

# Caravan of Fools

John Prine

The dark and distant drumming  
The pounding of the hooves  
The silence of everything that moves  
Late at night you'll see them  
Decked out in shiny jewels  
The coming of the caravan of fools Like the wings of a dove  
The waiter's white glove  
Seems to shimmer by the light of the pool  
Some dull, blinding winner  
When you can't stand to lose  
You're running with the caravan of fools  
The caravan of fools, caravan of fools  
You're running with the caravan of fools  
Love and devotion  
Deep as any ocean  
Don't play by anybody's rules  
With your carousel of horses  
And your unforeseen forces  
You're running with the caravan of fools Caravan of fools, caravan of fools  
You're running with the caravan of fools

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>