

## **Beth Nielsen Chapman**

### **"Free"**

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(Beth Nielsen Chapman/Annie Roboff)  
I had it tough when I was just a little kid  
It didn't matter what I thought it didn't matter what I did  
I felt the doubt for what I lacked right from the start  
It did a number on my head but it could never touch my  
heart  
Cause I had just enough imagination  
Just enough to keep the faith

That somehow I would think of what to do  
When I'd get lost in a momentary weakness of emotion  
All the angels came along to help me through  
Life pulls fast changes  
Wind blows past pages  
All I see is, I don't need this

Highstrung tight rope walks

Ticking time bomb clocks

Scratch my name off, cut these chains  
I'm free...Kicking out of that prison

I'm free...Singing those words of wisdom

Let it be...Nobody's gonna put the blues inside of me..  
I've slammed the doors I've jammed the locks  
And in the stress to be the best I've done it all  
Laid the bricks, I've built the walls  
No one could tell me back then why joy eluded me  
Kept bumping into that misery locked up deep down  
inside of me  
Took that rage and I

Turned that page and I  
Packed my tools, went back to school  
And I've passed my graduation  
I hold my Ph. D. in crash test blues

I've paid those dues  
I'm free...  
Repeat Chorus

Time flid by in photographs  
Here I stand in ruby slippers  
And paper scraps and songs

Three taps takes me home...I'm free...

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