

# 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