

Marc Bolan

"Chateau In Virginia Waters"

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Broken English words cracked the air like a bell
She had a chateau in Virginia Waters
Free from all those culture vultures
Her silver car a silver cloud cloaked the air in a shroud
Her pearly author's teeth tore the seasoned cedar
coloured pheasant

Her one rich wish is to write a book about
A Venetian mother's problems on a barge in little
Venice

She peers at the portrait of her poetess grandmother
Who's theatrical in character
Wise just like Socrates
She sinks her nails into the aged canvas
But the power from the wordster's head was cool and
shrill and frightening

Miss Drag is intermingled with the powder-blue chaise
lounge
She types some acid words to her hairless Havana art
dealer

Her one rich wish is to write a book about a chateau in
Virginia Waters
Free from all those culture vultures

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