

Travis, Quite Free

There's a boy I know so well
He hides inside his padded cell
And he can see
That he will never be quite free
He takes his time
Steps carefully
There's a girl I see sometimes
She hides behind a dirty mind
And she can see
That she will never be quite free
She takes her time
Steps carefully
Free to make your mind up
Free to choose your fate
Free to hold your hand up
Free; don't leave me standing in the way
'Cause I like you
And I'd like to
Be free, be free, be free, be free