

Blue Oyster Cult

"Mistress of The Salmon Salt"

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In the garden district
Where the plants grow strong and tall
Behind the bush there lurks a girl
Who makes them strong and tall
The villagers call her
Quicklime girl.....behind her back
Quicklime girl.....behind the bush
Quicklime girl
She's the mistress of the salmon salt
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl

In the fall when plants return
By harvest time she knows the score
Ripe and ready to the eye
Yet rotten somehow to the core
And they call her
Quicklime girl.....behind her back
Quicklime girl.....behind the bush
Quicklime girl
She's the mistress of the salmon salt
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl

A harvest of life a harvest of death
One body of life one body of death
And when you've gone and choked to death
With laughter and a little step
I'll prepare the quicklime, friend
For your ripe and ready grave
For your ripe and ready grave

It's springtime now and cares subside
And the planning's almost done
And fertile graves it seems exist
Within a mile of that duke's joint
Where coast guard crews still take their leave
Quite listless in the sun
And the quicklime girl still plies her trade
The reduction of the many from the one

And they call her
Quicklime girl.....behind her back
Quicklime girl.....behind the bush
Quicklime girl
She's the mistress of the salmon salt
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl.....they call her
Quicklime girl

A harvest of life, a harvest of death
Resumes it's course each day
It comes as if by schedule
A harvester lifts his arms to the rain
And toes that crawl
And knees that jerk
And necks like swans that seem to turn
As if inclined to gasp or pray

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