

The King of Araby is coming home  
It's bumper touching bumper on the motorway  
The sun is in the sky just now  
But the road is grey  
They drive in Winnebagos from the Everglades  
Pulled over by the troopers in the mirror shades  
The Caravan is sorry  
The driver has a twenty and change

And we're leaving all the road for dead  
We're getting tired of the twists and turns  
You gotta go when human nature calls  
We're driving, we're driving  
Through the valley of malls

And God forgive the passengers if we should fail  
To find a penny fountain of a half-off sale  
I need a merchant  
I've just started searching for the Holy Grail  
Fighting for the freedom from a common bond  
To be a barracuda in the guppy pond  
So little time for so many things to try on

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