Freedom

Richie Havens

Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from my home
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Sometimes I feel like I?m almost gone
Sometimes I feel like I?m almost gone
Sometimes I feel like I?m almost gone
A long, long, long, way, way from my home
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Hey, yeah
I got a telephone in my bosom
And I can call him up from my heart
I got a telephone in my bosom
And I can call him up from my heart
When I need my brother, brother
When I need my mother, mother
Hey, yeah [unverified]

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