

# Wasn't Born to Follow

The Monkees

Oh, I'd rather go and journey  
Where the diamond crescent's flowing  
And run across the valley  
Beneath the sacred mountain  
And wander through the forest  
Where the trees have leaves of prisms  
That break the light up into colors  
That no one knows the names of

And when it's time, I'll go and wait  
Beside the legendary fountain  
'Til I see your form reflected  
In its clear and jeweled waters  
And if you think I'm ready  
You may lead me to the chasm  
Where the rivers of our visions  
Flow into one another

And I'll stay a while and wonder  
At the mist that they've created  
And lose myself within it  
Mends my mind and body  
And I know at that moment  
As I stand in that cathedral  
I will want to die beneath  
The white cascading water

She may beg and she may plead  
And she may argue with your logic  
And mention all the things I'll lose  
That really have no value  
Though I doubt that she will ever  
Come to understand my meaning  
In the end, she'll surely know  
I was not born to follow