

The Freedom

Swan Lake

I put a hex on the telephone line that brought your voice to me
disembodied, and cheapening everything it used to mean. When you said, "The truth shall set you free,"
Oh, you lied to me, when you said; "The truth shall set you free." The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom ... Thursday, ten P.M., the city abounds,
The city of daughters can be found
Where it ought to be found.
Relegated to the back of an underclass;
You always hated the back,
An attack in its purest form,
An attack that's forever forewarned. Ba da! I put a hex on the telephone wire
And hoped that the spires of communication
Might take a leave of absent expectations,
CONFOUNDED when the girl became grounded,
And packed her bags, for the beaches, with contacts and breeches
Of contracts. The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom...
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom to be alone with the freedom,
The freedom...

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