

Lord Landless "Coldwater Spring"

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My time's growing old as I lose year by year,
a stale taste is clinging to friends, love and beer.
I feel my life dwindling, days running away,
I may yet be young, but I'm turning to grey.

I will but find comfort within a sweet dream
where down by a willow's roots springs a clear stream.
The waters run silvern, like moonlight so free,
and as they flow on, they start singing to me:

There runs a clear streamlet with water so cold
and those who will drink it will grow twice as old.

This place to discover, my soul I would give:
No money will grant you with more time to live.
But then as I get there, the spring's turned to ice,
and it's deep in my heart that a singing will rise:

There runs a clear streamlet with water so cold
and those who will drink it will grow twice as old.

Â»Pray how can I melt you, for all heavens' sake?Â«
Â»O give me your fire, my sleep it will wake.
O give me your youth, so I'll prosper and thrive.
O I'll give you power - come give me your life.

Then runs a clear streamlet with water so cold,
and if you will drink it, you'll grow twice as old.Â«

Thus whispers the water, like kisses so sweet,
thus whistles the ice way way down neath my feet.
And I give what I have till I've melted it down,
till to crystal cold water the ice it is flown.

There runs a clear streamlet with water so cold
and those who will drink it will grow twice as old.

With lips that are shaking, all strength drained away
I drink of the water as much as I may.
Then I gaze down the water, t'is the last thing I can
and I spy my reflection - I spy an old man.

There runs a clear streamlet with water so cold
and I who did drink have grown twice as old.

Then grateful the water will grow grow and grow
and leave me behind full of sorrow and woe.
Now I'm all alone, all my hopes were in vain:
For aging brings wisdom, but age will bring pain.

There runs a clear streamlet with water so cold
and those who will drink it will be twice as old.

Now fed by those fools as I always will be,
a river is running, and running so free,
to drink of your youth and your heart and your life,
till all the world dies but the waters survive.

There runs a broad stream, one that nothing will old,
and where it is flowing, the world will grow cold.
There runs a broad stream, one that no one can hold,
and where it is going, the world will grow old ...

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