

# Age Old Need

## China Crisis

A pillow to rest my weary head  
The end of a working day  
The door to the dream left open  
I won't be turned away A winter coat for a wind so cold  
The age of age old need  
A town to live and call my own  
A way and a will to succeed Yes, I am lucky, yes, I am lucky  
I'm a lucky man indeed  
A town to live and call my own  
A way and a will to succeed I may search for happiness  
And not know what it takes  
And still be here a thousand years  
And make the same mistakes

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