

## Quite Free

Travis

There's a boy I know so well  
He hides inside his padded cell  
And he can see  
That he will never be quite free  
He takes his time  
Steps carefully

There's a girl I see sometimes  
She hides behind a dirty mind  
And she can see  
That she will never be quite free  
She takes her time  
Steps carefully

Free to make your mind up  
Free to choose your fate  
Free to hold your hand up  
Free; don't leave me standing in the way  
'Cause I like you  
And I'd like to  
Be free, be free, be free, be free