

Carol King "Tapestry"

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My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hues.
An ever lasting vision of the ever changing views.
A wondrous world of 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, just 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 cam down empty.
Soon within my tapestry along the rutted road
He sat down on a river rock and he turned into a toad
It seems as if he'd fallen into someones mystic spell
And I wept to see him suffer tho I did not know him well
As I watched in sorrow there suddenly appeared
a figure grey and ghostly beneath the 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

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