

Carole King

"Paradise Alley"

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The salesman came this mornin'
Salvation door-to-door
He offered me the property
Oh, who could ask for more

Show me around the pastures of plenty
Deliver me from the rivers of none
I'm about to be drowned
And my cup is so empty
Just let me know when my time is come

The mail was late arrivin'
The bills were all for me
It's not that I mind owing up
It's just the C.O.D.

Take me on down to the pastures of plenty
Deliver me from the rivers of none
I'm about to be drowned
And my cup is so empty
Just let me know when my time is come

The sun is setting slowly
Descending to the west
I'm prepared if the end is near
But which descent is best
Oh, which descent is best

Show me around the pastures of plenty
Deliver me from the rivers of none
I'm about to be drowned
And my cup is so empty
Just let me know when my time is come

Show me around the pastures of plenty
Deliver me from the rivers of none
I'm about to be drowned
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