Caravan

Gabor Szabo

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
I can't stop thinking big
I can't stop thinking big
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
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I can't stop thinking big
I can't stop thinking big
I can't stop thinking big
I can't stop thinking big
In a world where I feel so small
I can't stop thinking big
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In a world where I feel so small

I can't stop thinking big

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