

# Let Freedom Range

Pussycat

One hundred years  
How long to go?  
Not long but how  
The seasons can flow  
Before you'll lay your hand in mine

I still have a dream sometime  
That once there'll be a day  
That anyone knows every colour  
Been made by the sun

And though "the lies"  
Are dressed up in line  
We'll have a dream sometime  
If we'll have a dream sometime

Let freedom range  
Over the mountains  
Like the wind blows up the sea  
Changing you, changing me

Let freedom range  
From every dark side  
Of the city East or West  
Free at last (we're) free at last

One hundred years  
Were hard to go  
And even now still nobody knows  
How long? Not long!

A king said to me:  
'I've seen the Glory'  
Yes I've seen the Glory

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Over the mountains  
Like the wind blows up the sea  
Changing you, changing me

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From every dark side  
Of a city East or West  
Free at last (we're) free at last

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Over the mountains  
Like the wind blows up the sea  
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Let freedom range  
From every dark side  
Of a city East or West  
Free at last (we're) free at last  
(Thank God Almighty we're free at last!)