

Leather On My Shoes

Chris de Burgh

I've got leather on my shoes,
And I've got a dream to live,
There is nothing left to lose,
So I'm going,
I've got a suitcase here in my hand,
And I've got a hungry heart,
And I'm going to join the millions,
There before me, on the freedom road;

No-one's coming to my door,
And all my friends have gone,
There's no work here anymore,
It's deserted,
And though I know I hate to leave,
From this land that I love,
There's a new tomorrow waiting,
Yes it's shining on the freedom road,
On the freedom road;

Oh sometimes it's going to be lonely,
Sometimes it will be sad,
But I've got to keep on going,
Until I hold that promised land,
In the palm of my hand;

Nothing ventured, nothing gained or won,
Without a hard fight,
We would never reach the sun,
Without trying,
And when we're a million miles from home,
Out in the starry night,
We will see we're not alone,
In the heavens, out on freedom road,
Out on freedom road,

Out on freedom road... out on freedom road.