

## How It Feels

There's a high-flying bird  
In that October twilight  
And I wish that she'd give her wings to me  
There's a quicksilver dance  
In the chaos of the river  
And it makes this old heart hunger to be free

Pretty soon I'll be gone  
And the day will be over  
And the night won't allow these eyes to see  
While the way is still clear  
While there's light enough to guide me  
I owe it to my own heart to be free

Oh Freedom  
Oh Freedom  
Oh Freedom  
I want to know how it feels

Worked my hands to the bone  
Leant my back to the grind stone  
Watch it turn but it never turned for me  
Take me out of this place  
Far beyond that high window  
Cause you know I'm only living to be free

Oh Freedom  
Oh Freedom  
Oh Freedom  
I want to know how it feels