

# Kenny Chesney, Freedom

People always tell me their life story  
Love they've lost, their taste of glory  
He sat next to me at the counter in the diner  
Said I used to be Wall Street but this is much finer  
Oh yeah

He had a leather look on a steel horse Harley  
And a dark-eyed girlfriend he called Charlie  
He looked a little lost walkin' out the door  
But I think I knew what he was lookin' for  
Freedom, sweet freedom

I gassed 'er up, climbed back in my cab  
To my wife I'm a husband, to my kids I'm a dad  
To the credit card companies I'm just another sucker  
To the IRS, a long-haul trucker  
Mmmm yeah

Some say that freedom's the power to do what one pleases  
You can live like the devil or hold on to Jesus  
I found the one thing I was born to do  
And girl that's why I'm runnin' back to you  
Freedom, sweet freedom

He climbed up in my truck with his green duffel bag  
I knew he was a soldier 'cause I saw his dog tags  
We talked about it, we cried about it

Then a steel horse Harley came roarin' on past  
I knew it was Charlie hangin' on real fast  
We talked about it, we laughed about it

Through the joy and pain that living brings  
Don't we all want the same thing  
Freedom, sweet freedom

It's what the junkie needs that the needle can't give  
The oppressed and forgotten are praying for it  
It's what the brave and courageous are fightin' for  
An open sail on a distant shore  
Freedom