Dogs May Bark

Stephen Bruton

Working in a graveyard on a skeleton crew
Everyday above ground, is just too good to be true
Living in uncertainty is such a reality
It take nothing for granted, you got no secrets to keep
You just watch for hidden motives, reading right between the lines
The horizon keeps expanding by a thin blue lineAnd every single picture is more than meets the eye
They will just defend the truth if you even ask why
An old woman working on the favorite song
Dogs may bark but the caravan moves alongStanding at the crossroads where the middle meets the ends
And I'm hope six ways to Sunday, by some long lost friends
And I thought I heard the river that runs right through my past
I hollered which way are you going, I heard I thought you'd never askI'm a voice of wind and water, a man of flesh and bone
I was right next to the river, together and alone
Sometimes you glimpse the truth when it's long gone
Dogs may bark but the caravan moves alongI stumbled drunk upon a side street without a clue, without a care
I saw the wind move on the water just enough to know it's there
And I felt my world was slipping and my knees went weak
And I might as well let the stars are floating all around my feetYou tried to reconstruct the crime scene with a handful of clues
Think you know where I've been going by staring at my shoes
And if you're gonna talk about me when I'm gone
Dogs may bark but the caravan moves along, the caravan moves along

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