

Carole King, Ambrosia

In the fields of sweet ambrosia
I've been told
You can sit down by the river
And watch yourself unfold
You can drink right from the river
And purify your soul

Oh ambrosia, pour it sweet and slow
I need to be replenished
I need to overflow
Let my senses know your power

Let your holy mix distill
Oh ambrosia
Let my spirit drink its fill

Oh, I've been like those people
Who need pain to feel alive
But now I'm kind of like a child
Who's been slowly reconciled
To waiting on the wisdom that
He knows will soon arrive

In the hills above ambrosia I have seen
A lovely place of mystery with
Meadows emerald green
And the colors of ambrosia
Are as real as any dream
Just as real as any dream

Oh ambrosia, pour it sweet and slow
I need to be replenished
I need to overflow
Let my senses know your power
Let your holy mix distill
Oh ambrosia
Let my spirit drink its fill