

## Tin Cans Liberty

Ivanhoe

I went crazy till  
I realize the useless thrill  
Your soul is packed with Gom Jabbar  
Yes you've come too far

Ain't got no perfect heart  
And who's got one anyway

This is your time your liberty  
You should be free

You're waiting for tomorrow  
And for a better time, no sorrow  
Out of your suffering, fall into your old example  
Hold on to what makes you strong this time

Save me, is your eternal cry  
Your only goal's to lose the game  
The easy way to play insane  
A wicked angry man with your bitter tin can  
Right - to find the ground, you have to go down

Just leave your pain, this low degree, for liberty

You're waiting for tomorrow  
And for a better time, no sorrow  
Out of your suffering, fall into your old example  
Hold on to what makes you strong this time