

Marc Bolan

"Dandy in the Underworld"

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Hot air hangs like a dead man
From a white oak tree
People sitting on porches
Thinking how things used to be

Dark night, it's a dark night
Dark night, it's a dark night

The neighborhood was changing
Strangers moving in
A new boy fell for a local girl
When she made eyes at him

She was young and pretty
No stranger to other men
Open doors were being locked at night
And old lines drawn again

I thought these things
Didn't matter anymore
I thought all that blood
Had been shed long ago

Dark night, it's a dark night

He took her to the outskirts
And pledged his love to her
They thought it was their secret
But someone knew where they were

He held her so close
He asked about her dreams
When a bullet from a passing car
Made the young girl scream

I thought these things
Didn't happen anymore
I thought all that blood
Had been shed long ago

Dark night, it's a dark night
Dark night, it's a dark night

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