

IN MY SHOES
by Marianne Tozer

Chorus (A) What would you choose,
If you were in my shoes;
Constant fear of death,
Or freedom in a boat across the sea?

(B) What would you choose,
If you wanted to be free;
Brutal degradation,
Or in a far-off country, liberty?

V1 With my loved ones to my breast,
Under cover of the dark,
Silently sailed through the night,
With a freedom in my heart.

Chorus A

V2 That taste of freedom coming,
Like the salt in sea air,
Journey almost bearable,
Rough seas, little food to share.

Chorus

V3 That sight of freedom coming,
Someone spotted land ahead,
Our joy was overwhelming,
Bodies, souls would soon be fed.

V4 That sound of freedom coming,
Anger and distain writ plain.
Are we common criminals,
Just without a ball and chain?

V5 That smell of freedom coming?
No, the stench of septic tanks.
Boredom, hopelessness, depression;
Death is better than this, thanks.

Chorus A & B

(CODA) A taste of freedom coming.....
A sight of freedom coming.....
A sound of freedom coming.....
A smell of freedom coming.....

What would you choose,
If you were in my shoes?