

# Mistress of the Salmon Salt (Quicklime Girl)

## Blue Ñ-yster Cult

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 plannings 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  
Reduction of the many from the one  
And they call her  
Quicklime girl behind her back  
Quicklime girl behind the bush  
Quicklime girl  
Well 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 its course each day  
It comes as if by schedule  
A harvester lifts his arms to the rain  
The toes that crawl  
The knees that jerk  
The necks like swans that seem to turn  
As if inclined to gasp or pray

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