

Marc Bolan

"Pictures of Purple People"

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I saw this mirror, I looked through it
Reflections looked most better than all
Cared too much, hating hatred
Seeing things deformed and almost cold
Crying sadly, shielding gladly my eyes
From the ugly side of fat men seeing, almost
Thin men peeping, sleeping, looking, falling
Dizzy from their windows high

The men of magic thinking if evil
He was bringing sunless children
Seeing all the bad,
'Cos beauty was too ugly
And faceless people
Wondered at the beautiful forms they had

Now the mirror's broken
I'm smiling, seeing good things
Yet despite foot splinters swirl in the air
Forever call him beauty
Children come at night time
Weird things blackening the fairest maiden's hair

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