

Strawbs

"To Be Free"

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To Be Free

by Strawbs

The gilt-edged invitation came

And I said, "What can this mean,

To attend the coronation

As the first guest of the Queen,

And sit upon her right hand

Where the Prince is mostly seen?"

The maids of honour stared at me

And register surprised

To see a man of such good taste

Appear before their eyes

Now being rather humble

I adopted a disguise

As the Minister of State

For Mass Environment Controls,

Who condemn the working classes

For inhabiting the holes

That belong to Queen and Country,

But do not permit their souls

To be free like me.

The perspex chandelier
Began to melt and slip away;
One million candle-powered
It kept the night at bay.
While the power station workers
Were busy making hay,
The workers in the fields
Were engaged in self-defence,
Which involved the use of barbed wire
As a self-containing fence,
But as a means of self-protection
It was needlessly immense.
I stopped to ask them for a light,
They pointed at the sun,
Which raised their hopes of harvesting
A better crop than guns
Can ever mass-produce
At the expense of anyone
Who is free like me.
The solitary peasant
In his home above the lake,
Raised high on wooden stilts,
Has made the singular mistake
Of revolutionary conduct
At the celebration wake.

His urban counterpart,
Engaged in mundane occupation,
Enjoys the chance of laughing
At the Queen's humiliation
At the hands of Ministers of State
For Rehabilitation,
Now the power station worker,
Though his aim is too disjointed,
Finds himself around the corner;
While his gun is never pointed,
He is ever at the ready,
He desires to be annointed
And be free like me.

Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, rsk@ecn.purdue.edu

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