

Sarah Crazy Child

Marc Bolan

Sarah crazy child is devouring all the streets
With her pastel dotted dress
And her seductive bongo-beat

Her skin is wild like the olives
And her body's bitter sweet
Still she's only just thirteen
And she's forgotten how to dream

Brother, the juke-box King
With his venom mildly sting, yeah
And his knowledge twisted hair
And his 1920's stare

Lives beneath the roadway
In a manner to his lair
In summer he's a young boy
But in winter he's a bear

Broken dusty mama
Her face melted just like wax
Her once gazelle like features
Blooded by the Ajax

Received your picture postcard
Of the twosome of the one
Solely [Incomprehensible] submitted
To guillotine of their home