

Bloodbook On the Halfshell

[Danielson](#)

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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