

Imaginos

Blue Öyster Cult

Imaginos
Approached the sun
In August in New Hapshire
Singing songs
Nobody knew
And stories left undone

See this fish
His scales turned green
Under such a sun
Such a sun.....such a sun
such a sun.....such a sun
such a sun

A tongue and pale
Of Texas light
Descended on the border
While the bird
Called Buzzardo
Rattled the bones
He picked the flesh from

See this fish
His scales turned green
Under such a sun
Such a sun.....such a sun
such a sun.....such a sun
such a sun

Checking the sign of the Moonfleet
Roll your wheel with mine
Sometimes in the light of day
The truth proves hard to find
Actually this Buzzardo
Was Imaginos in disguise

In disguise

Ooo Imaginos
Ooo Imaginos
Ooo Ooo Ooo Imaginos
Ooo Imaginos
Ooo Imaginos
Ooo Ooo Ooo

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I'm Buzzardo in Texas.....Last chance
I'm a pinwheel in Vermont.....Last chance
And gorge the Bungo Pony.....Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
I'm a rocker a roller and a spinner, too
Below that scene of subterfuge...Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
Which is
The last chance border.....Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
On the border Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
On the border Last chance Laaast chance Last chance
Last chance Last chance
The last exit to Texas