

Race Among the Ruins

Gordon Lightfoot

You think you had the last laugh
Now you know this can't be true
Even though the sun shines down upon you now
Sometimes you must feel blue
You make the best of each new day
You try not to be sad
Even though the sky falls down upon you
Call it midnight feelin' bad

When you wake up to the promise
Of your dream world comin' true
With one less friend to call on
Was it someone that I knew
Away you will go sailin'
In a race among the ruins
If you plan to face tomorrow
Do it soon

The road to love is littered
By the bones of other ones
Who by the magic of the moment
Were mysteriously undone
You try to understand it
But you never seem to find
Any kind of freedom comin' clean
Is just another state of mind

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So take the best of all that's left
You know this cannot last
Even though your mother was your maker
From her apron strings you pass
Just think about the fool
Who by his virtue can be found
In a most unusual situation
Playin' jester to the clown

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