

Marc Bolan, Baby Boomerang

Slim lined sheik faced
Angel of the night
Riding like a cowboy
In the graveyard of the night
New York witch in the dungeon
Of the day
I'm trying to write my novel
But all you do is play

Baby Boomerang
Baby Boomerang
You never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang

Mince pie dog-eye
Eagle on the wind
I'm searching through this garbage
Looking for a friend
Your uncle with an alligator
Chained to his leg
Dangles you your freedom
Then he offers you his bed

Baby Boomerang
Baby Boomerang
You never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang

It seems to me to dream
Is something too wild
In Max's Kansas City
You a belladonna child
hiding on the highways
On the gateways to the south
You're talking with your boots
And you're walking with your mouth

Baby Boomerang
Baby Boomerang
You never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang

Baby Boomerang
Baby Boomerang
You never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang
Thank you ma'am