

Franky Perez "Cry Freedom"

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A poor boy in rich man's clothes
A young child with an old man's soul
A prostitute with long term goals
A blue collar priest

I won't lie for an honest buck
I'm a messenger in a pick-up truck
My old man ran into hard luck
And passed it down to me

So, I start a revolution
One note at a time
It's a desperate cry for freedom
And a better way of life
Let's make everyday the Fourth Of July

I won't stand in your welfare line
What I lack in cash I make up in pride
You get yours and I'll get mine
I got to feed my family

The government takes half our wages
Picket lines and classified pages
You can't count on the man to save us
So, we take it to the streets

So, I start a revolution
One note at a time
It's a desperate cry for freedom
And a better way of life
Let's make everyday the Fourth Of July

Cry freedom
From the Bronx to East L.A.
Cry freedom
From North Las Vegas to the San Francisco Bay

So, I start a revolution
One note at a time
A freedom song is useless
If you're not prepared to die
I'll make everyday the Fourth Of July

Cry freedom, cry freedom
Cry freedom, cry freedom

Cry freedom, cry freedom
Cry freedom, cry freedom

Cry freedom, cry freedom

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