

T. Rex

"Strange Orchestras"

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Saw a face in a conical of lace, it was a strange
orchestra
Mannikin skin pounding on a bass-drum, strange
orchestra
Lillipution, evil in the eyes of the man with the leaf harp
He lusts for the urchin hiding under mountains of
moleskin
A big cat like t-tyrannosaurus going to Lilliput
The ensemble make a tiny rumble, the celloist solos
The sky blackens and the bass string slackens and they
stand statuesquely
Then they giggle and they wiggle through the door in
the big dark oak tree

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