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