

Fields.

RAYE

It's been a long time
Since we talked
Call me back when you're free
I left him a voicemail that reads

Dear Grandad, it's been so many months that I haven't called
Seems there's always something more important on my to-do list
All that I'm missing, chasing everything I lack, Grandad
Seems I dwell on what I don't have instead of what I do
And it's weird that I wear lipstick then put a kiss on the back of my hand
So I can see what my love looks like when I'm alone
But how are you, Grandad? Do you get lonely too, Grandad?
'Cause right now, I could use a call home

I just wanna be free
You see
Like a child rolling down a hill
In a field of golden and green
Where every burden that weighs on me
Will fall away like a soft rain
And fall into a stream
In a field of golden and green

I want to be rid of the nothingness that waits for me in the living room
Do you still play the piano, Grandad? Play me something, play me Clair de lune
My goodness me, where did all the time go?
When did I go from being a kid, my mum tucking me into bed
To this grown-up, Grandad? Is this as good as it gets?
My other pillows never touched, it gathers dust and yet
I pray to Jesus that this sinking feeling won't succeed
And I'll have a zest for life like when I was eighteen

You see
I just wanna be free
Free of every single care
In a field of golden and red
And every burden that weighs on me
Will fall away like a soft rain
Fall into a stream
In fields of golden and green

Grandad
Hello, Rachel, it seems to have been a while since we've actually spoken
There's not a day passes by when I don't think of you
You asked me if I ever get lonely
But you can feel lonely in a crowded room
Spoken like a true poet
Grandad is a songwriter, you see
We were both born little with big dreams
And he'd tell me stories, how back in his day
He wrote and he wrote till his hands hurt with pain
Then he said something to me, it brought these tears to my eyes, he said
"Who will hear my songs when I die?"
And I told him, "Grandad, so long as God gives me life
I will practise your song and I will give it my best try"

You see
I just wanna be free
Free of every single care
In a field of golden and red
And every burden that weighs on me
Will fall away like a soft rain
Fall into a stream
In fields of golden and green
Fields of golden and

Free
I don't wanna be crying (I don't want to cry no more)
I just wanna be joyful (I just want to be joyful)
I don't wanna feel sad no more (I don't want to feel sad no more)
I just wanna be free
I don't wanna be crying (I don't want to be crying)
I don't wanna be sad no more (No more, no more, no more, no more)
I just wanna feel glory, Lord (I just want to feel glory, Lord)