

# Camino Royale

## Steve Hackett

Walking along the Camino Royale  
The Mississippi sighs  
Soft in the night when the wind starts to rise  
And I'm lifted high around the corner  
So I spin  
Fast as a ride at the fair  
Like a snake that flies through the air  
When I cry enough I'm fired from a gun  
And thrown through the doorsOnly the fool learns to get through  
Only the fool learns to get throughAhead I see candles floating in pails  
Each placed upon a chair  
Into a tent where they turn round the bend  
Through a kitchen leading to a staircase  
Now I stop  
Seems that I've been led astray  
There are no new answers today  
This road is blocked  
Only the fool learns to get throughOnly the fool learns to get through  
Only the fool learns to get through

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