

Music Is Freedom



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VERSE

Strung up high against the dappled wall
Of a machine gun-strafed military canteen
A shard of light she stood tall
Stripped of everything but her G-String

A soldier's helmet round her headstock An empty magazine was her waistband Conde just refused to rock She held her ground kept her poise, and she took a stand

VERSE

I strode up across the cratered floor Kicking shrapnel, empty bullets and shells askew I lifted her right off the wall, out the door A soldier laying claim to what was his due

I found a sounding board in Conde She said, if you can change the world and you can just give a hand Help make a world for you and me Hold your ground, keep your poise, and take a stand

CHORUS

Music is freedom when freedom is all but gone You're free to choose right from wrong You got to take a stand before it's too late Safeguard your freedom and your faith

VERSE

Sounds of guns in the distance I lost touch with Conde and the songs we wrote They filled the deafening silence Word by word, chord by chord, note by note

Conde knew I'd return one day
Cuz with every change of heart there's a change of hand
kneeling by the case where she lay
I held her close, kept my word and took a stand

[CHORUS]

BRIDGE

You can't pretend to be tone deaf all the time And seek solace in a bottle of wine You wanna keep the flag of freedom flying high You gotta make choices in the compromise

[CHORUS]

OUTRO

Word by word, chord by chord