

Crossroad Caravan

Corey Hart

Six years old
And the summer was cold and
Once again we were movin' on
My old man
Well he don't understand
Can't you see she cries again
You gave us shelter
Your arms could melt her
You gave us all
A good, good life
She woke up one night
With the world on her shoulders
May sound funny
But I think she felt free
Here we go
The wind blows
Crossroad caravan
No 'o
On a caravan
'O no.

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