

Then Came the Last Days of May

Blue Öyster Cult

Parched land, no desert sand
The sun is just a dot
And a little bit of water goes a long way 'cause it's hot
Three good buddies were laughin' and smokin'
In the back of a rented Ford
They couldn't know they weren't going far

Each one with the money in his pocket
To go out and buy himself a brand new car
But they all held the money they had
Money they hoped would take them very far

Sky's bright, the traffic light
Now and then a truck
And they hadn't seen a cop around all day
They brought everything they needed
Bags and scales to weigh the stuff
The driver said, "The border's just over the bluff"

Wasn't until the car suddenly stopped
In the middle of a cold and barren plain
And the other guy turned and spilled
Three boys blood did they know a trap had been laid?

They're okay the last days of May
But I'll be breathin' dry air
I'm leaving soon
The others are already there all there
Wouldn't be interested in coming along
Instead of staying here?
They say the West is nice this time of year