

Free

Jackopierce

In the morning she is waking
With the gold dust in her hair
She is beauty, oh slightly broken
But I love her laying thereSpanish lady, treat her kindly
 Feel her warm tenderness
 Like Arkansas skies on the Fourth of July
 She is painted on the nightAnd I'm free, free
Free, thank God I'm freeIn the morning she is waking
 With the gold dust in her hair
 She is beauty, oh for just a token
But I can't evade her morning stareAnd I'm free, free
Free, thank God I'm freeWon't you please walk down to edit time with me?
 And I'm free

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