

Marc Bolan, Eastern Spell

Eastern voices calling to you
Mystic magic oceans of blue
Timeless wonders cease to wonder
When you know the spell you're under Is mine.

Many times I've seen the sunset
Only 'cos I'm trying to get
All the love my mind is holding
Unseen pleasures are exploding for me.

Secret sounds of giant sea birds
Singing songs of lonesome sailors
Golden cats in temples only knowing
That the spell of time Is his.