

Ballad Of The Lonely Argonaut

Beulah

Half by sea
Through the isthmus o'er the cape they're rounding

Over land
Follow the shallow ribbon of the plat
an El Dorado waits
like an avalanche
and the boys are off to see
the elephant

How does it feel
to roam this land like Hart and Twain did?
How, how, how does it feel?
A thousand miles closer to hell

Over land
they pass God's bluff and cross the basin
Half by sea
they follow the coast and through the gate where

Gold is coated with gold
on the languid hills
where they wait for hours and hours
cool gray ladies from Shirley's learn us cheer
and they sat for hours and hours

The luck of the roaring camp
and how they taught the outcasts of the flats
in their poker face

Cannot hide the fever of
the children's crusade
slow, slower than slow
days spill into one another

Gold is coated with gold
on the languid hills
where they wait for hours and hours
cool gray ladies from Shirley's loan us cheer
and they sat for hours and hours