

Train "Free"

Visit "[Free](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Starin' at the dark again
You left your silhouette ware upon my pillow, hey, hey
Right inside the night, I'm waitin' for the light
Seems like I'm in the middle, hey, hey

Workin' for something that I can't touch
And sometimes can't even believe in, woh, woh
Cradled by the hands of fate
The faith that sometimes wraps around too tight, so
tight

They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey

Well I look back at April
But she won't look back at me, oh, no, no, no
So I pray in May for June to stay
But she just came to wash into the sea, away

And they call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey
They call me free
But I call me a fool, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Slipped down to Mexico, started messin' with her yellow
Afro
Slipped down behind the sheets, started talkin 'bout
pistol Pete, well
Slipped down to the African, started talkin' 'bout what
she can do
Well here we are again, back where we started

Slipped down to the dark again
You left your silhouette on my pillow, yeah, yeah
Well I'm right inside the night, I'm waitin' for the light
Seems like I'm in the, seems like I'm always in the
middle

They call me free
They call me free

Free
But I call me a

Visit [Train](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.