

Man of No Memory

Los Stompers

I've written letters to myself and others
Reminding me to never forget
But I lost those letters and with the words
That I had to remember myself
But somehow I've managed to pick the pieces
And paint a better picture than I planned
So I'd rather be a man of no memory
Than an unmemorable kind of man

I'm just a ragdoll that finds misdirection
Waiting beside an old bin
I flop down the street in some kind of daydream
Forgetting the trouble I'm
When I meet my maker, that butcher, that baker
I hope it passes on by that I've sinned
'Cos I'd rather be a man of no memory
Than an unmemorable kind of man

Sorry for stealing your words
But I've forgotten every song I've ever heard
No I cannot remember
Who's the claw, who's the beak, who's the bird
So I'll choose to wing it, and you can help me sing it
We'll both be a flash in the pan
'Cos I'd rather be a man of no memory
Than an unmemorable kind of man
Yes, I'd rather be a man of no memory
Than an unmemorable kind, he's gone lost his mind
That memorable kind of man

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