

# Tift Merritt, My Heart Is Free

Well, the first thing I remember is the last thing that I saw,  
Morning hit the barrel of a rifle going off.  
Then the daylight wrapped around me,  
Then I heard the sergeant scream,  
Then all my reservations fell gently at my feet.

Now my heart is free.  
My heart is free, and all the things that hold a man no longer carry me.

I was sure there was a reason to take that side and fight,  
But when I saw the trembling hands that put that shot in flight,  
I saw the hands of Jesus, saw the shores at Normandy,  
Saw a hundred thousand weary lost and homesick boys like me.

Now my heart is free.  
My heart is free, and all the things that hold a man no longer carry me.

The courage asked of my heart has traveled far beyond those lines.  
Seems it's always for a few men that so many of us die.  
You don't remember my name or the girl that I made proud,  
And whatever drew me from her arms is nothing to me now.

Now my heart is free.  
My heart is free, and all the things that hold a man no longer carry me.