

Carole King, Wasn't Born To Follow

Oh, I'd rather go and journey where the
Diamond crescent's flowing
And run across the valley
Beneath the sacred mountain
And wander through the forest
Where the trees have leaves of prisms
That break the light up into colors
That no one knows the names of

And when it's time I'll go and wait
Beside the legendary fountain
Till I see your form reflected
In its clear and jeweled waters
And if you think I'm ready
You may lead me to the chasm
Where the rivers of our visions
Flow into one another

And I'll stay awhile and wonder
At the mist that they've created
And lose myself within it
Cleanse my mind and body
And I know at that moment
As I stand in that cathedral
I will want to dive
Beneath the white cascading water

She may beg and she may plead
And she may argue with your logic
Mention all the things I'll lose
That really have no value
Though I doubt that she will ever
Come to understand my meaning
In the end she'll surely know
I wasn't born to follow