

## She is Free

Jeff Buckley

Cold wind blow this waiting blood,  
Flow into my ashen arms.  
Ice stream prick my sleeping skin.  
She is like the so black time,  
Race on in and never go away.  
She's just like this wind.

Black Car, with your creaking wheel,  
Take away these thoughts of mine.

Once there was a crazy man  
Staring from his drunken eyes,  
Staring stony into her elbow's way  
Stared at me and tellin' me,  
'Stead of 'oh, poor lonely me,  
I claw the bed and I claw my hair.

Oh black car, with your creaking wheel,  
Take away these thoughts of mine.  
Pictures sing in rhythm with 'em.  
Dig the holes for me to sleep inside.

She is free,  
A shadow crossing the sky,  
Free from hope and this misery.  
She's beautiful, so beautiful away from me.  
She is free.  
She is free.

Instead of me is this creaking wheel,  
Take away these thoughts of mine  
Pictures sing in rhythm with 'em  
Dig the holes for me to sleep inside

Black car, with your creaking wheels  
Take away these thoughts of mine  
Catch us sing in rhythm with 'em.  
Dig both holes for me to sleep inside

She is free.  
Shadow crossing the sky.  
Free from hope and this misery.  
So beautiful away from me.  
She is free.  
She is free