

## **Richie Havens**

### **"Freedom"**

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Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
A long way from my home

Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone  
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone  
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone  
A long, long, long, way, way from my home

Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Hey, yeah

I got a telephone in my bosom  
And I can call him up from my heart  
I got a telephone in my bosom  
And I can call him up from my heart

When I need my brother, brother  
When I need my mother, mother  
Hey, yeah [unverified]

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