

Kenny Chesney

"Freedom"

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People always tell me their life story
Love they lost, their taste of glory
He sat next to me at the counter in the diner
Said i used to be wall street but this is much finer

Oh yea

He had a leather look on a steal horse harley
A dark eyed girlfriend he called charlie
He looked a little lost walking out the door
I think i knew what he was looking for

Freedom, sweet Freedom

I gased her up climbed back in my cab
To my wife im a husband, to my kids im a dad
To the credit card companies im just another sucker
To the IRS a long hall trucker
Oh

Some say that freedoms the power do one pleases
You can live like the devil or hold on to jesus
I found the one thing i was born to do
Girl that's why im running back to you

Freedom, sweet freedom

Oooh,
He climbed up in my truck with his green duffelbag
I knew he was a soldier cause i saw his dog tags
We talked about it
We cried about it
Then a steel horse harley came roaring on past
I knew it was charlie hangin on real fast
We talked about it
We laughed about it

Through the joy and pain that living brings
Just know we all own the same thing

Freedom, sweet freedom

Oh

Oooohhhh yea

Its what the junkie needs that the needle can't give
Depressed and forgotten are praying for it
Its what the brave and courageous are fighting for
An open sail on a distant shore

Freedom

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