

Byrds, The

"Wasn't Born To Follow"

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Oh I'd rather go and journey where the diamond crest
is flowing and
Run across the valley beneath the sacred mountain and
Wander through the forest
Where the trees have leaves of prisms and break the
light in colors
That no one knows the names of

And when it's time I'll go and wait beside a legendary
fountain
Till I see your form reflected in it's clear and jewelled
waters
And if you think I'm ready
You may lead me to the chasm where the rivers of our
vision
Flow into one another

I will want to die beneath the white cascading waters
She may beg, she may plead, she may argue with her
logic
And then she'll know the things I learned
That really have no value in the end she will surely
know
I wasn't born to follow

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