

## The Peppermint Trolley Company

### "Free"

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Standing in the street  
He reads the anger at your face  
Torture by the heat with  
With picture rushing through his veins

We talk so severed daze  
And countless passive ways  
Must he bend his knees?  
Or can't he really be free? Free? Free?

The bell rings at the school  
And saw his children take their place  
Teach them by the rule  
That no one hates them honest face

Or just outside that room  
And ask for a ghetto broom  
And child is born to see  
That he might never be free, free, free

Could he and I make us friends truly?  
Or is the song that were really just a lie to me?  
The fact that nothing's being done as a circumstance  
The time is short and we may never get a chance  
Uh-huh, a chance, uh-huh

Springtime in the air  
And sparrows teach their young to fly  
Sitting down despair  
With tears of anguish in my eyes

The word of love is true  
And it will surely do, if we could only see  
A man just has to be free, free, free  
Free, free, free  
Free, free, free (Free! Free! Free! Free!)  
Free, free, free (Free! Free! Free! Free!)

