

Marc Bolan, Hot George

You sound a little crazy
But it could be the heat
I'm roasted like a chestnut
By the fire of your feet
Your body is a furnace
Your love is the coal
So won't you tame your man
Hot George

Now Georgie was a female
As females go
She moved fast like a jaguar
Melting all like snow
She was a foxy heater
Rotating like the sun
So won't you tame yor man
Hot George

Pavlovian he said "Lo" [**unsure about this line]
He was a bronzed style punk
He drank up the rainbow
To get his skull drunk
He laid by the mission bell
To keep his guns all creamed
Why don't you understand?
Hot George

Why don't you understand?
Hot George

Why don't you understand?
Hot George

G-g-g-Georgie
G-g-g-Georgie