling and I am crawling
but I just don't think I can make the door
It's appalling my soul has been mauled
and I'm not really sure that I care anymore*

*Golden gates were made for the opening
where there's a will there must be a way
Pearly gates are quite another thing
you just won't find them
in this passion play*

*But jump in the sack—join in the race
see if you can get there alive
Run down the highway
it's just one more lap
see the light
but read the sign
with yer eyes*

*Seeds that I've sown
were all a bunch of weeds
but rather than pick them
I'll just watch them grow*

*There must be a road
from here to eternity
but just where you find it
I really don't know.*

The Backyard Of Your Heart
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*O I'm weeping by the verbal burble brook neath the garden
of the backyard of your heart.
Swimming like a fish inside
the bloodstream of your veins
blowing in the air
like a puff of a cloud
flying like an axe into
the log that you saw.*

*I dreamt I had an ocean in my backyard
and I thought I would bring it over to yours
so I climbed up on a tree just like a star fallen angel
scouting all my relatives aloof in the sky
when whoosh
an iron bird with red and green feathers
flew into my sight
like a fly in my eye
so i jumped aboard and brought you
a screaming meat grinder*

*Gonna get you a screaming meat grinder
with my soiled stained tears
gonna get you a screaming meat grinder
with my soiled stained tears
I'm gonna grind up all of my flesh
'til it's comin' out of my ears*

*I got to get you a meat grinder baby
so you can grind up all of your flesh
gonna get you a meat grinder baby
so I can grind up all of your flesh
then I'll wrap it up inside of bookmarks
that I made in kindergarten out of dixie mesh.*

*Gotta get you a meat grinder baby
oooh I gotta get that thing
got to get you a meat grinder mama
oooh I gotta get that thing
I'll write you up a long Sanskrit poem
of the things I'll accomplish
when I'm the king.*

*But you said all you wanted was a glass of salt water
so I went and got it
and brought it home to you.
Your backyard is barbecuing the beefsteak of my dreams now
and I just like some soldier am standing by the screen door
waiting for you to holler or scream and shout and stomp more
for me to bring you charcoal and lighten up your fire.*

*I'm weeping by the verbal burble brook neath the garden
of the backyard of your heart.
Swimming like a fish inside
the bloodstream of your veins
blowing in the air
like a puff of a cloud
flying like an axe into
the log that you saw.*

Song Of The Hero's Heroine
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*The Song of the Hero's Heroine i'll sing
of a flaxen haired beauty with a gold carat ring
the hero pursued her portraying persuasion
but the dear lady acted out ways of evasion
he put his foot forward but the dear lady turned
and she smiled o so slightly not to yield what he yearned
Here's to the hero in all of the dramas undone
and to all the heroines who'll never be won.
The hero was headed for his great destination
when he fell to a lady of high affectation
whose ivory smile and soft calm composure
soon suffered the hero to over-exposure.
So lift up your plates, raise up your figs, hold up your glasses
the hero he rises as a dear lady passes.*

*Poor doomed Adonis how could you have known
but those ladies in waiting never leave you alone
they jig and they amble as a gentleman dreams
and a Venus may smile though she's not what she seems.
Here's to the hero who's shining so gallant and brave
and to all the fair maidens who'll never be saved.
This song is a circle and a cycle it goes
but just where it stops well nobody knows.
The heroine finally the hero she paged
but the hero he lunged
and then fled in a rage.*

Tequila Blue
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*I'm so blue I don't know what to do
I got a mind that's messed up and mean
I couldn't keep calm 'cause I'm stuck in between pretty mama
'n I can't seem to fit in the scheme
I got a head that's screwed wrong
'n I ain't sung a new song
in about three weeks maybe more
I got a chip on my shoulder that's sore
'n what's more I don't even seem to think of what for*

*Well my whole past's been revealed
but my future's concealed
by the presence that it stands to believe
I've been denied to take an absence of leave
and my heart's in my throat / on my sleeve
Well I think I know what I'll do
I'll get a bottle of booze
and margarita tequila away
a lick a lemon and salt
that's okay cause ole
the alcohol'll be callin' my play*

Time Will Let You In
Words and Music by George Gerdes & Alan Cauldwell

*Time will let you in his front door
but you won't come out again.
You may yell "hey what's this for?"
and nobody will explain.*

*But please don't sit down and cry
there's no one to tell you what to do
and please don't lay down and die
there are so many lifetimes a-following you*

*Time will let you in his front door
well you never know what you'll find.
You'll scream in fright or you might just get bored
he'll try to drive you right out of your mind.*

*But please don't sit down and cry
there's no one to tell you what to do
and please don't lay down and die
there are so many lifetimes a-following you.*

*Come in and hang your hat and coat in the hall
you can make yourself right at home
the table's tall and the chairs are too small
but the heavenly host won't ever leave you alone so
please don't sit down and cry
there's no one to tell you what to do
and please don't lay down and die
there's so many lifetimes a-following you.*

Gardenia Lady
Words and Music by George Gerdes

*Old gardenia lady sitting on her steps to stare
toddling tykes on tricycles don't even know she's there
O she's old but she's there
Hop scotch playing plaided black girl skipping in the air
sticky-fingered ice cream eating boy runs up the stairs
Old gardenia lady sitting very still aware
O she's old but she's there
There goes an old gentleman
who's carrying a chrysanthymum to her
a rubber ball goes bouncing in his way
A bustling bride with a shopping cart
is headed for the supermarket
hurrying in her own busy day
Yellow taxi cab picks up a whistling waving pair
of bobbing head bell bottomed people smiling with long hair
Old gardenia lady sitting very still aware
O she's old but she's there...*

All Songs
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Produced By Nikolas Venet
A Summerwind Production



*the guitar, harp
and human voice
of george john gerdes
as recorded at sunwest
hollywood,
lost angles, calif.
in the heat of july
accompanied by the talents of:
james e. "chops" bond: stand-up bass
frankie capp: jazz drum
steve douglas: alto and tenor sax
herbert harper: trombone
john t. johnson: tuba
michael a. lang: piano
joe osborne: electric bass
fritz richmond: washtub bass and ceramic jug
dexter ross: simba
mike schwartz: electric guitar, second acoustic guitar
reverend robert sportshirt: sears-roebuck, supertone slide
tony terran: trumpets
ron tutt: drums, body percussion
charles john quarto: poetic pease
fudge brownies and brindle breakdown, background vocals
engineer: buck herring
produced by nikolas venet
a summerwind production
photography—cover: norman seeff
inside: rick braverman*

SIDE I

PEAS PORRIDGE HOT (5:02)

SWEET JANINE (4:50)

REAL AS RAIN (5:31)

THE LAP OF LUXURY (3:54)

SIDE II

BACKYARD OF YOUR HEART (6:09)

SONG OF THE HERO'S HEROINE (3:36)

TEQUILA BLUE (3:39)

TIME WILL LET YOU IN (3:33)

GARDENIA LADY (4:40)

obituary

songwriter joe reissler, often called mr. showbusiness

by folks that knew him closely,

was killed last thursday by a mac truck

in elizabeth, new jersey.

joe wrote such favorites as

"Mama Got Me Drunk"

"Don't Kiss My Feet"

and

"I Wish I Was In Copenhagen"

notables such as pop sweeney, owner of sweeney's delicatessen,

were at hand at service to view the remains

and collect various debts that joe had mounted.

sid reissler, joe's brother in real life, and co-author

of many of reissler's hits, commented on joe's

passing by remarking

"his face was a mess" and

"the truck was covered with blood."

reissler's entire career was best summarized by

george gerdes, folk hero, who after meeting joe

back in 1963 commented,

"adios."

United Artists Records Inc 
Entertainment from
Transamerica Corporation



SIDE 1

STEREO

UAS-5549

**Produced by
Nikolas Venet
A Summerwind
Production**

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

GEORGE GERDES

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- 1. PEAS PORRIDGE HOT • 5:02**
(George Gerdes)
- 2. SWEET JANINE • 4:05**
(George Gerdes)
- 3. REAL AS RAIN • 5:31**
(George Gerdes)
- 4. THE LAP OF LUXURY • 3:54**
(Grungie Omuck)

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SIDE 2

STEREO

UAS-5549

**Produced by
Nikolas Venet
A Summerwind
Production**

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

GEORGE GERDES

OBITUARY

- 1. THE BACKYARD OF YOUR HEART • 6:09**
(George Gerdes)
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(George Gerdes)
- 3. TEQUILA BLUE • 3:39**
(George Gerdes)
- 4. TIME WILL LET YOU IN • 3:33**
(George Gerdes/Alan Cauldwell)
- 5. GARDENIA LADY • 4:40**
(George Gerdes)

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