

I had it tough when I was just a little kid
It didn't matter what I thought
It didn't matter what I did
I feel ?? what I like right from the start
It didn't number on my head
It could never touch my heart
Cause I had just another imagination
Just not to keep the faith
Somehow I would think of what to do
When I get lost in the momentary weakness of the motion
Of the angels came around to help me through
Life puts that's changes
Windblow pass pages
All I see is I don't need this
High strung tyro walk
Ticking time of clock
Scratch my name and cut these chains

I'm free
Kicking out that prison I am free
Singing those words of wisdom let it be
Nobody gonna put the booze inside of me
Yeah, go, yeah yeah yeah yeah
And there were nothing I can do about it

Demonstrate and feel the best
I've done it all
I slamm the doors I jammed the locks
I baked the bricks I built the walls
No one can tell me back there
Why joy eluding me
Can't bubble to that misery
Lying deep down inside of me
Took that rage and out
Turn that page and out
Pack my tools we're back to school
Yeah
Now I pass my graduation
And now I hold my PHT
Crash ??

Time flies back in photographs
And papers scraps and songs
Here I stand in
Free tab takes me home
Yeah
Ayi yeah aha...