

# Carole King, Friday's Tie-Dye Nightmare

In Friday's tie-dye nightmare  
I was trying to get from here to there  
Walking to, passing through people everywhere  
I got on at my station, running through the fire  
Looking for an elevation that would get me a little higher

News of people dying, someone lying on the stair  
Crying for the nation, can we offer up a prayer  
There'll be a coronation, a fancy dress affair  
We'll be lined up in formation, but we won't be going anywhere

Down the hellhole, trying to make my way  
I couldn't get where I wanted, due to an unforeseen delay  
The man was apologetic as he turned his head to say  
Sorry, kid, you're not gonna make it home today  
Hey mister, why'd you take my ticket away  
Even more to the point, how come I let you  
I could blame it all on you, or make up my mind to stay  
I wish I knew a way I could forget you

I didn't read the fine print, y'gotta be on the ball  
Some days I'm less confident, up against a wall  
I wonder where my mind went, I should have made the call  
I like to think I'm innocent, but then, don't we all

I got to the next location, hoping for the best  
But another situation put me to the test  
A man in black pants, a white shirt, and a red vest  
Had fallen on the track and no one even got depressed  
Or even guessed he wasn't putting on an act  
Someone said he'd drunk too much  
'Cause he was lying on his back  
It was also duly noted that he happened to be black  
There was a serious lack of anything right at all here

What's the difference - I didn't stop  
The very least I could have done was call a cop  
But I passed the news vendor, pursuing my agenda  
And I like everyone else, I dropped the ball here

Still trying to get home, I saw a telephone  
And put some coins I had found  
They were supposed to work, they did for the man beside me  
But when I dropped them in, they wouldn't go down

What is going on here  
Will I ever know the truth  
How do to deal with the time stealing away your daddy's youth  
Story after story of disaster barely missed  
You see, common miracles somehow do exist  
And anyone can be kissed by lady fortune

So I gathered up my skirt and tucked my wallet in  
Grabbed my bag and the sling I carried my girl child in  
Funny she didn't cry, she wasn't scared at all  
She could see a happy outcome in the patterns on the wall

And y'know  
The next train was the right one, but not for the vested man  
I try, but there's too many things I'll never understand  
Y'gotta keep on going knowing someone's got a plan  
For Friday's tie-dye nightmare and Monday's promised land  
And there it is