

Art In Manila

"I Thought I Was Free"

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There were wonderful moments
When I thought I was free
I would walk through the tall grass
Let the [Incomprehensible] pull at me sometimes

I would plead, back in the car I would listen
To the sound of the engine sing
No matter how old you are
An old song can still make you think of him

How it used to be

Sitting alone at the table
There were times when I could not breathe
I see your ghost in the corner
He never speaks so I have to ask him

What do you want from me?
What do you want from me?

You should turn and go back home
Do you really want to take on this heart of stone?

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When I thought I was free

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