

Conells, The "Freeman"

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I'm a free man in the morning i'm gonna go home
Been serving for years, never too near, always too far
There was a young girl in the county who had an eye
for me
We kissed for a while, that made her smile

Then it came down on me to fake it
I should have found a way to escape it
I was so wrong to say i'd see her one more time

I'm a young man like a preacher, no souls to mend
I've traveled too much to be known as just a traveling
man
So they judged me for a crime i could never have done
They said i was one who carried a gun

In the cold light of the morning
I'm gonna go home,
It's never too near, it's always too far
I will have found a way to break it
And when i go home again i'll see her one more time

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