

Act II

"Notes About Freedom"

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The words you're about to hear are probably sincere,
although extracted from some diary pot-hooks.
They're all about a couple of weary, pissed off,
hassled ramblers I was pleased to know.
But I guess I should admit that it's written all to fit
the senses from my personal outlooks.
It's just a rough selection, but here we go:

The first one to meet, an extraordinary neat
and determined all Canadian mother.
For sure she was a bit from home now,
and she wouldn't mind!
She was fighting like a man, when she couldn't
understand,
that sometimes people have to bother.
The word that could describe her manners is not
"refined"!

These are only notes about freedom,
I wish you had the time to read them.
Speaking about freedom; what's that like?
Rolling a joint, go for a hike,
missing the point, renting a bike?

The next one is the "grass man", picking up his brass
can,
telling us it's mighty splendid.
Showing us the latest harvest of Sumatra grass.
Coming from the highland, heading for the island,
where the crop is very much demanded.
The heads are waiting there to see him, "it's gonna be
a mass"!

These are only notes about freedom,
I wish you had the time to read them.
Speaking about freedom; what's that like?
Rolling a joint, go for a hike,
missing the point, renting a bike?

Time lapse, looking for the tabs,
you know would make you feel much better.
Lead into a state you're missing, when you're drinking

wine.
Looking at the sun, nothing has been done.
Time to write yourself a letter.
This diary will steal an hour, but you've sure got time!

These are only notes about freedom,
I wish you had the time to read them.
Speaking about freedom; what's that like?
Rolling a joint, go for a hike,
missing the point, renting a bike?

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