

# Freeman

## Laurentiu Duta

Police, won't you grant me my release?  
I should be a freeman now at least,  
I'm no robber I'm no thief.  
I should be a freeman on the street.  
A freeman on the street. Hey little darlin you sleep tight.  
I'm a be a little late tonight.  
Found myself in a situation,  
Lost my temper and my patience.  
It's the simple things that are the wind beneath my wings.  
I never trouble nobody,  
I never trouble no one. Police, you mista officer!  
Won't you grant me my release?  
I should be a freeman now at least,  
Whi ya pressure mi for aye?  
I'm no robber I'm no thief.  
I should be a freeman on the street.  
A freeman on the street. Now baby I have some news,  
They say my bail was refused.  
But I will see you someday, somehow in someway.  
It's the simple things that are the wind beneath my wings.  
I never trouble nobody,  
I never trouble no one. Police, you mista officer!  
Won't you grant me my release?  
I should be a freeman now at least,  
Whi ya pressure mi for aye?  
I'm no robber I'm no thief.  
A freeman on the street. Solitary soldier I'm candid I told ya,  
It landed me humbled and reprimanded,  
I man demanded my last phone call,  
Without much success at all.  
They say I'm a criminal but the wicked must fall.  
Freedom gone and we still stand tall.  
Dem say "freeze!" and we say;  
"What for? We already have respect for da law"  
So...Police, you mista officer!  
Won't you grant me my release?  
I should be a freeman now at least,  
Whi ya pressure mi for aye?  
I'm no robber I'm no thief.

I should be a freeman on the street.  
A freeman on the street.

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