

# Vienna Teng, Blue Caravan

Blue blue caravan, winding down to the valley of lights  
My true love is a man who would hold me for ten thousand nights  
In the wild wild wailing of wind, he's a house 'neath a soft yellow moon  
So blue blue caravan, won't you carry me down to him soon

Blue blue caravan, won't you drive away all of these tears  
For my true love is a man that I haven't seen in years  
He said, "Go where you have to, for I belong to you until my dying day."  
So like a fool, blue caravan, I believed him and I walked away

Oh my blue blue caravan, oh the highway is my great wall  
For my true love is a man who never existed at all  
Oh he was a beautiful fiction I invented to keep out the cold  
But now, my blue blue caravan, I can feel my heart growing old  
Oh my blue blue caravan, I can feel my heart growing old