

# 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 its 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  
Let my spirit drink its fill