

## FREE

Standing in front of doors to different worlds  
Lingering at gates I might walk through easily  
I look through the window at the world outside  
but I just can't move.

There may be a million chances waiting on me  
Colourful pictures and opportunities  
My soul could be changing  
or just fade away in a darkened space.

Refrain:

I'm free to push the door open and walk away  
I'm free to rise or to fall down and die.  
I'm free. No men or idea ever hinders me  
I'm free to believe in truth or in lies.

I try hard to listen to the voices inside  
I juggle with words to catch a glimpse of that light  
I'm not really sure about the sense of the things I do.  
Is there worth at all in all the plans left undone  
I try flying yet am still too far from the sun.  
Either I walk a long way or am way up risking a fall.

Refrain

Bridge:

I watch the tumbling dice and my hands reach out  
for something way up high.  
I watch the marbles roll right out of my control.

*1991  
(1.05.)*