

# Sinead O'Connor, You Make Me Feel So Free

Some people spend their time  
Just running round in circles  
Always chasing some exotic bird  
I prefer to spend sometime just listening  
For that special something  
That I've never ever heard  
I like a new song to sing, another show  
Or somewhere entirely different to be  
But baby, you make me feel so free

And so I yearn for mysteries calling me  
That's the muse, that's the muse  
But we only burn up with the passion  
When there's absolutely nothing left to lose  
I make it to spring  
And it's no bed of roses  
It's just more hard work  
And bad, bad, bad company  
But you make me feel so free

Baby, you make me feel so free

I heard them saying  
That you can have your cake and eat it  
When all I wanted was just one free lunch  
How can I eat it  
When the man that's next to me now  
He's grabbed the load and beat me to the punch  
How can I even talk about freedom  
When you know it's sweet mystery  
But baby, you make me feel so free

I'm gonna lay my cards right down on the table  
And spin the wheel and roll the dice  
And whatever way it comes out  
And whatever way it turns out  
Baby, you know, well that's the price  
Well I order again  
There's no need to explain  
I just need somewhere to dump all my negativity  
Baby, you make me feel so free  
Baby, you make me feel so free  
Free