

Moor Hound

"To Toil Or Be Free"

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Down below the seasons, hills and snow
The place that I call home
Up above the sunshine, sand and mosquito bugs
The places I dream of

Here today, pulled a hundred different ways
Monetary need rules our days
But what a sad thing it would be
To submit our lives to toiling
Instead of following a dream

This land, it beckons to be seen

And I am free to answer its plea
The only hand keeping my stationary
It is my own

The world, it beckons to be seen
And we are free to answer its plea
The only hand keeping us stationary
It is our own

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