I Will Free Myself

Dar Williams

We shook the last drops from Glen Garioch's finest hour.
We sipped it like the blood of Burns.
Through the mountain thyme,
Belting Auld Lang Syne.
This is how I'll free myself.
I'll free myself.You'll come to Wellfleet where the sun through fairy pines
Shines soft and gold as Chardonnay.
And then we'll retire,
Sitting by the fire.
This is how I'll free myself.
I'll free myself.This vodka comes from rain descending from a single cloud.
These cherries ripened in the groves of the Hesperides
Where heroes lie.
I rolled my pant legs up for darting fish in tadpole ponds,
I picked the berries in the field,
Light pools in my glass,
Shines into the past.This is how I'll, this is how I'll, how I'll free myself.

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