

89 Freedom Street

Something With Numbers

We packed all our bags and we moved to the shack on the hill
Living like kings we relied on the cheapest of thrills
Plenty of wine and guitars and an old 8 track
Nothing to worry about in that holy shack

Just a place where we could be ourselves

89 freedom street where everything happens and nobody sleeps
89 freedom street where nothing else matters and nobody leaves

We played our guitars and we sang and drank and melted the sky
The rest of the world was on hold cause it was our time to shine
The shack was our kingdom and we were the royalty
We had the time of our lives at 89 freedom street

Just a place where we could be ourselves
A little space where we could free ourselves

89 freedom street where everything happens and nobody sleeps
89 freedom street where nothing else matters and nobody leaves
And nobody leaves
And nobody leaves..

Just a place where we could be ourselves
The only space where we believe ourselves..

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89 freedom street where nothing else matters and nobody leaves

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