

Free

Train

Staring at the dark again, you left your silhouette upon my pillow - hey, hey
Right inside the night, I'm waiting for the light, seems like I'm in the middle - hey, hey

Workin for something that I can't touch and sometimes can't even believe in - woh, woh
Cradled by the hands of fate the faith that sometimes wraps around too tight - so tight

They call me free
But I call me a fool - hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool - hey, hey

Well I look back at April, but she won't look back at me - Oh, no, no, no
So I pray in May for June to stay, but she just came to wash in to the sea - away

And they call me free
But I call me a fool - hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool - heyah, heyah, heyah, heyah, heyah, heyah, hey

Slipped down to Mexico, started messin with her yellow afro
Slipped down behind the sheets, started talkin bout Pistol Pete, well
Slipped down to the African, started talkin bout what she can do
Well here we are again, back where we started
Slipped down to the dark again, you left your silhouette on my pillow - yeah, yeah
Well I'm right inside the night, I'm waitin for the light
Seems like I'm in the, seems like I'm always in the middle

They call me free
They call me free
Free
But I call me a...