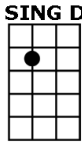
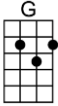
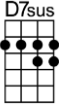
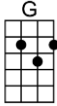
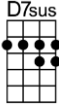


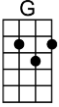
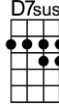
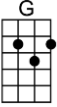
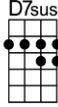
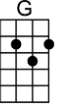
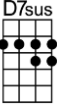
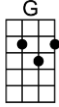
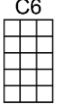
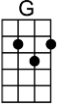
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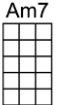
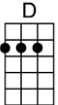

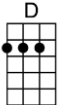
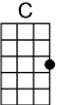
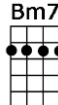


TAPESTRY - Carole King

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro: |  |  |  |  | (X2)

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue, an everlasting vision of the ever-changing view

 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

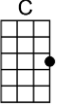
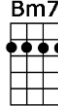
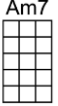
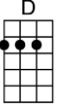
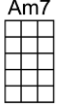
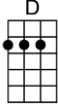
A wondrous, woven magic in bits of blue and gold, a tapestry to feel and see, im-possible to hold

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

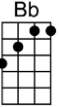
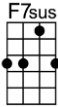
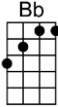
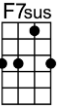
Once amid the soft silver sadness in the sky, there came a man of fortune, a drifter passing by

 |  |  | 

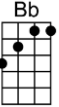
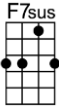
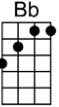
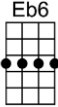
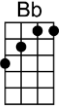
He wore a torn and tattered cloth a-round his leathered hide

 |  |  |  |  | 

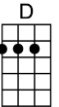
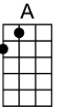
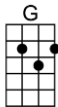
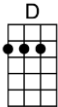

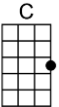
And a coat of many colors, yellow-green on either side

 |  |  | 

He moved with some un-certainty, as if he didn't know

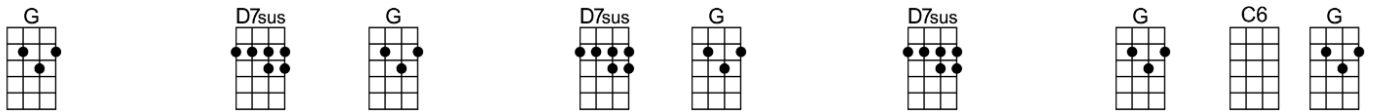
 |  |  |  | 

Just what he was there for, or where he ought to go

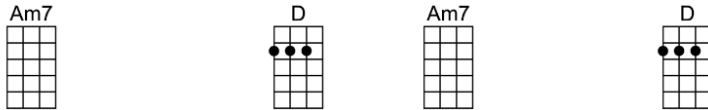
 |  |  |  |  | 

Once he reached for something golden, hanging from a tree, and his hand came down emp-ty

p.2. Tapestry



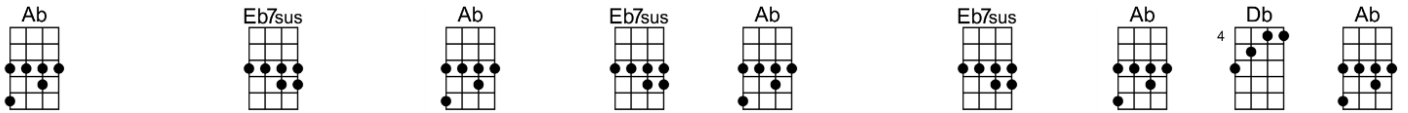
Soon within my tapestry a-long the rutted road, he sat down on a river rock and turned in-to a toad



It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked spell



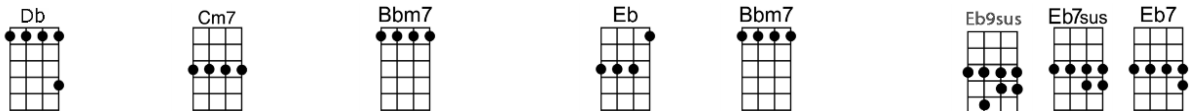
And I wept to see him suffer, though I didn't know him well



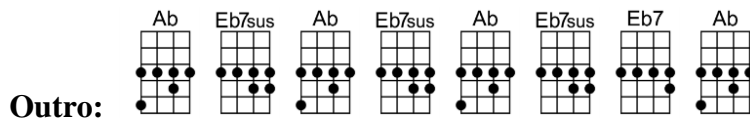
As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly ap-peared a figure, gray and ghostly, be-neath a flowing beard



In times of deepest darkness, I've seen him dressed in black



Now my tapestry's un-raveling, he's come to take me back he's come to take me back,



TAPESTRY -Carole King

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro: | G D7sus | G D7sus | (X2)

G D7sus G D7sus
My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue

G D7sus G C6 G
An everlasting vision of the ever-changing view

Am7 D Am7 D
A wondrous, woven magic in bits of blue and gold

C Bm7 Am7 D
A tapestry to feel and see, im-possible to hold

G D7sus G D7sus
Once amid the soft silver sadness in the sky

G D7sus G C6 G
There came a man of fortune, a drifter passing by

Am7 D Am7 D
He wore a torn and tattered cloth a-round his leathered hide

C Bm7 Am7 D Am7 D
And a coat of many colors, yellow-green on either side

Bb F7sus Bb F7sus
He moved with some un-certainty, as if he didn't know

Bb F7sus Bb Eb6 Bb
Just what he was there for, or where he ought to go

D A G D
Once he reached for something golden, hanging from a tree

GMA7 C
And his hand came down emp-ty

G D7sus G D7sus
Soon within my tapestry a-long the rutted road

G D7sus G C6 G
He sat down on a river rock and turned in-to a toad

Am7 D Am7 D
It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked spell

C Bm7 Am7 D
And I wept to see him suffer, though I didn't know him well

Ab Eb7sus Ab Eb7sus
As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly ap-peared

Ab Eb7sus Ab Db Ab
A figure, gray and ghostly, be-neath a flowing beard

Bbm7 Eb Bbm7 Eb
In times of deepest darkness, I've seen him dressed in black

Db Cm7 Bbm7 Eb
Now my tapestry's un-raveling, he's come to take me back

Bbm7 Eb9sus Eb7sus Eb7
He's come to take me back

Outro: Ab Eb7sus Ab Eb7sus Ab Eb7sus Eb7 Ab