

Marc Bolan "Visions of Domino"

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Her love is hot, but mine is not

This woman is a perfumed breeze
Greek Gods recline on her knees
I'd freeze the sun to kiss her ear

It all makes up the visions I call Domino
It all makes up the visions I call Domino
Right now

A suit of doubt she gave to me
In return I cried a sea
Of poet's tears and something more
I camped outside her velvet doors

Love's a freak and it moves fast
My marble dream it could not last
Now every time this girl I see
She tries to chain me to her tree

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