

Fredro Starr

"Child"

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FRASER/RODGERS/KOSSOFF/KIRKE

Child you're talking of freedom
Painted on your garden wall
It's not there at all
Child you're talking of wisdom
You say wisdom is a golden rule
You ain't no fool
But you don't know who it is
Who calls you name
In the light of the golden moon
You don't know who it is who brought you here
And chained up your heart
So soon
Child you're life is a fairytale
And it's not the same
And the clouds
You're hiding behind
In your misty mind have disappeared
Like a sailor far from the shores of your dreams
And far from the love of your home
Sailor lost on your own misty seas
And the chains on your heart, baby
Might be my love
Might be my love
It's so confusing
And you feel that you're loosing yourself
But, there over the mountain
You thought you'd never have to climb
There's a road
Reaching and stretching
To the corner of your mind
Like a river casts aside the dust
And grows and grows as it flows
The feeling deep inside of you
Must break like a dam
So set you free
So set you free
So set you free

