

Free World

Martin Sexton

Music & Lyrics by Martin Sexton

I've been stemmin' for change and singing in these streets now
Long as I care to recall
The dank little lounge room in the Roosevelt hotel
My idea of a holiday
Every once in a while
A little old light shines through my tunnel
So I follow it like a moth flies to the flame. And just when I think I got my world by the balls
I find I'm dancin' in the light again
Dancing in the light
Of a speeding freight train
Singing it's hard
Living in the free world
Getting saved by the bell
People find my company
To be strange as hell Looking back on aspirations and dreams
My father he had in mind for me
Moon lights the tracks and broken glass as I recall
Those plans I left so far behind
And I know it's better off he never saw me this way
He always told me don't let the devil have his due
And I know my father would turn over in his grave To see me hog tied to the chain
Or dancing in the light
Of a speeding freight train Singing it's hard
Living in the free world
Getting saved by the bell
People find my company
To be strange as hell And its only getting harder in this free world
With all this strugglin g and strain
People find my sweet peace of mind
In the pouring rain As the storm moves in ain't no friends to be found
So I sit 'neath this dream and bridge for a while
And it seems that my mind is in pieces on the ground Singing it's hard
Living in the free world
Getting saved by the bell
Mostly find my Jesus
In the pouring rain
I'm living in the free world

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