

The Golden Crane

When I was young the hills were high.
In these old castle bats was fly.
I climbed the wall by night and moon.
White woman whisper: „I come soon“.

When I was young, played rock'n'roll.
Hot blood in venes, played blues and soul.
Cried out the feelings, shiver on skin.
Sweet girl was whispered: „I am the sin“.

There's a small town between the hills.
By the river is turn a mill.
Two castles high up give a thrill
The soules of ghosts there never chill.

Now I am old, but not really wise.
The sun is setting in fool's paradies.
The small old town, with the golden crane,
deep in my heart, I feel ever the same.

There's a small town between the hills.
By the river is turn a mill.
Two castles high up give a thrill.
The soules of ghosts there never chill.