

# Born in Your Town

## Incredible String Band

Born in your town on this young morning  
oh certainly I have good luck coming  
sadly sadly have I mourned making heavy my burden  
such toils to entwine me  
no more to endure them A lover is to me she is my companion  
six strings at my hand to the morning I tuned them  
oh warm room I have and a warm place for sleeping  
black coffee to waken me  
no more to be dreaming The wings of the albatross long since I saw him  
the hair of the goats as they walk to the island  
in the hands of the watchers a page is turned over  
and the echoes flow on rippling on  
on the face of the river What would I wish for if wishing were having  
in the streets of your town I see nothing worth stealing  
for autumn speaks leaves to the lost deeps forever  
and the clouds echo on echoing on  
on the face of the river

Lyrics provided by

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