

## Carole King "Tapestry"

Visit "[Tapestry](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue  
An everlasting vision of the ever changing view  
A wondrous woven magic in bits of blue and gold  
A tapestry to feel and see, impossible to hold

Once amid the soft silver sadness in the sky  
There came a man of fortune, a drifter passing by  
He wore a torn and tattered cloth around his leathered  
hide  
And a coat of many colors, yellow-green on either side

He moved with some uncertainty, as if he didn't know  
Just what he was there for, or where he ought to go

Once he reached for something golden hanging from a  
tree  
And his hand came down empty

Soon within my tapestry along the rutted road  
He sat down on a river rock and turned into a toad  
It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked  
spell  
And I wept to see him suffer, though I didn't know him  
well

As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly appeared  
A figure gray and ghostly beneath a flowing beard  
In times of deepest darkness, I've seen him dressed in  
black  
Now my tapestry's unraveling, he's come to take me  
back  
He's come to take me back

Visit [Carole King](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.