

Carole King

"Friday's Tie-Dye Nightmare"

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In Friday's tie-dye nightmare
I was trying to get from here to there
Walking to, passing through people everywhere
I got on at my station, running through the fire
Looking for an elevation that would get me a little
higher

News of people dying, someone lying on the stair
Crying for the nation, can we offer up a prayer
There'll be a coronation, a fancy dress affair
We'll be lined up in formation, but we won't be going
anywhere

Down the hellhole, trying to make my way
I couldn't get where I wanted, due to an unforeseen
delay
The man was apologetic as he turned his head to say
Sorry, kid, you're not gonna make it home today
Hey mister, why'd you take my ticket away
Even more to the point, how come I let you
I could blame it all on you, or make up my mind to stay
I wish I knew a way I could forget you

I didn't read the fine print, y'gotta be on the ball
Some days I'm less confident, up against a wall
I wonder where my mind went, I should have made the
call
I like to think I'm innocent, but then, don't we all

I got to the next location, hoping for the best
But another situation put me to the test
A man in black pants, a white shirt, and a red vest
Had fallen on the track and no one even got depressed
Or even guessed he wasn't putting on an act
Someone said he'd drunk too much
'Cause he was lying on his back
It was also duly noted that he happened to be black
There was a serious lack of anything right at all here
What's the difference--I didn't stop
The very least I could have done was call a cop
But I passed the news vendor, pursuing my agenda
And I like everyone else, I dropped the ball here

Still trying to get home, I saw a telephone
And put some coins I had found
They were supposed to work, they did for the man
beside me
But when I dropped them in, they wouldn't go down

What is going on here
Will I ever know the truth
How do to deal with the time stealing away your
daddy's youth
Story after story of disaster barely missed
You see, common miracles somehow do exist
And anyone can be kissed by lady fortune

So I gathered up my skirt and tucked my wallet in
Grabbed my bag and the sling I carried my girl child in
Funny she didn't cry, she wasn't scared at all
She could see a happy outcome in the patterns on the
wall

And y'know
The next train was the right one, but not for the vested
man
I try, but there's too many things I'll never understand
Y'gotta keep on going knowing someone's got a plan
For Friday's tie-dye nightmare and Monday's promised
land
And there it is

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