

## 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  
Small price to be free

Here I go I fade into the crowd  
Full of sons and lovers  
I catch no eyes no that is not allowed  
Small price to be free

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  
Small price to be free

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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