

Marc Bolan

"Desdemona"

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Desdemona just because
You're the daughter of a man
He may be rich he's in a ditch
He does not understand
Just how to move or rock and roll
To the conventions of the young
Desdemona, Desdemona,
Desdemona Desdemona,
Desdemona, Desdemona
Lift up your skirt and fly.
Just because my friend and I
Got a jute joint by the Seine
Does not mean I'm past fourteen
And cannot play the game
I'm glad I split and got a pad
On Boulevard Rue Fourteen
Desdemona, Desdemona,
Desdemona Desdemona,
Desdemona, Desdemona
Lift Up your skirt and fly.
Just because Toulouse Lautrec
Painted some chick in the rude
Doesn't give you the right
To steal my night
And leave me naked in the nude
Well just because the touch of your hand
Can turn me on just like a stick.
Desdemona, Desdemona,
Desdemona Desdemona,
Desdemona, Desdemona
Lift up your skirt and speak.

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