

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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