

Abba, Ode To Freedom

If I ever write my
Ode to Freedom
It will be in prose that chimes with me
It would be a simple
Ode to Freedom
Not pretentious, but with dignity
I would like to think that freedom is
More than just a word
In grand and lofty language
Odes to Freedom often go unheard

If I ever wrote my
Ode to Freedom
Being privileged and spoilt for choice
Then I fear that you would
Be suspicious
Of the cause to which I'd lend my voice
It's elusive and it's hard to hold
It's a fleeting thing

That's why there is no Ode to Freedom truly worth remembering
I wish someone would write an Ode to Freedom that we all could sing