

Marc Bolan

"Baby Boomerang"

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Slim lined sheik faced angel of the night
Riding like a cowboys in the graveyard of the night
New York witch in the dungeon of the day
I'm trying to write my novel but all you do is play

Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang
Well, you never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang
Thank you ma'am

Mince pie dog-eyed eagle on the wind
You're searching through this garbage looking for a
friend
Your uncle with an alligator chained to his leg
Dangles your freedom then he offers you his bed

Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang
Well, you never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang
Thank you ma'am

It seem to me, to dream is something too wild
In Max's Kansas City, you a belladonna child
Riding on the highways, on the gateway to the south
You're talking with your boots and you're walking with
your mouth

Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang
Well, you never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang

Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang
Well, you never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang
Thank you ma'am, yeah

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