

River of Fools

Los Lobos

Memories of a lonely past
A boat set into the wind
Drifting lost in waters of doubt
On a journey that has no end

Torn and faded photographs
A chestful of old goodbyes
Tear streaked faces by the light of the moon
Here on a river of fools
Here on a river of fools

A trio of angels holding candles of light
Guide the ship to an unknown shore
Sad soul riders with arms drawn tight
As they stopped for just one more

Fingers pointed to a star in the sky
A message from someone they can't see
Tear streaked faces by the light of the moon
Here on a river of fools
Here on a river of fools

Traveling along a cloudy path
With a wing, a heart, and a prayer
Pieces fall from the heavens above
To a place they know not where

A string of beads in trembling hands
Heading close to the judgment day
Tear streaked faces by the light of the moon
Here on a river of fools
Here on a river of fools