Caravan

Frances Wayne

In a world lit only by fire Long train of flares Under piercing stars I stand watching the steam-liners roll by The caravan thunders onward To the distant dream of the city The caravan carries me onward On my way at last, on my way at last I can't stop thinking big On a road lit only by fire Going where I want Instead of where I should I peer out at the passing shadows Carried through the night into the city Where a young man has A chance of making good A chance to break from the past The caravan thunders onward Stars winking through the canvas hood The caravan thunders onward On my way at last, on my way at last I can't stop thinking big In a world where I feel so small I can't stop thinking big In a world where I feel so small

I can't stop thinking big

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