

Freedom

Paul Rodgers

All I have is my freedom, these broken wings will learn to fly
Born under a hunter's moon, stars in my eyes
Hope in my heart for the world, wanderlust in my soul.

I was a drifter on the road to nowhere, a shadow in the wind
Like the mist that disappears in the early morning rain.

All I have is my freedom, these broken wings will learn to fly
I met an angel in a dusty town, chased the demons away
Set me up so now I'm freedom bound and set me on my way.

Now inside me there's a fire that rages and it will never die
Take the memory and turn the pages, angel, don't you cry.

All I have is my freedom, these broken wings will learn to fly
And all I need is my freedom now, these broken wings will touch
the sky
For, love, fly, fly again.