

# 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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