

Small Price To Be Free

Colin Hay

Here I go I'm cooking on the run
The water's boiling over
Here I go I'm rising with the sun
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Here I go I fade into the crowd
Full of sons and lovers
I catch no eyes no that is not allowed
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I can remember a time and a place
Nineteen hundred and sixty three
I was so young, all I wanted was fun
The world it was smiling back at me
This was not long to be

That steam engine train carries my shame
And in my dreamtime, I smell the rain

Here I go I'm sleeping at the wheel
Blue men pull me over
I tip my hat to my own nerves of steal
They send me on my way

Here I go I'm in a stranger's land
The sun is always shining
Sometimes things don't go as I had planned
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I know that I am not long for this world
The reaper came calling for me
I just pretended that no one was home
There still some things I have to see
Before I feel free

To step on that train, feeling no pain
And in my dreaming, I still smell the rain

Can I hear some knockin' at my door
Now don't say it's all over
Can I pay for just a little more

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