

When in Roam

Vanna

Live free, die free.
I won't be alone.
Live free, die free.
My home is where I roam.
As I lay my head to sleep,
I'd pray to God, but we don't speak.
Too many day's, too many nights.
Edge of crazy but I'm feeling alive.
A strange house, a strange be.
Anxious thoughts in a restless head.
Smoke clears enough to drift,
hands and feet that I can barely lift.
Live free, die free.
I won't be alone,
live free, die free.
My home is where I roam.
Live free, die free.
I won't be alone.
Live free, die free.
I apologize for dreaming.
I'm sorry I can't stay.
I promise I'll grow up one day,
but that days not today.
So who's ready to die?
Live free, die free.
Live Free. Die Free.