

## Mistress of the Salmon Salt (Quicklime Girl)

Blue Öyster Cult

Down in the garden district  
Where the plants grow strong and tall  
Behind the bush there lurks a girl  
Who makes them strong and tall

Villagers call her: quicklime girl  
Behind her back: quicklime girl  
Behind the bush: quicklime girl  
She's the mistress of the salmon salt: quicklime girl

In the fall when plants return  
By harvest time, she knows the score  
Ripe and ready to the eye  
But rotten somehow to the core

Villagers call her: quicklime girl  
Behind her back: quicklime girl  
Behind the bush: quicklime girl  
She's the mistress of the salmon salt: quicklime girl

A harvest of life, or harvest of death  
One body of life, one body of death  
And when you've gone and choked to death  
With laughter and a little step  
I'll prepare the quicklime, friend  
For your ripe and ready grave

It's springtime now and cares subside  
And the planting's almost done  
And fertile graves, it seems, exist  
Within a mile of that duke's joint  
Where coast guard crews still take their leave  
Lying listless in the sun  
And the quick lime girl still plies her trade  
The reduction of the many from the one

And they call her: quicklime girl  
Behind her back: quicklime girl  
Behind the bush: quicklime girl  
She's the mistress of the salmon salt: quicklime girl

A harvest of life, a harvest of death  
Resumes it's course each day  
It comes as if by schedule  
a harvester lifts his arms to the rain  
the toes that crawl  
the knees that jerk  
the necks like swans that seems to turn  
as if inclined to gasp or pray