

I USED TO BE A DIFFERENT MAN,
THAT MUCH I'LL TELL YOU TRUE.
I LIVED INSIDE A CAGE BACK THEN,
I PAID THE WORLD MY DUES,
BUT THE PAYING COULDN'T HELP ME KEEP
THE ONES I HAD TO LOSE.
I CHOSE TO LEAVE THAT WORLD BEHIND,
AND FIND A BETTER VIEW.

DON'T ASK ME WHERE I CAME FROM,
ASK ME WHERE I'LL GO.
DOESN'T MATTER WHO I'VE LEFT BEHIND,
JUST MATTERS WHO I'LL KNOW.
MY EYES HAVE LOOKED BETOND THE EDGE
OF MAPS AND WHAT THEY SHOW.
I'LL SEARCH FARTHER STILL SINCE GOING BACK
WILL NEVER HELP ME GROW.

ONE DAY I'LL TOUCH THE SKY,
TASTE THE CLOUDS AS THEY ROLL BY,
STARSHINE, AND SUNSETS, AND STORMS ALL AROUND,
FLYING SO HIGH THAT I'LL NEVER BE FOUND,
WITH A MOON THAT'S SO FULL, IT'S ALL I CAN SEE.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL FREE.

I SAILED AN OCEAN LINER,
WORKING FOR MY BREAD.
I TRAVELED CROSS THE CONTINENT,
A FREIGHT TRAIN WAS MY BED.
LOOKED FOR GOLD OUT IN THE YUKON,
BUT FOUND MYSELF INSTEAD,
AND I KNOW NOW, I BELONG
WHEREVER WILD-PLACES SPREAD.

ONE DAY I'LL TOUCH THE SKY,
TASTE THE CLOUDS AS THEY ROLL BY,
STARSHINE, AND SUNSETS, AND STORMS ALL AROUND,
FLYING SO HIGH THAT I'LL NEVER BE FOUND,
WITH A MOON THAT'S SO FULL, IT'S ALL I CAN SEE.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL FREE;

THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE,
TO KNOW THAT THERE'S MORE
THAN THE DOGMA AND DRAMA
YOUR TOWN HAS IN STORE.
TO TALK TO THE TREES,
TO RUN WITH THE BREEZE,

TO WAKE FROM YOUR SLEEPING AND BREATHE.

THAT'S HOW YOU TOUCH THE SKY,
TASTE THE CLOUDS AS THEY ROLL BY,
STARSHINE AND SUNSETS AND STORMS ALL AROUND,
FLYING SO HIGH THAT I'LL NEVER BE FOUND,
WITH A MOON THAT'S SO FULL, IT'S ALL I CAN SEE,
THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL FREE.