Freedom '90

George Michael

I won't let you down;
I will not give you up.
Gotta have some faith in the sound;
It's the one good thing that I've got.
I won't let you down,
So please don't give me up,
Because I would really, really, love to stick around.
Heaven knows I was just a young boy,
Didn't know what I wanted to be.
I was every little hungry schoolgirl's pride and joy,
And I guess it was enough for me.
To win the race? A prettier face!
Brand new clothes and a big fat place;
On your rock and roll TV.
But, today, the way I play the game is not the same;
No way.
Think I'm gonna get myself happy.
I think there's something you should know.
I think it's time I told you so.
There's something deep inside of me.
There's someone else I've got to be.
Take back your picture in a frame.
Take back your singing in the rain.
I just hope you understand.
Sometimes the clothes do not make the man.
All we have to do, now,
Is take these lies and make them true somehow.
All we have to see
Is that I don't belong to you,
And you don't belong to me.
Freedom;
You've gotta give for what you take.
Freedom;
You've gotta give for what you take.
Heaven knows we sure had some fun, boy.
What a kick, just a buddy and me.
We had every big shot, good-time, band on the run, boy.
We were living in a fantasy.
We won the race.

Got out of the place.
I went back home, got a brand new face
For the boys on MTV,
But today the way I play the game has got to change.
Oh, yeah.
Now I'm gonna get myself happy.
I think there's something you should know.
I think it's time I stopped the show.
There's something deep inside of me.
There's someone I forgot to be.
Take back your picture in a frame.
Don't think that I'll be back again.
I just hope you understand .
Sometimes the clothes do not make the man.
All we have to do, now,
Is take these lies and make them true somehow.
All we have to see
Is that I don't belong to you,
And you don't belong to me.
Freedom;
You've gotta give for what you take.
Freedom;
You've gotta give for what you take.
Well it looks like the road to heaven,
But it feels like the road to hell.
When I knew which side my bread was buttered
I took the knife as well.
Posing for another picture.
Everybody's got to sell,
But when you shake your ass
They notice fast,
And some mistakes were built to last.
That's what you get,
I say, that's what you get.
That's what you get for changing your mind,
And after all this time
I just hope you understand,
Sometimes the clothes
Do not make the man.
I'll hold on to my freedom.
May not be what you want from me.
Just the way it's got to be.
Lose the face now.
I've got to live

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