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, 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 empty
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 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,

Outro:
TAPESTRY - Carole King

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          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