

## Blue ...yster Cult

### "Del Rio's Song"

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

By del rios song.....oh, del rio  
Del rios song.....oh, del rio  
Del rios song.....oh, del rio  
Del rios song.....oh, del rio

When time gets slow, and rivers freeze  
I think youd know enough

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

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

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Del rios song.....oh, del rio

When time gets slow, and rivers freeze  
I think youd know enough

To shut the gates of walled town walls  
And putting up some good rum punch  
Forget the way to blindmans 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  
Its 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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