

## Free

Jackopierce

In the morning she is waking  
With the gold dust in her hair  
She is beauty, oh slightly broken  
But I love her laying there

Spanish lady, treat her kindly  
Feel her warm tenderness  
Like Arkansas skies on the Fourth of July  
She is painted on the night

And I'm free, free  
Free, thank God I'm free

In the morning she is waking  
With the gold dust in her hair  
She is beauty, oh for just a token  
But I can't evade her morning stare

And I'm free, free  
Free, thank God I'm free

Won't you please walk down to edit time with me?  
And I'm free