

Roads To Freedom

Robin Trower

A gypsy sings, of birds with broken wings
and painted wheels that never roll
Who hears the sighs? Who stole this paradise?
Who took the fire from his soul?

And where are the roads to freedom?
Where is the life his father knew?
Where is the love, where is the joy
and tell me, where are the roads to freedom?

Now truthful life, who hears the soldier cry?
He was a hero of the war
But no one comes near, he sheds a lonely tear
and wonders what it all was for

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