Tzion

Shakhan

Yes a man is born into trouble it comes like the day turns to night
the sun turns to ran and a man is born into trouble like a jew in germany like a slave in chains.
And the wind is so heavy and the earth raise to meet.
Within this body of clay a heart of gold does beat.ChorusAnd with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my face
join me and run to the higher place.Yes a man is born into trouble comes like the heat to the desert like the pain to the cut and a man is born into trouble like a woman says love like a woman turns away.
And we live on the border yer the border of night and day within this body of clay with sorrow and so much pain sorrow and so much pain.ChorusAnd with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my face
join me and run to the higher place.Yes a man is born into trouble comes like the child hurt in play and like lovers in what they say.
And a man is born into trouble like a church in Russia and like a power play.
And yes run the good race fight the good fight within this body of clay and that's all I want to say
all I want to say.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/