

Marc Bolan

"Reading by John Peel (My People...)"

Visit "[Reading by John Peel \(My People...\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

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.

Visit [Marc Bolan](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.