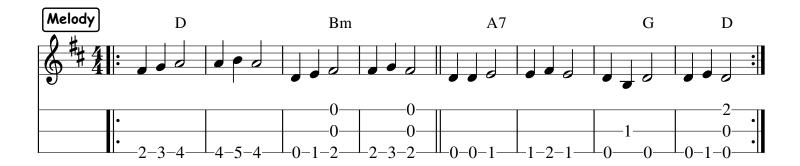
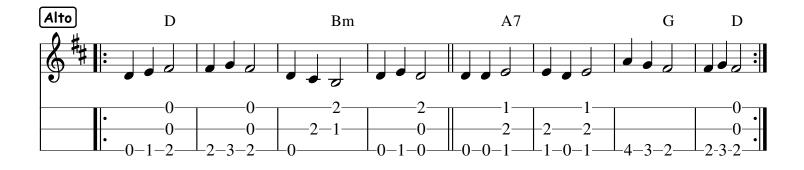
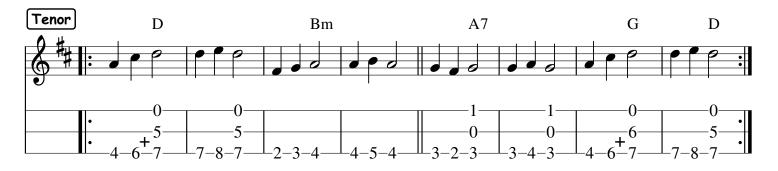
Aragon Mill







 At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill; There's a chimney so tall, that says Aragon Mill.

> Chorus: And the only tune I hear, is the sound of the wind; As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

- (2) But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack; For the mill has pulled out, and it ain't coming back.
- (3) Now I'm too old to work, and I'm too young to die; And there's no place to go for my old gal and I.
- (4) There's no children at all in the narrow empty streets; No the looms have all gone, it's so quiet I can't sleep.
- (5) Now the mill has closed down; it's the only life I know; Tell me where will I go; tell me where will I go.

Si Kahn