

Ambrosia

Carole King

In the fields of sweet Ambrosia I've been told
You can sit down by the river and watch yourself unfold
You can drink right from the river
And purify your soul Oh, Ambrosia, pour it sweet and slow
I need to be replenished, I need to overflow
Let my senses know your power, let your holy mix distill
Oh, Ambrosia, let my spirit drink it's fill Oh, I've been like those people who need pain to feel alive
But now I'm kind of like a child who's been slowly reconciled
To waiting on the wisdom that he knows will soon arrive In the hills above Ambrosia I have seen
A lovely place of mystery with meadows emerald green
And the colors of Ambrosia are as real as any dream
Just as real as any dream Oh, Ambrosia, pour it sweet and slow
I need to be replenished, I need to overflow
Let my senses know your power, let your holy mix distill
Oh, Ambrosia, oh Ambrosia, oh Ambrosia, let my spirit drink its fill

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