

Grammatrain, Free

Staring at the dark again, you left your silhouette upon my pillow
Right inside the night, I'm waiting for the light, seems like
I'm in the middle

Workin for something that I can't touch and sometimes
can't even believe in - woh

Cradled by the hands of fate the faith that
sometimes wraps around too tight - so tight

They call me free - But I call me a fool

They call me free - But I call me a fool

Well I look back at April, but she won't look back at me

No, no, no

So I pray in May for June to stay, but she just came
to wash into the sea - away

They call me free - But I call me a fool

Slipped down to Mexico, started messin with her yellow afro

Slipped down behind the sheets, started talkin bout Pistol Pete

Slipped down to the African, started talkin bout what she can do

Well here we are again, back where we started

Slipped down to the dark again

You left your silhouette on my pillow - hey

Well I'm right inside the night, I'm waitin for the light

Seems like I'm in the, seems like I'm always in the middle

They call me free - But I call me a fool