

Oregon Geography

Blitzen Trapper

I been late to a town on a roof with my girl
A stark kind of beauty this view of the world
To the south like a mouth
The hills black as match

Strange lights seen through sights
Flew like devilish kites to halves
Unknown, unfounded, unguessed, unnamed
To the west is the river, black river's insane

Where the tall grass trees hide you deep in the leaves
Where the holy ghost roams like a swarming of bees
Lost souls and strangers, beggars and grangers
And gamblers and strangers, drunk slain and mangers

And caves and on cliffs
And holes the ground
Some men make their mark yeah
Some make not a sound

Out east when the mountains
Like a fangs they be toutin'
Rockin' and fountain
And darkness expounding

Like wise men of old
In the cold they be told
Think twice or behold
These both words sound like gold

Up north is the fields
Where the humble man kneels
In the dirt, the soil
The cold brings the boil yeah

I worked in them fields
Struggled under the sun
With a quota and a gun
'Til my work there was done

Then I slipped through the cracks
Ended up on the tracks
And I never looked back
Slippin' rhymes like a maps

See it all clear
Through the haze of my mind
Huffin' glaze through the town
Take a hit, stay wound

(Rest in the river)
(Down through the hills)
(Into the mountains)
(And down through the hills)

(Rest in the river)
(Down through the hills)

(Into the mountains)
(And north to the wind)

(Rest in the river)
(Down through the hills)
(Into the mountains)
(And north to the wind)

(Rest in the river)
(Down through the hills)
(Into the mountains)
(And north to the wind yeah)