

Emiliana Torrini, To Be Free

Once in a house on a hill
A boy got angry
He broke into my heart

For a day and a night
I stayed beside him
Until I had no hope

So I came down the hill
Of course I was hurt
But then I started to think

It shouldn't hurt me to be free
It's what I really need
To pull myself together
But if it's so good being free
Would you mind telling me
Why I don't know what to do with myself

There's a bar by the dock
Where I found myself
Drinking with this man
He offered me a cigarette
And I accepted
'Cause it's been a very long time
As it burned 'till the end
I thought of the boy
No one could ever forget

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