

# The Byrds, Wasn't Born To Follow

Written by Carol King and Gerry Goffin

Oh I'd rather go and journey  
Where the diamond crescent's glowing and  
Run across the valley  
Beneath the sacred mountain  
And Wander through the forest  
Where the trees have leaves of prisms  
And break the light in colors  
That no-one knows the names of  
And when it's time I'll go and wait  
Beside a legendary fountain  
Till I see your form reflected  
In it's clear and jeweled waters  
And if you think I'm ready  
You may lead me to the chasm  
Where the rivers of our vision  
Flow into one another  
I will watch her dive beneath  
The white cascading waters  
She may beg she may plead  
She may argue with her logic  
And then mention all the things I'll lose  
That really have no value  
In the end she will surely know  
I wasn't born to follow