

## Porter Wagoner "Freida"

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Mother Tree shake loose the leaves and the wind spins  
them around  
How beautiful the leaves they are yellow red and brown  
Me and Frieda stop to watch the dancing colored  
leaves  
We frolic in the autumn win and sleep beneath the  
trees  
We're awakened by the touch of raindrops on our skin  
As we laugh and talk about the places that we've been  
And talk of plans to places that we have yet to see  
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me  
Free to be just what we are free to go or stay  
Free to be together or go our seperate ways  
Free to say just what we think and do just like we please  
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me  
[ steel ]  
Me and Frieda grew up in the county orphan's home  
Just misplaced little children with no family of our own  
And as we grew we grew to understand each other's  
needs  
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me  
Now Father Time has led us to another time and place  
Where we have witnessed Mother Nature's beauty face  
to face  
Home is in our hearts and we just follow where it leads  
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me  
Free to be just what we are...  
Me loving Freida and Freida loving me

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