

## **Marc Bolan**

### **"Rapids"**

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Your mama said, "clean out your head boy, don't lay  
nothing on my child"  
Your friends they said, "Your heads in a noose boy lay  
some boogie on our minds"  
And we stood like the rapids and I was like a new born  
child.

Your father said, "clean out your head boy, go and kick  
cans along the street"  
Your father said "clean out your toes rose and go and  
lick some uncooked meat"  
And we stood like the rapids and I was like a new born  
child.

Your mama said, "my babe is not free son, but I'm  
loose about midnight"  
Your father said, "Your sisters a groove boy, what I  
said it just ain't right"  
But then I stood like the rapids and I was like a new  
born child.

Won't you tell me why?

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