Then Came the Last Days of May

Blue Ã-yster Cult

Parched land no desert sand, sun was just a dot And a little bit of water goes a long way, 'cause it's hot Three good buddies were laughing and smoking in the back

Of a rented ford

They couldn't know they weren't going farEach one with the money in his pocket

Could go out and buy himself a brand new car

But they all had the money they had

Money they hoped would take them very farThe sky was bright, a traffic light, now and then a truck

And they hadn't seen a cop around all day (what luck...)

They brought everything they needed

bags and scales to weigh the stuff

The driver said the border's just over the bluffIt wasn't until the car suddenly stopped

In the middle of a cold and barren place

And the other guy turned and spilled

Three boys blood, did they know a trap had been lain? They're ok the last days of may, I'll be breathing dry air

I'm leaving soon, the others are already there

You wouldn't be interested in coming along, instead of staying here

They say the west is nice this time of year

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