

Freedom

Gabriel Bruce

Freedom I'm going somewhere
guess I'm only about halfway there
and all I own's this flesh and bone
and the book of common prayer
If you'd like a hippy
I could grow my hair
if you'd like a man in uniform
I've got a bullet wound I could wear Oh fuck your atmosphere
I don't care if I'm going to hell
go find somebody else to save
I've got some poison I wanna inhale You've got to find that freedom
that strangest of feelings
and hold tight There's some badmen out there
and I know cause I've read books
they populate their pages
with Humbert Humberts and Captain Hooks
I've heard about all the problems
you've been fixing
donating forks to the soup kitchen So find that freedom
that strangest of feelings
and hold tight I met her first some time ago
her skin was white as virgin snow
her hair a careless clutch of autumn leaves
I tried to find some use for her
lover, executioner
said here's my body, do with it as you please
well I got excited when she came along
cause her skirt was short but her legs were long
you've gotta find that freedom
that strangest of feelings
and hold tight Higher! Higher! Higher!

Songwriters

BOB DYLAN Published by

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