

# 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