

First Flash of Freedom

Tom Petty

On our first flash of freedom,
I called out your name.
Love it is hard,
Like an overdue train.
We felt so much more,
Than our hearts could explain.
On our first flash of freedom.

A fistful of glory; a suitcase of sin,
The rain which you dream in,
When you count to ten.
You go to the edge,
And you always give in.
On your first flash of freedom.

Down every canyon and mountain we fall,
We laugh at our shadows.
Tall on the wall.
Your brain is so full,
But you can't keep it all.
On your first flash of freedom.

Across ancient bridges,
Through a town with no name.
Across painted hills,
That no rich man came claim.
Run the wild mustangs,
That nothing can tame.
On your first flash of freedom.
On your first flash of freedom.