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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