

Marc Bolan And T. Rex

"Over the flats"

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OVER THE FLATS

I was dragged here from my own place,
turned from my old gang, given a new face.
My old man loved it, he had his garden,
he had his pop indoors, but my reputation's gone

Flats, over the flats, over the flats, over the flats

I miss my friend called Pete, he always looked so neat,
he had those dancing feet, how will we ever meet

Flats, over the flats, over the flats, over the flats

The chicks I used to know would never see me grow,
would never grip my hand, well I'm a fighting man

Flats, over the flats, over the flats, over the flats

Here no one knows my name, people all look the same,
I walk on lonely steps, they don't know my reps.

Flats, over the flats, over the flats, over the flats

Well I was born to move, with fire in my shoes,
I'm an unnoticed boy, just future toy

Flats, over the flats, over the flats
I'm just gone

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