

Emily shrugs and drags her heels
As she takes the guided tour
It seemed like such an amazing deal
When she was looking at the brochure

Stuck on a bus with strangers
Wishing she could be at home
With me poor little Emily
How does it feel to be free?

Lyin' in bed, the pain in my head
From running around all day
Tryin' to find what was rightfully mine
But I ran out of things to say

Runnin' around with strangers
Wishing she could run away with me
Poor little Emily
How does it feel to be free?

From familiar fingertips
To a persecuted grip?
From the pan into the fire
Now a thread becomes a wire
Under which you must crawl
Through a ditch and over the wall

Emily works her fingers
Right down to her aching bones
While my aching head's got me stuck
In bed working on being alone

Working around the clock
Wishing she had worked it out with me
Poor little Emily
How does it feel to be free?
Poor little Emily
How does it feel to be free?
Poor little Emily
How does it feel to be free?