Marc Bolan And T. Rex
"The King Of The Mountain Cometh"

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One...Two...Three...Four....
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Ow!!
The King of the Mountain cometh
On his arm there was a dove
In livery green and tapestry clean
He called it his Falcon of Love, oh yeah
Called his Falcon of Love
Du-duluddle du doh
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Ahhh!!
The Mage of the Midnight Abbey
Was a child of fifteen years
His eyes were bored with galactic lore
He had points upon his ears, oh yeah
Points upon his ears
Du-duluddle du doh
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Ahhh!!
The Wild-Witch Wizard of Esher
Was a changeling son from Mars
He learned his song from the Cosmic Throngs
And played them on a Fender guitar, oh yeah
And played them on a Fender guitar
Du-duluddle du doh
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau
Ahhh!!
The woman from the Plateaus of Persia
Came to sell me a wonderous thing
In a horn of oak with a sulpherous smoke

She gave me King Solomon's Ring, oh yeah
Gave me the magical thing
Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau
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Ahhh!!