

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 awayA 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 succeedYes, 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 succeedI 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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