

Caravan, Looking Left, Looking Right

If you don't know, back in the times
Gotta get used to your feelings
No, no, you can't knock all the time
Don't know then how you feel
Well I wanna see walk a wonder
Such talk will make for you only sorrow
You bet, I love you so
But I want on my way
And I can't stay till tomorrow

Gotta look on the left, look on the right
Gotta believe that there's something
I don't know much, but I love you still
That I do

In through the back, out through the head
Take all the time that you find there
Sit right down on a belliful packet for two

Break down the line, shake off the head
Put down a sunny time feeling
Ask how and decided you're dead
Welcome back ----- real
Thank God you offer time for coming
After all no one knows till tomorrow
Turn off your magic -----
Go on for fun, pick up a gun till tomorrow