

## Crossroad Caravan

Corey Hart

Six years old  
And the summer was cold and  
Once again we were movin' on  
My old man  
Well he don't understand  
Can't you see she cries again  
You gave us shelter  
Your arms could melt her  
You gave us all  
A good, good life  
She woke up one night  
With the world on her shoulders  
May sound funny  
But I think she felt free  
Here we go  
The wind blows  
Crossroad caravan  
No 'o  
On a caravan  
'O no.