

# Bloodbook On The Halfshell

Danielson

Rowing, ringing, cares a flinging  
As we ride this boat of hide  
All eagle-eyed and dignified  
Down the river, across the great divide

Words beside at the highest of tides  
With my bonafide bride, she's my touring guide  
And yes, we both do reside  
On this riverside where we hide

Vacation's a lot of work  
But here we are with ringing bells  
And floating on this cockleshell  
My pal grins, hugs the wind and sighs

We realize with our blank minds aside  
Only to see the mystery of many books floating free  
And those books are free indeed  
There's one caught in the weed, let's get it

Go get that lovely book  
Let's grab those lovely books  
Gather up all these books  
We're gettin' looks, looks  
We're gettin' the looks

These lovely bloody books  
Arms full of lovely books  
Freely collecting books  
We're getting funny looks

While we are stacking, organizing, filing  
Piling way up high and rising  
Dewey dusty, decimalizing  
Sorting, tracking, systemizing

Can't believe we found this vintage  
We now have such great advantage  
Great they'll look in our library  
Let's get goin?, let us hurry now, now, now, now

Hey, hey, hey, what do they say  
Collections sit and beg to play  
Wanting to give, and speak with us  
But neatly packed and nicely put away

What to do for I've heard they are good  
But we've also been told they can't be understood  
By simpletons like me, and should never be  
So why try

Crack in to all those books  
The lovely bloody books  
We open up these books  
We takin? looks, looks  
We're takin? a look

Time to hit the books  
The lovely bloody books  
Arms full of lovely books  
Open up all these books

It's got the words of one who made the river  
Blood that's flowing through the soil  
I got books, I just don't read them  
Cleaning scraps up from the table

Flippin' through with fingers pointing  
At the letter and the numbers  
Straining eyes and feeling better  
Wonderin' how to be members, how now, how now

And I'm turning the page while on center-stage  
It is starting to sink and I'm to the brink  
With my plans in pencil, while the vision's in ink  
What to think

My left brain tells me I'm a fool  
My right brain tells me it's true, true  
I only am knowing one thing  
I like hearing good news, it's true, it's true, it's true

And it's false gonna cost myself for these books  
Taking one second look  
Gonna call my counselor now he's gonna clear  
Clear confusion then explain everything

These books steer our ship with good news  
For now I got nothing to lose  
My brother remembers a thousand  
I can't quote you one line

But, oh now I shall know all of your ways  
With warm cockles in to my heart  
And dancing to hits and skipping around  
Around on unsinkable ships