

# Blues River

B.J. Thomas

An out of town gawkier  
In the lobby  
Of the old Peabody  
Hotel  
By the wishing well  
I threw in my quarter  
Watched it shining in the water  
And wished for a southern belle

It must have hypnotized me  
'Cause suddenly beside me  
True as life  
Just real as hell  
Long dress with lace pockets  
Around her neck a golden locket  
There stood my southern belle

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River  
On board the Delta Queen  
Paddle wheel steamers  
And beautiful dreamers  
All the way to New Orleans

And all along the delta night  
There's pyramids of cotton  
As far as the eye can see  
Right now we're strangers  
But there's no danger  
That we will be  
By New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River  
On board the Delta Queen  
Paddle wheel steamers  
And beautiful dreamers  
All the way to New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River  
Her majesty the queen  
Right now we're strangers  
But there's no danger  
That we will be  
By New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River  
On board the Delta Queen  
Paddle wheel steamers  
Beautiful dreamers