

Marc Bolan, Dwarfish Trumpet Blues

I saw a little man who had a toy trumpet
He sat on a stone with his lips to the mouthpiece
He was deaf dumb and blind so he couldn't quite make it
When out of the horn came a solid silver genie
Who was made just to make the little man happy
As the man made sounds the genie painted fluid,
Mind-blowing visions on the little man's brain-box

Everybody small with no lips to play the trumpet
Everybody living inside a giant deaf aid
Everybody's eyes crucified to the tapestry
Woven by the giant with the solid silver genie
Who plays the trumpet