

Free to Be by Bruce Cockburn

Got no social graces		Wired to the switchboard
Never know my place		Always on the move
One thing I am sure of		Things we love to cling to
You can't judge a man by his race		But there's nothing we can prove
Birth don't come easy		You can only deal with
Freedom doesn't come cheap		What's before your face
Rules and worlds get swept away		And the life you're given's no use at all
While you waste your time in sleep		If you burn it up in hate
Grow up you		Grow up you
Grow up me		Grow up me
Grown together		Grown together
Free to be		Free to be



There's music in the forest		
Children laugh in the school yard		
On the skid row of the spirit		
Hear the ranting of the Western Guard		
Why don't you cool out		
Can it be so hard		
To love yourself without thinking		
Someone else holds a lower card		
Grow up you		
Grow up me		
Grown together		
Free to be		

<http://cockburnproject.net/songs&music/ftbe.html>

