Warm And Free

Bobby Bare

Warm and free warm and free that's all it takes to get a hold o
n me
Warm and free warm and free you never know how low you can be

Till you go into an an all-
night cafe grab somebody's dirty old cup
Walk right up to the hot water boiler and fill that sucker up
Then you add some ketchup salt and tabasco sure smells good to
me
Then sloopity-slop you suck it up it's warm and it's free
Oh warm and free...

Till you sneak into a party on the Saturday night and say hey I
'm a friend of Stan's
And you ease into the kitchen open up the fridge and gobble up
everything you can
Then you crawl into the bed neath the big pile o' coats
And try to get yourself some sleep
This life ain't swell but what the hell you're warm and you're
free
Oh warm and free...

Till you go into the bar and meet a middle aged lady let her bu
y you a drink or two
You look into her eyes till she says I've got a son bout the ve
ry same age as you
Then you say you remind me of my very own mama as her hand slip
s to her knee
She ain't Raquel but what the hell it's warm and it's free
Oh warm and free...

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