

Barkeep draws another brew, for an old guy in a sweater  
The band is in the pocket, they have never sounded better  
Waitress wears a low-cut dress, Wrapped around her curvy hips  
Stretched as tight as a rubber band, Yeah she works for tips

Songwriter in a crowded bar, Full of folks working on a buzz  
Telling each other inflated tales, Sounding way better than they was  
Was hoping they would be listening, To words straight from my heart  
Song about finding the love of my life, And how it fell apart

Took a year to write that song, I agonized over every word  
The crowd here has a single thought, they all wanna hear...  
"Freebird!" is what we wanna hear, "Freebird!" and we'll buy you a beer  
"Freebird!" they all shout, "Freebird!" or get the hell out!

Played a song about my grampa, Taking me fishing as a kid  
Fond memories of the talks we had, And all the fun stuff we did  
My mom really loved that song, Before she passed away  
I tear up when I play it now, Think of her everyday

I shed some tears to write that song, I agonized over every word  
The crowd here has a single thought, they all wanna hear...  
"Freebird!" is what we wanna hear, "Freebird!" and we'll buy you a beer  
"Freebird!" they all shout, "Freebird!" or get the hell out!

I'm not gonna play it, Not a note not a word  
The crowd here's getting restless, they all wanna hear...  
"Freebird!" is what we wanna hear, "Freebird!" and we'll buy you a beer  
"Freebird!" they all shout, "Freebird!" or get the hell out!  
"Freebird!" is what we wanna hear, "Freebird!" and we'll buy you a beer  
"Freebird!" they all shout, "Freebird!" or get the hell out!