Porter Wagoner, Freida

Mother Tree shake loose the leaves and the wind spins them around
How beautiful the leaves they are yellow red and brown
Me and Frieda stop to watch the dancing colored leaves
We frolic in the autumn win and sleep beneath the trees
We're awakened by the touch of raindrops on our skin
As we laugh and talk about the places that we've been
And talk of plans to places that we have yet to see
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me
Free to be just what we are free to go or stay
Free to be together or go our seperate ways
Free to say just what we think and do just like we please
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me
(steel)
Me and Frieda grew up in the county orphan's home
Just misplaced little children with no family of our own
And as we grew we grew to understand each other's needs
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me
Now Father Time has led us to another time and place
Where we have witnessed Mother Nature's beauty face to face
Home is in our hearts and we just follow where it leads
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me
Free to be just what we are...
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me