

You Were Born to Be In Battle

Old 97's

It's the spring of your time
And the time has come
The open road will seize you
Won't you roll to a stop
Won't you gaze at the drop
And the awful miles before you? Take care where you step
Don't you know that it's death
And life and love you straddle
Stay right if you can
Oh, you poor old man
You were born to be in battle In the summer you'll find
That you rolled us aside
A tangled man-made thicket
Take care you don't lean
Dip your toe in the stream
That sweeps away the river Survey all you see
'Cause there's still time to leave
The prior hand of ramble
Stay right if you can
Oh, you poor old man
You were born to be in battle In the fall of your time
You're astounded to find
So much is now behind you
With kids of your own
You'll be scared 'fore you know
Just what the dark can hand you Tell them what I told you
In days of your youth
What's well within the travel
Stay right if you can
Oh, you poor old man
You were born to be in battle In the winter of life
You'll be asked for your life
Lay down, all forts surrender
And all that is you
That is precious and true
Is the awful price you'll tender And I will look on
But I long for you, son
Don't tarry and don't amble
Stay right if you can

Oh, you poor old man You were born to be in battle

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