

Free

Train

Starin' at the dark again
You left your silhouette ware upon my pillow, hey, hey
Right inside the night, I'm waitin' for the light
Seems like I'm in the middle, hey, hey Workin' for something that I can't touch
And sometimes can't even believe in, woh, woh
Cradled by the hands of fate
The faith that sometimes wraps around too tight, so tight They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey Well I look back at April
But she won't look back at me, oh, no, no, no
So I pray in May for June to stay
But she just came to wash into the sea, away And they call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey Slipped down to Mexico, started messin' with her yellow
Afro
Slipped down behind the sheets, started talkin 'bout pistol Pete, well
Slipped down to the African, started talkin 'bout what she can do
Well here we are again, back where we started Slipped down to the dark again
You left your silhouette on my pillow, yeah, yeah
Well I'm right inside the night, I'm waitin' for the light
Seems like I'm in the, seems like I'm always in the middle They call me free
They call me free
Free
But I call me a

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