

Carole King, Passing Of The Days

May you travel bright and cheery
The many roads ahead you'll have to blaze
Gonna be hard times to make you weary
It's a part of the passing of the days

With all the people in the middle
Selling things that self-destruct and make us bleed
One day it's all gonna fall down
Then you'll find out you're all you really need
May you wander through the changes
With the warmth of the sun behind the haze
When your lifestyle quickly re-arranges
May you follow the passing of the days
We trade our money for magic words
Like Dumbo flying high in the nightly show
You think you can't fly without them
But someday when it happens you will know

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May you follow the passing of the days