

A Place Called Freedom

Steve Hackett

I saw her on the planes
I watched her through the rain
On a buffalo dawn
Running barefoot through the corn
Her wild rose complexion
With eyes downturned
Became my obsession
I knew I had to return

To a place called freedom
To a place called freedom

High Indian cheekbones
Held by wonder
She moaned like the whining wind
Chased by thunder
Torn between home
And the horizon
A dancing gazelle
In Eternity's sunrise

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