

Marc Bolan

"Sara Crazy Child"

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Sara crazy child is devouring all the streets
With her pastel coloured dress
And her seductive bongo-beat
Her skin is wild like the olives
And her body's' bitter sweet
Still she's only just thirteen
And she's forgotten how to dream.
Her brother the juke-box King
With his venom mildly sting
And his knowledge twisted hair
And his 1920's stare
He lives beneath the roadway
In a manner to his lair
In summer he's a young boy
But in winter he's a bear
Broken dusty mother Imamal'
Her face melted just like wax
Her once gazelle like features
Blooded by the lifes age old axe Received your picture
postcard
Of the twosome of the one
Solely the submitted to the guillotine of their home.

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