

## **FREEMAN** (Tim Wood)

I met him on the motorway  
said he was a free man  
and did I have a cigarette  
He'd been all over travelling  
looking for a little gold  
He said with a laugh, I found nothing yet  
He had to get out of Ireland  
The police there they've got a lot of tricks  
They give a dog a bad name  
You better believe that it always sticks

chorus:

And he was worried about the rain  
Lord, he'd never seen it rain so hard  
And I was thinking about that flame that burned in his heart

He'd heard about a job in London  
He hit the road from Liverpool  
But if your name is Pat or Michael  
Some men treat you like a fool  
And he loved to hear old Brady sing  
He knew all the words to Arthur McBride  
And when I put it on my stereo  
The man broke right down and cried

chorus

He talked about a bar he knew in Dublin  
Lord, he wished we were there tonight  
And we talked about the travelling  
Sooner or later we're gonna get it right  
When I left him on that same motorway  
A bright cafe in a dark night  
And as I turned away to leave him  
He said, Lady Luck may she treat you right

chorus