

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