

# Faith Hill, Free By Faith Hill

I had it tough when I was just a little kid  
It didn't matter what I thought  
It didn't matter what I did  
I felt the doubt for what I lacked right from the start  
It did a number on my head but it could never touch my heart  
'Cause I had just enough imagination  
Just enough to keep the faith  
That somehow I would think of what to do  
When I'd get lost in a momentary weakness of emotion  
All the Angels came around to help me through  
Life pulls fast changes  
Wind blows past pages  
All I see is I don't need this  
High strung tightrope walk  
Ticking time bomb clock  
Scratch my name off  
Cut these chains

Chorus:

I'm free...Kicking out of that prison  
I am free...Singing those words of wisdom  
Let it be...Nobody's gonna put the blues inside of me  
And in the stress to be the best I've done it all  
I've slammed the doors I've jammed the locks  
I've laid the bricks, I've built the walls  
No one could tell me back then why joy eluded me  
Kept bumping into that misery  
Locked up deep down inside of me  
Took that rage and I  
Turned that page and I  
Packed my tools, went back to school  
And I passed my graduation, and I hold my Ph.D.  
In crash test blues I paid those dues

(Chorus)

Time flies by in photographs and paper scraps and songs  
Here I stand in ruby slippers, three times takes me home

(Chorus)