

Marc Bolan And T. Rex "High"

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Flowers blown on the wind at night
Lovers' prayer brings heart strings tight
My summer was blown to a winter's throne
High, high, high
Riding fast on the path at night
Unaware of a lover's right
To be gone and destroy your song
Oh,, high, high, high
Oh
Many changes my young life has seen, yeah
People feel that true love's a dream
My faith was wrong
God will help me carry on
High, high, high, oh
I wanna take you a high, girl
I wanna take you a high, boy
[Repeat till fade...]

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