

# Nana Mouskouri, Tapestry

My life has been a tapestry  
Of rich and royal hue  
An ever lasting 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 and 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 upon on a river rock and turned into a toad  
It seem 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, then suddenly appeared  
A figure grey and ghostly beneath a flowing beard  
In time of deepest darkness  
I've seen him dressed in black  
Now my tapestry's unravelling;  
He's come to take me back ( 3 times)