

## Marc Bolan

# "Reading by John Peel"

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Kingsley Mole sat high on a windy knoll, his eyes  
consuming the silent midnight woods.  
He nuzzled his long molish snout deep inside the heart  
of a marigold and let his molish  
imagination skip to and fro over sunken galleons and  
pirate pictures of rusted doubloons  
and deep-water cabins stacked to the brim with musty  
muskets and goldfish gauntlets,  
once worn by Henry Morgan. The lark awoke and  
doffed its plumed three cornered hat  
to its own sleepy-eyed reflection, then it hopped past  
the crested nest of the snoring cuckoo,  
and flew off into the Lionel Lark morning looking for  
friend Mole. Mole was on a marigold  
comedown and sulkely scraped bluebeat rythms with  
his ground-digging paw.  
"Yes," he whispered, "Me and Li are going aquesting  
for the Lilly Pond of Fox Necks.  
Li'll know all the mapping gen[??], so the mole,  
kneeling on the soft soil, said a morning prayer  
to Ra, not even caring if he dirtied his yellow Rupert  
trousers because his molish mind knew that  
praying was special.

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