

Freedom

Fleetwood Mac

Dim and wavering on a wind blown night
Whose honor, whose anger, cold and quivering
As was the wind blown night
Into which she'd fallen, fallen

Freedom, well it's a thing that is fleeting
Freedom is standing next to you
Well, my intentions were clear
I was with him, everyone knew, poor little fool

Beautiful as you are with that high spirit
Morning star of evil hit me, cut me like a knife
Cool and collected, she became that with time
Totally rejected

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Freedom is standing next to you
Well, my intentions were clear
I was with him, everyone knew, poor little fool

It's all in the eyes, it's all in the way that you look
It's all in the way that you say very little
It's all in the way that you talk

Look at me with daggers
It won't do you any good
All the looks that you've used on me
Don't work now that you've fallen, fallen, fallen

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Don't work now that you've fallen, freedom

All the looks that you've used on me
Don't work now that you've fallen, freedom

Freedom, everyone knew
Poor little fool, poor little fool, poor little fool
Freedom, come with me, poor little fool, freedom