

Infinity gives me chills  
So could the waters of Iceland  
But there's a difference in finding diamonds in rust  
And rhinestones in a dishpan  
Miracles bowl me over  
And often will they do so  
Now I think I was asleep till I heard  
The voice of the great Caruso

Bring infinity home  
Let me embrace it one more time  
Make it the lilies of the field  
Or Caruso in his prime

A friend of mine gave me a tape  
She'd copied from a record disc  
It was made at the turn of the century  
And found in a jacket labeled "misc."  
And midst cellos, harps, and flugelhorns  
With the precision of a hummingbird's heart  
Was the lord of the monarch butterflies  
One-time ruler of the world of art

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Yes, the king of them all was Enrico  
Whose singular chest could rival  
A hundred fervent Baptists  
Giving forth in a tent revival  
True he was a vocal miracle  
But that's only secondary  
It's the sould of the monarch butterfly  
That I find a little bit scary

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Perhaps he's just a vehicle  
To bear us to the hills of Truth  
That's Truth spelled with a great big T  
And peddled in the mystic's booth  
There are oh so many miracles  
That the western sky exposes  
Why go looking for lilacs  
When you're lying in a bed of roses?

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