

Caravan, A Very Smelly, Grubby Little Oik / Bobb

Though only five-foot four, you could see he was the man among men
Kickin' me to the floor and his eyes would only water
Thankin'; one once again you could hear him saying in that order now
Ease him while you can, start pickin'; what you oughta

Some say he's a little crazy
'Bad Smell' is passing by
Maybe he's living in a haze
But you should see that boy fly

Standing not far away, you could see him with a finger up his nose
Can't bring myself to say what he's doing with the other
Twice in the afternoon he would come out with his head up in a cloud
Selling hot-air balloons to the people who could bother

His smile would send you senses reeling
From your toe jump to your head
And his breath would guarantee your soul
That you would rather be dead

Though he may seem a little crazy
Distasteful to your eye
He may be living in a haze
But you should see that boy fly

Some said he's a little crazy
'Bad Smell' is passing by
He'll change the expression on your face
When you just see that boy fly...

For you I would change the day
Wrap it up and take it all away
Give the night to the morning
Let it ride on into the sky

You know you just came to see
Not what was right, but what was wrong with me
And I got strength from your feeling
When you smiled you'd pass me on by

Come on back, come on back
Lord knows I got a lack
Only when you come, you know that we'll be one
So come... back

With you, all the world would be
So small that you could hardly see
The amount of confusion
Leading all who'll pass life on by

Some time when you're feeling low
We can take the time to get up and go
From this world to another
By balloon I'll take you there, so...

Come on back, come on back
Lord knows I got a lack
Only when you come, you know that we'll be one
So come... back