

Caravan

The Jazz Renegades

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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