

Caravan of Fools

John Prine

The dark and distant drumming
The pounding of the hoops
The silence of everything that moves
Late in night you see them
Decked out in shiny jewels
The coming of the caravan of fools

Like the wings of a dove
The waiter's white glove
Seem to shimmer by the light of the pool
Some dog-blinding winner
When you can't help but lose
You're running with the caravan of fools

Love and devotion
Deep as any ocean
Don't play by anybody's rules
With your carousel of horses
And your own foreseen forces
You're running with the caravan of fools

Caravan of fools
Caravan of fools
You're running with the caravan of fools