**Freedom – Richie Havens**

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 Im almost gone

Sometimes I feel like Im almost gone

Sometimes I feel like Im 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