

Jackopierce, Free

"In the morning she is waking
With the gold dust in her hair
She is beauty slightly broken
But I love her laying there
Spanish lady, treat her kindly
Feel her warm tenderness
Like Arkansas skies on the Fourth of July
She is painted on the night
And I'm free

Free

Free

Thank God I'm free

Yeah

In the morning she is waking
With the gold dust in her hair
She is beauty, oh just a token
But I can't evade her morning stare
And I'm free

Free

Free

Thank God I'm free, yeah

Won't you walk with me sweet lady

Free (in the morning, she is waking, she is beauty broken)

Free (in the morning, she is waking, right next to me, yeah)

Free

Free

Free, yeah"