

## **Blue Oyster Cult "Redeemed"**

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Don't you give up my young young friend  
Here's a story I think will please  
How sir rastus bear was in fact redeemed  
Redeemed from the cell to which he'd been thrown  
By men whose love was more for the ice and cold

Goblins of surcease, villains of wise  
They pranced your brain all through the long long night  
Sir rastus bear who'd ever believe  
You'd be by a song redeemed?

Up on the north forty, I'm sure it was christmas day  
When sir rastus bear taught children how to play  
Games of life and love, and songs, oh, those songs  
Oh those deep but true, healed ( ? ) country songs

Goblins of surcease, villains of wise  
They pranced your brain all through the long long night  
Sir rastus bear who'd ever believe  
You'd be by a song redeemed?

Redeemed, good lord, from the ice and cold  
Redeemed from the cell to which I've been thrown  
Redeemed by virtue, of a country song  
And I believe that lord, it won't be long

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