

# Caruso

## Joan Baez

Infinity gives me chills  
So could the waters of Iceland  
But there's a difference in finding diamonds in rust  
And rhinestones in a dishpan  
Miracles bowl me over  
And often will they do so  
Now I think I was asleep till I heard  
The voice of the great Caruso  
Bring infinity home  
Let me embrace it one more time  
Make it the lilies of the field  
Or Caruso in his prime  
A friend of mine gave me a tape  
She'd copied from a record disc  
It was made at the turn of the century  
And found in a jacket labeled "Misc"  
And the cellos, harps, and flugelhorns  
With the precision of a hummingbird's heart  
Was the Lord of the monarch butterflies  
One time a ruler of the world of art  
Bring infinity home  
Let me embrace it one more time  
Make it the lilies of the field  
Or Caruso in his prime  
Yeah, the king of them all was Enrico  
Whose singular chest could rival  
A hundred fervent Baptists  
Giving forth in a tent revival  
It's true he was a vocal miracle  
But that's only secondary  
It's the soul of the monarch butterfly  
That I find a little bit scary  
Bring infinity home  
Let me embrace it one more time  
Make it the lilies of the field  
Or Caruso in his prime  
Perhaps he's just a vehicle  
To bear us to the hills of Truth  
That's Truth spelled with a great big T

And peddled in the mystic's booth  
There are oh so many miracles  
That the western sky exposes  
Why go looking for lilacs  
When you're lying in a bed of roses?  
Bring infinity home  
Let me embrace it one more time  
Make it the lilies of the field  
Or Caruso in his prime

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