

Wasn't Born To Follow

Dusty Springfield

Though I'd rather go and journey
Where the diamond crescents, glowing
Run across the valleys
Beneath the sacred mountain

And wander through the forest
Where the trees of leaves are prisms
That break the light of day into colors
No one knows the names of

And when it's time
I go and wait beside
A legendary fountain
'Til I see your form reflected
In its clear and jeweled water

And if you think I'm ready
You may lead me to the chasm
Where the rivers of our vision
Flow into one another

And I'll stay awhile and wonder at
The myths that they've created
And lose myself within it
Cleanse my mind and body

And I know at the moment
As I stand in that cathedral
I will want to dive in
The white cascading water, water, water

He may beg and he may plead
And he may argue with his logic
He can mention all the things I'll lose
That really have no value

Though I doubt that he will ever come
To understand my meaning
In the end he'll surely know
I was not born to follow

I was not born to follow
I wasn't born to follow, no, no
I wasn't born to follow

I wasn't born to follow, no, no
I wasn't born to follow