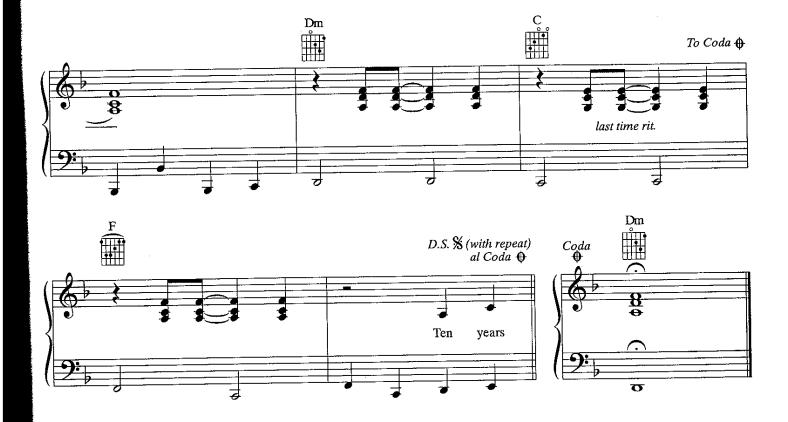
## The Window

## By TISH HINOJOSA







## Additional Lyrics

- Took to rambling back in '29, Jumped a Mo-Pac car one still hot night. Left a sweetheart, guess she cried; Oh, the west wind felt so free that night.
- 3. Ten years on that freedom took a run From the fool who's finger cocked the gun. Boy to man to god to fugitive; What a precious thing that freedom is!
- Just an old man waiting here to die; From this window barred in dreams I ride Back again to where I lost my way. Too late now to say I should've stayed.

And the second s