Redeemed

Blue OÌˆyster Cult

Don't you give up my young young friend
Here's a story I think will please
How sir rastus bear was in fact redeemed
Redeemed from the cell to which he'd been thrown
By men whose love was more for the ice and coldGoblins of surcease, villains of wise
They pranced your brain all through the long long night
Sir rastus bear who'd ever believe
You'd be by a song redeemed?Up on the north forty, I'm sure it was christmas day
When sir rastus bear taught children how to play
Games of life and love, and songs, oh, those songs
Oh those deep but true, healed (?) country songsGoblins of surcease, villains of wise
They pranced your brain all through the long long night
Sir rastus bear who'd ever believe
You'd be by a song redeemed?Redeemed, good lord, from the ice and cold
Redeemed from the cell to which I've been thrown
Redeemed by virtue, of a country song
And I believe that lord, it won't be long

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