

Pulling away from Preston Street at the midnight call
The animals are restless and awake
We travel in hope just like we always have
Like everyone always did
The woman with topaz eyes who takes the money
and rolls the dice is counting the cards
We get weak tea and cheap food from the tattooed man
in the caravan, I don't know many things that taste this good
And there's always something new to fall in love with
Gaze into the heavens on a night as clear as ice
We held our breath, as a new jewel glistens in the
Belt of Orion