

Free Hand

Gentle Giant

Rests where he's staying, nowhere he knows,
A place where nobody cares where he's straying or where he goes

.

To find no-one in particular, footloose, adventure still,
No thoughts for reasons, he does all he's doing
Has time to kill and still he's killing the time.

Sundowner, drifting from place to place,
Where all he needs is the shelter from seasons he was to face,
No bounds or duties are his, never seeking to find an end.
For life goes on being life, time and fortune he needs no
Friends and yet he's killing the time.

Where does he come from what did he do,
You know the answers are his hopes and promises nothing new
With no regrets he goes on doing nothing.
Himself alone, but still he finds all the time isn't wasted,
His life his own and yet he's killing the time.

And with no questions then he finds his way
Tomorrow's never dawn only today.
Content within his time just drifts away
He finds his way
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