

# Del Rio's Song

## Blue Oyster Cult

Ive lived upon the edge of chance  
For twenty years or more  
And this is what my friends all meanBy Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Del Rios song, oh, Del RioWhen time gets slow and rivers freeze  
I think youd know enoughTo call in touch that outer frame  
The inner gain, a sullen gulch  
Which opens up on the way to Blindmans BluffA suburb now of River Roads  
Where quandary and sublime improve  
The sight whose imagery is sometimes that of fearIve lived upon the edge of chance  
For twenty years or more  
And this is what my friends all meanBy Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Oh, Del Rios song, oh, Del Rio  
Del Rios song, oh, Del RioWhen time gets slow and rivers freeze  
I think youd know enoughTo shut the gates of walled town walls  
And putting up some good rum punch  
Forget the way to Blindmans BluffSo packed with eyes that glow like coals  
And pointing towards the North  
Oh, my boat left New Orleans in 1829Hey, hey, hey, heyMy destination is a secret  
And the doctrine is soft  
And just between the verse and me  
Its a place where you can seeLost, last and luminous  
Scored to sky yet never found  
Relics of jewels and ant-track tools  
A true ghost dance, rehearsal groundIve lived upon the edge of chance  
For twenty years or more  
And this is what my friends all meanIve lived upon the edge of chance  
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