

Gentle Giant

"Freedoms Child"

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Some things end as summer falls
And fly away on silken wings.
Our promises and our distant calls
Are souvenirs of ended things.

Asleep you lie so near me there
Curled round me like a drifting air.

To the memory of a heartfelt joy
My dreams are never far away
From the man who was a virgin boy
My thoughts are never far to stray

But summer's sorrow had to smile
Because your love was freedom's child

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[2 more times]

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