

Wasn't Born To Follow

Carole King

No 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
That break the sight up into colors
That no one know the names of

And when it's time I'll go and lay
Beside the legendary fountain
Till I see her form reflected
In its clear and gentle 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 created
And lose myself within it
Cleanse my mind and body
And I know at this 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 her 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 was not born to follow

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