

# Carole King, Tapestry

My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue  
An everlasting vision of the ever-changing view  
A wondrous, woven 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, 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 came down empty

Soon within my tapestry along the rutted road  
He sat down on a river rock and turned into a toad  
It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked spell  
And I wept to see him suffer, though I didn't know him well

As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly appeared  
A figure gray and ghostly beneath a 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  
He's come to take me back