

Nana Mouskouri, Tapestry

My life has been a tapestry
Of rich and royal hue
An ever lasting vision
Of the ever-changing view
A wonderous 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 din'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)