

# Freedom

**Richie Havens**

Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
A long way from my home Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom Sometimes I feel like Im almost gone  
Sometimes I feel like Im almost gone  
Sometimes I feel like Im almost gone  
A long, long, long, way, way from my home Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Hey, yeah I got a telephone in my bosom  
And I can call him up from my heart  
I got a telephone in my bosom  
And I can call him up from my heart When I need my brother, brother  
When I need my mother, mother  
Hey, yeah [unverified]

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