

To Be Free

Passenger

Vineland, New Jersey, farm land stretching
Far as the eye can see
Not much down there, but sun-scorched pastures in
Nineteen-fifty-three
The war is over, they came searching
For a place to be
They left the Rhineland, they lost their homeland, and
All their family

Like feathers on the ocean breeze
They went spinning and tumbling 'cross the sea
Never known where they'd come down
Or who they'd be
Like heather on the hillside
They were bruised and they were battered by the breeze
Searching for a place
To be free

Sun burn summers and frost by winter
Kids were plainly dressed
Left the farmhouse when he was old enough, and
Headed out west
From California to Southern Africa
And all the way to France
And on to England to meet my mother in
Nineteen-eighty-one

A feather on the ocean breeze
He went spinning and tumbling 'cross the sea
Never known where he'd come down
Or who he'd be
Like heather on the hillside
He was bruised and he was battered by the breeze
Searching for a place
To be free

Oh, and like a seed
That is flying in the wind
In search of water, soil, and sun
And the birds and the bees
To have it all along

Now here I am, thirty-three years down
Two-thousand-seventeen
I've seen the Rhineland, I've been to Vineland, I'm
A feather on the breeze