

Blues River

B.J. Thomas

An out of town gawkier
In the lobby
Of the old Peabody
Hotel
By the wishing well
I threw in my quarter
Watched it shining in the water
And wished for a southern belle

It must have hypnotized me
'Cause suddenly beside me
True as life
Just real as hell
Long dress with lace pockets
Around her neck a golden locket
There stood my southern belle

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River
On board the Delta Queen
Paddle wheel steamers
And beautiful dreamers
All the way to New Orleans

And all along the delta night
There's pyramids of cotton
As far as the eye can see
Right now we're strangers
But there's no danger
That we will be
By New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River
On board the Delta Queen
Paddle wheel steamers
And beautiful dreamers
All the way to New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River
Her majesty the queen
Right now we're strangers
But there's no danger
That we will be
By New Orleans

Lay back we're riding on the Blues River
On board the Delta Queen
Paddle wheel steamers
Beautiful dreamers