

Freida

Porter Wagoner

Mother Tree shake loose the leaves and the wind spins them around

How beautiful the leaves they are yellow red and brown

Me and Frieda stop to watch the dancing colored leaves

We frolic in the autumn wind and sleep beneath the trees

We're awakened by the touch of raindrops on our skin

As we laugh and talk about the places that we've been

And talk of plans to places that we have yet to see

Me loving Freida and Freida loving me

Free to be just what we are, free to go or stay

Free to be together or go our separate ways

Free to say just what we think and do just like we please

Me loving Freida and Freida loving me

Me and Frieda grew up in the county orphan's home

Just misplaced little children with no family of our own

And as we grew we grew to understand each other's needs

Me loving Freida and Freida loving me

Now Father Time has led us to another time and place

Where we have witnessed Mother Nature's beauty face to face

Home is in our hearts and we just follow where it leads

Me loving Freida and Freida loving me

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