

## **Dar Williams**

# **"I Will Free Myself"**

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We shook the last drops from Glen Garioch's finest  
hour.

We sipped it like the blood of Burns.

Through the mountain thyme,

Belting Auld Lang Syne.

This is how I'll free myself.

I'll free myself.

You'll come to Wellfleet where the sun through fairy  
pines

Shines soft and gold as Chardonnay.

And then we'll retire,

Sitting by the fire.

This is how I'll free myself.

I'll free myself.

This vodka comes from rain descending from a single  
cloud.

These cherries ripened in the groves of the Hesperides

Where heroes lie.

I rolled my pant legs up for darting fish in tadpole  
ponds,

I picked the berries in the field,

Light pools in my glass,

Shines into the past.

This is how I'll, this is how I'll, how I'll free myself.

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