

# 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