

Shakhan "Tzion"

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Yes a man is born into trouble it comes like the day
turns to night
the sun turns to ran and a man is born into trouble like
a jew in germany like a slave in chains.
And the wind is so heavy and the earth raise to meet.
Within this body of clay a heart of gold does beat.

Chorus

And with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my
face
join me and run to the higher place.

Yes a man is born into trouble comes like the heat to
the desert like the pain to the cut and a man is born
into trouble like a woman says love like a woman turns
away.
And we live on the border yer the border of night and
day within this body of clay with sorrow and so much
pain sorrow and so much pain.

Chorus

And with the wind in my hair and with the sun on my
face
join me and run to the higher place.

Yes a man is born into trouble comes like the child hurt
in play and like lovers in what they say.
And a man is born into trouble like a church in Russia
and like a power play.
And yes run the good race fight the good fight within
this body of clay and that's all I want to say
all I want to say.

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