

# A Place Called Freedom

Steve Hackett

I saw her on the planes  
I watched her through the rain  
On a buffalo dawn  
Running barefoot through the corn  
Her wild rose complexion  
With eyes downturned  
Became my obsession  
I knew I had to return

To a place called freedom  
To a place called freedom

High Indian cheekbones  
Held by wonder  
She moaned like the whining wind  
Chased by thunder  
Torn between home  
And the horizon  
A dancing gazelle  
In Eternity's sunrise

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