

she was a free spirit to him she was clear it was
her free spirit he longed to be near it oh her free spirit
he longed to join her - and in her breath he felt her free spirit

FREE SPIRIT

Hope nobody don't try to tie her down - hope no one want to put her in a cage
don't hope that he don't get the nymarous
~~was a thought~~ He lit up as he played with his olive
and watched her on the stage

she was a free spirit to him it was clear it was her free spirit
~~he loved~~ He looked at in that bar the Cabaret always
he drifted loving that free spirit

Next time he saw her he was naked at the bathes
Steam was risin up from off the floor
She was handin towels out to the men
and they looked her over on their way from the shower

she was a free spirit to him over there it was her free spirit
He gazed at in a Petal Mall by the way
~~he could only~~ he could see her free spirit

Just like a bird is free she could fly not like the wind
Just like a Goddess she is sure to die
What was the spirit? ~~she could fly~~ she could fly
Prescribed by some that it could be
There is just a figure of speech
Last time he saw her they'd thrown her in the pit - for skin stuff that don't belong
Neither was she was a pale nor full of fighting spot - She's in her Green Mansions
curse

a witch had ~~been~~ him there at birth
an Indian lady ~~to~~ hers
had lost her ~~past~~ ~~possession~~ family home
to ~~be~~ there in the 1st verse
Seems the odds were for him to get + gain + grab + get some
She chanted all night and brewed up herbs
and she bid will never ~~get~~ get anything from the world