

# One Inch Rock

Marc Bolan

Met a woman she's spouting prose  
She's got luggage eyes and a roman nose  
Her body is slung from side to side  
Need a lift she said much obliged  
I'm riding piggy-back  
Then I came to her shack  
We go inside the place it's a mess  
She said my name's the liquid poetess  
She unties her mouth  
And her buckskin dress  
She drinks from a bottle  
Labelled tenderness  
I'm in one hand in the other's a can  
She puts me in the can  
And smiles through the wall  
I got the horror's 'cause I'm one inch tall  
Next thing I know's a girl by my side  
Dressed in a bayleaf she's trying to hide  
I asked her name she said Germaine  
Do the rock do the one inch rock.