

## To Be Free

Passenger

Vineland, New Jersey, farm land stretching  
Far as the eye can see  
Not much down there, but sun-scorched pastures in  
Nineteen-fifty-three  
The war is over, they came searching  
For a place to be  
They left the Rhineland, they lost their homeland, and  
All their family

Like feathers on the ocean breeze  
They went spinning and tumbling 'cross the sea  
Never known where they'd come down  
Or who they'd be  
Like heather on the hillside  
They were bruised and they were battered by the breeze  
Searching for a place  
To be free

Sun burn summers and frost by winter  
Kids were plainly dressed  
Left the farmhouse when he was old enough, and  
Headed out west  
From California to Southern Africa  
And all the way to France  
And on to England to meet my mother in  
Nineteen-eighty-one

A feather on the ocean breeze  
He went spinning and tumbling 'cross the sea  
Never known where he'd come down  
Or who he'd be  
Like heather on the hillside  
He was bruised and he was battered by the breeze  
Searching for a place  
To be free

Oh, and like a seed  
That is flying in the wind  
In search of water, soil, and sun  
And the birds and the bees  
To have it all along

Now here I am, thirty-three years down  
Two-thousand-seventeen  
I've seen the Rhineland, I've been to Vineland, I'm  
A feather on the breeze