

# James Taylor, Sleep Come Free Me

Well, I've been lying in this dungeon since I was eighteen.

Ten lonely years of my life taken, I've been living in the pages of a magazine.

It breaks my heart to awaken.

Set me free, sleep come free me, please, please, please. Set me free, set me free.

Now the state of Alabama says I killed a man, the jury reached the same conclusion.

I remember I was there with a tire iron in my hand, the rest is all confusion.

Set me free, sleep come free me, please, please, please. Set me free, set me free.

More like an animal and less like a man, what they leave you ain't worth keeping.

Brother let me tell you, I got a clock with no hands, the only way out is through sleeping.

Set me free, sleep come free me, please, please, please. Set me free, set me free.

You get to where you used to be, whoever you claim, it's open to interpretation.

Just remember your number and abandon your name,

and hold on to your name and hold on to your imagination, oh no no.

Set me free, sleep come free me, please, please, please. Set me free, set me free.