

## **Incrave**

### **"Born In Your Town"**

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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

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