

## Passenger

### "Caravan"

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Pour the petrol can, around this caravan  
And watch the flames take all you own  
There's a girl that understands  
Like the back of her two hands  
And she's all you need to know

'Cause you search for years  
But you lose everything you find  
There's braille for the deaf  
And a signpost for the blind  
There's heaven for the cruel  
But the devil waits for the kind

And you follow the blackbird home  
Through the early winter snow  
Your footprints track you through the grass  
And you ache just to smell her clothes  
And her cooking down on the stove  
You see her face in everyone you pass

'Cause you search for years  
But you lose everything you find  
There's braille for the deaf  
And a signpost for the blind  
There's heaven for the cruel  
But the devil waits for the kind

And you walk down to her window  
And press your face against the glass  
Only to find that she is happy in his arms

'Cause you search for years  
But you lose everything you find  
There's braille for the deaf  
And a signpost for the blind  
There's heaven for the cruel  
But the devil waits for the kind

