

# Free World

Martin Sexton

I've been stemmin' for change and singing in these streets now  
Long as I care to recall  
The dank little loung room in the Roosevelt hotel  
My idea of a holiday

Every once in a while  
A little old light shines through my tunnel  
So I follow it like a moth flies to the flame.

And just when I think I got my world by the balls  
I find I'm dancin' in the light again  
Dancing in the light  
Of a speeding freight train  
Singing it's hard

Living in the free world  
Getting saved by the bell  
People find my company  
To be strange as hell

Looking back on aspirations and dreams  
My father he had in mind for me  
Moon lights the tracks and broken glass as I recall  
Those plans I left so far behind

And I know it's better off he never saw me this way  
He always told me don't let the devil have his due  
And I know my father would turn over in his grave

To see me hog tied to the chain  
Or dancing in the light  
Of a speeding freight train

Singing it's hard  
Living in the free world  
Getting saved by the bell  
People find my company  
To be strange as hell

And its only getting harder in this free world  
With all this strugglin g and strain  
People find my sweet peace of mind  
In the pouring rain

As the storm moves in ain't no friends to be found  
So I sit 'neath this dream and bridge for a while  
And it seems that my mind is in pieces on the ground

Singing it's hard  
Living in the free world  
Getting saved by the bell  
Mostly find my Jesus  
In the pouring rain  
I'm living in the free world