Freedom

Richie Havens

Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedomSometimes 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 homeFreedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedomSometimes 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 homeClap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Hey, yeahI 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 heartWhen I need my brother, brother
When I need my mother, mother
Hey, yeah [unverified]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/