

FREEDOM - FIGHTER

I'm wandering and roaming
In the jungles and mountains
With gun in my hand.
For I'm waiting for freedom,
To give myself up to my country.

They come with their jets and bombers;
To destroy me forever;
But I evade them ever.
For I'm only waiting for freedom
To give myself up to my country.

Liberals blame and call me heedless.
Puppets blame and call me senseless.
But their blame is blameless.
For I'm waiting for freedom
To give myself up to my country.

Yes, they fear my heed and sense;
They clamour and fight in vain;
They doubt and despair.
Yet I'm waiting for freedom
To give myself up to my country.

Their hearts scowling me like a flame of fire;
Their words thirsting for blood like sharp bayonets.
Ready to slice me in pieces.
But I stand firm for freedom
To give myself up to my country.

For every trifle they blame me,
Ever ready to find fault for nothing.
I take no heed of what they say
Because I'm waiting for freedom
To give myself up to my country.

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