

## **Carole King**

# **"Venusian Diamond"**

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On the thirty-first day of the summer moon  
In the marketplace  
Somebody touched my hand and said  
I was a woman of taste  
Then with a flutter of wings  
Amid the clutter of things  
I saw the Venusian Diamond through a sea of grace

It said, 'Lay all of your money down  
And I will be your own  
Do it if you can  
If you don't, you better leave it alone'  
Then there appeared a serpent hanging  
Like a thunder rope  
He said, 'Pull me'--I did  
And fell into the wrong end of a telescope  
So I began to run  
I knew not to where I'd come  
I could hear the Venusian Diamond and it  
Gave me hope  
It said, 'Shatter all your images  
And I will be your own  
Do it if you can  
If you don't, you better leave it alone'  
Selves  
Selfish  
Selfless  
Self

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