

# Mark Eitzel, Some Bartenders Have The Gift Of Pardon

Spec's almost drowned off the coast of California  
And started this museum  
To help the shipwrecked remember  
They grow quiet  
The sea grows colder  
Drinking the night away  
Burn bridges grow older

Kent worked at Spec's since 1970  
Right after Haight Street finally choked on its own vomit  
An impartial smile made him a gentleman  
Some bartenders have the gift of pardon

A bar has a longer history than a country  
What keeps the moon chained  
Are ridiculous acts of faith  
And after a couple of drinks  
Visionary eyes all burn  
The drunks seem saint-like  
In their disillusion

Kent always knew the serious nature of a smile  
Knew the serious nature of the job he was given  
Never told himself there's only so much a man could take on  
Some bartenders have the gift of pardon

With the same old tape wearing out in the background  
Billie Holiday Solitude  
Or some sad old Irish folk songs  
You're not promised the moon  
Or lied to by its distractions  
You enter the world alone  
And that's the first and the last thing

It seems one night he was having a hard time falling asleep  
And found himself in an accidental shipwreck  
Dreaming he's still at the bar counting sheep  
The cold ocean threw its chains around his neck

Never have to worry about counterfeits at 2 a.m.  
'Cause that's all there is  
'Cause that's all there is  
Just some old poets drinking  
The last nightmare in  
And the comfort of the dark  
And being forgotten

Some bartenders have the gift of pardon  
Some bartenders have the gift of pardon