

Free At Last

Jeff Black

Jackin' around that old jazz town
Was like draggin' a dried up lake
I turned every stone I could turn
And I took about all I could take
Dead soldiers lined up on the bar
Laying down in the morning sun
Thank god I've been leaving that place
Since the day I was born
You should have listened
You don't know what
You're missing now
Sometimes

Small circles a head full of smoke
I drove the loop in my '65
Thrift store shoes
The grand emporium blues
Man I'm lucky to be alive
I put my foot right through the floor
And headed south in the pouring rain
Do you remember that girl
I don't remember her name
She should have kissed me though
I know she's missing me now
Sometimes

Streamline powerglide
A box of peaches
On the passenger side
Free at last
I said great god almighty
All skate it's a blind date
A book of matches
And a big boilerplate
Free at last
I say great god almighty

I'm following a star
Over the rainbow now