

Marc Bolan

"Lunacy's Back"

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Lunacy's back (Loony)
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Lunacy's back
Lunacy's back with his pony and trap and his big mouth
He's asked through the years with his tears and his
fears in a hen house

Hung on a star, his cigar is suspended from his lips
His coat is a moat and his bread is the lead that keeps
him there

Bizarre is killed in a drawer in the deep sheets of his
bed
His head is the hat reaches up from the mat made of
yeti
His drinks are all laced with the liquid dye traces of his
love

Lunacy hid in the skin of a gasoline rainbow
Is where he was claimed as a trainee explainer of
madness
He melted a picture of sane peoples bubbles
When that sunny-eyed lightning, explaining their
troubles
The business world's puddles reflecting their true
Venusian doubles

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