

The night we broke out
Neighborhood penitentiary
We drove to the coast and
Laughed for a century
You sunk your feet
In the empty beach
And took off all your clothes
Said "I'm never going home now
Who's gonna tell me no"

Freedom ain't it frightening
Like swimming in the lightening
Deadly but delighting
Lips against the sky now
So bold

You told me
"It always tastes good
When I choose it for myself
When there's fire in my woods
It burns me and nobody else
I know I fuck up
But as long as I show up
It'll always taste good"

I woke up in the waves
Listening to your laughter
The Odyssey sixth chapter
You were still naked
Impressionist painting
You came to me
Said run away with me
Drew lines on my cheeks
With the mud from the ground
Whispered
"Paradise ain't lost it's found"
(Whatever)

Freedom ain't it frightening
No one to make you do the right thing
What's the right thing