

Blue Oyster Cult "Last Days of May"

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Parched land no desert sand, sun was just a dot
And a little bit of water goes a long way, 'cause it's hot
Three good buddies were laughing and smoking in the
back

Of a rented ford
They couldn't know they weren't going far

Each one with the money in his pocket
Could go out and buy himself a brand new car
But they all had the money they had
Money they hoped would take them very far

The sky was bright, a traffic light, now and then a truck
And they hadn't seen a cop around all day
They brought everything they needed
Bags and scales to weigh the stuff
The driver said the border's just over the bluff

It wasn't until the car suddenly stopped
In the middle of a cold and barren place
And the other guy turned and spilled
Three boys blood, did they know a trap had been lain?

They're ok the last days of may, I'll be breathing dry air
I'm leaving soon, the others are already there
You wouldn't be interested in coming along, instead of
staying here
They say the west is nice this time of year

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