

Tapestry

Carole King

My life has been a tapestry
Of rich and royal hue;
An everlasting vision
Of the ever-changing view;
A wond'rous 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 emp-ty. 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.

