

Oldfield Sally

"Strangers"

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Oldfield
A summer dawn is coming
There's a rare lightning on the sea
And on the fishing fleet and the men coming home
I wanna run down there, wanna meet them
Oh I love to be with the sons of the free!
Love to be with the sons of the free!
They're born of the wind
There ain't no man gonna rule them
Their feelings run deep and strong
They got a real heartbeating through them
Oh I love to be with the sons of the free!
Love to be with the sons of the free!
They're moving! Moving on!
They're moving! Moving with the sun!
Love to be with the sons of the free!
Love to be with the sons of the free!
The stars are singing
There's a high tide in my heart
I can hear the men on the beach
They're bringing good news from afar!
Oh I love to be with the sons of the free!
Love to be with the sons of the free!
Oh I love to lie! Oh! I wanna live and die
With the sons of the free!
Oh I love to lie! Oh! I wanna live and die
With the sons of the free!
Oh I love to lie! Oh! I wanna live and die
With the sons of the free!
Oh I love to lie! Oh! I wanna live and die
With the sons of the free!
Oh I love to lie! Oh! I wanna live and die
With the sons of the free!

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