Fleetwood Mac "Freedom"

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Written by Stevie Nicks and Mike Campbell.
Dim and wavering
On a wind-blown night
Whose honour, whose anger
Cold and quivering
As was the wind-blown night
Into which she'd fallen, fallen

Freedom, well it's a thing that is fleeting
Freedom is standing next to you
My intentions were clear
I was with him
Everyone knew
Poor little fool

Beautiful as you are
With that high spirit
Morning star of evil hit me
Cut me like a knife
Cool and collected
She became that with time
Totally rejected

Freedom, well it's a thing that is fleeting
Freedom is standing next to you
My intentions were clear
I was with him
Everyone knew
Poor little fool

It's all in the eyes
It's all in the way that you look
It's all in the way that you say very little
It's all in the way that you talk
Look at me with daggers
It won't do you any good
All the looks that you've used on me
Don't work now that you've fallen, fallen

Freedom, well it's a thing that is fleeting Freedom is standing next to you My intentions were clear I was with him Everyone knew Poor little fool

Look at me with daggers
It won't do you any good
All the looks that you've used on me
Don't work now that you've fallen
All the looks that you've used on me
Don't work now that you've fallen

Freedom

Freedom

Everyone knew

Poor little fool

Poor little fool

Poor little fool

Freedom

Come with me

Poor little fool

Freedom

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