

# Art In Manila, I Thought I Was Free

There were wonderful moments  
When I thought I was free  
I would walk through the tall grass  
Let the pull at me sometimes  
I would plead, back in the car I would listen  
To the sound of the engine sing  
No matter how old you are  
An old song can still make you think of him  
How it used to be  
Sitting alone at the table  
There were times when I could not breathe  
I see your ghost in the corner  
He never speaks so I have to ask him  
What do you want from me?  
What do you want from me?  
You should turn and go back home  
Do you really want to take on this heart of stone?  
There were wonderful moments  
When I thought I was free  
There were wonderful moments  
When I thought I was free