

## Danielson Famile

### "Bloodbook On The Halfshell"

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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

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