

# 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