Just the other day, you walked into my life.

And now every time I see you look away, I feel a change.

My body starts to shift and shape,

The strings to my heart start to break, and everybody looks the same.

And I feel free, oh, I feel free. I feel free, cause you're not looking at me.

Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars. Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars.

Yeah, the lone busker with no coin in the hat to pay the rent. Music's the only thing that's making sense.

And he sits there all day, hoping you'll hear it.

With his eyes closed he opens his spirit.

He's focused and fearless once spoken his lyrics.

Like pain in the rain, you wouldn't notice a tear drip.

A simple story of a girl and guy,

So watch what happens when their worlds collide.

It was yesterday, I went walking alone.

Out of the corner of my eye there you were,

Staring deep into my soul. I feel different 'til three days ago,

Because now I see who's in control.

And I feel free, oh, I feel free.

I feel free, because you're looking at me.

The true artist is forever together,
Nothing can kill his dream.

Cause with or without her he'd still be free.

Strumming his heart strings, striking chords.

Every moment's a choice like sliding doors.

Here we roll from home, but love was here though.

And love's the stuff that adjusts the bureau.

It wouldn't be worth it without his mates.

He wouldn't have learned shit without mistakes.

And I feel free,
Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars.
Oh, I feel free.
Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars.
I feel free,
Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars.
Cause you're not looking at me.

Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars. Holding onto memories like rollercoaster handlebars.

Just the other day, you walked out of my life.