

Stuart Davis

"Caravan"

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Travel hurts
I don't want to start
to make this trip
across my heart

I would just stay here
if You weren't living in my ear
whispering little cues
aiming me into You
You say

(refrain)

Mirages rule this land
so don't stop the caravan
when nymphs and pixies tug your hand
don't stop the caravan
when treasures rise out of the sand
don't stop the caravan
when tired voices make demands
don't stop the caravan

Wake me when
this desert tries
to conjure sights
that trick my eyes

Show me where to put my ear
so other voices disappear
grow in me until I'm in You

You say

(refrain)

I don't want to start
and make this trip across my heart
but every lifetime I have to start
to make this pilgrimage across my heart

Mirages rule this land

nymphs and pixies tug your hand
treasures rise out of the sound
tired voices make demands
on the caravan

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