

Del Rio's Song

Blue Öyster Cult

I've lived upon
The edge of chance
For twenty years or more
And this is what my friends all mean

By del rio's song.....oh, del rio
Del rio's song.....oh, del rio
Del rio's song.....oh, del rio
Del rio's song.....oh, del rio

When time gets slow, and rivers freeze
I think you'd know enough

To call in touch that outer frame
The inner gain, a sullen gulch
Which opens up on the way to blind man's bluff

A suburb now of river roads
Where quandary and sublime improve
The sight whose imagery
Is sometimes that of fear

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When time gets slow, and rivers freeze
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To shut the gates of walled town walls
And putting up some good rum punch
Forget the way to blind man's bluff

So packed with eyes
That glow like coals
And pointing towards the north
Oh my boat left new Orleans in 1829!

Hey! hey! hey! hey!

My destination is a secret
And the doctrine is soft
And just between the verse and me
It's a place where you can see
Lost, last and luminous
Scored to sky yet never found
Relics of jewels
And ant-track tools
A true ghost dance
Rehearsal ground

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