

Marc Bolan "Child Star"

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D9.....

Mountain eyes, peeping out of his head ah

D9.....

Sipping tea, composing in his bed ah

D9.....

A hundred hands working on a musical of old

..c.....am.....c.....am.....c..

Debussy and mendelsshon handel and dvorak of old

C.....

Child star, protegee of mister gormez

C.....am....

Who said you'd go far

C.....

Child star, they do not see just what a precious

Am.....

Gem you'd be

D.....

Sad to them watching you

D.....(/d 10 repeat).....

Fade into in-ah in-ah-visibility

D9.....

Twelve yeas old, your elvish fingers kiss your

D9.....

Beethoven hair, the awesome people stare they're

D9.....

Unaware of all the angel sounds they see and hear

..c.....am.....c.....am.....c...

Debussy and mendelsshon handel and dvorak they
hear

C.....

Child star, protegee of mister gormez

C.....am....

Who said you'd go far

C.....

Child star, and when you died at just thirteen they wept
and

Am.....

Rung their hair

D.....

Sad to them mourning you

D.....(d10 repeat).....

When you are there within the flowers and the trees

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