Danielson, Bloodbook On The Halfshell

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 reside At the highest of tides With my bona fide 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 getting looks, looks We're getting 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 going and 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 into all those books The lovely, bloody books We open up these books We're taking looks, looks We're taking 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

Flipping through with fingers pointing At the letters and the numbers Straining eyes and feeling better Wondering how to be members How now? How now?

And I'm turning the page While I'm 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 into my heart And dancing to hits And skipping around Around on unsinkable ships