

Steve Hackett, Camino Royale

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 doors

Only the fool learns to get through

Ahead 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 through