

The Incredible String Band, Born In Your Town

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