

# Marc Bolan, Jasper C. Debussy

Jasper was fine but he had glass eyes  
He crucified me with his pixie coloured lies  
His hair was black, he had a bend in his back  
He tied my cousin Eddy to the railroad tracks  
The train it come, he started to run  
Jasper C. Debussy that's his kind of fun  
Jasper was born with a moth in his mind  
The moth was too soft on the curtain behind  
He startled the face of a friend of my girl's  
He cut out her eyes and he wore them with furs  
I get half the dues, wear my shoes  
Tonight you might laugh while crying the news  
'Cos Jasper C. Debussy, that's his kind of blues

Mama

Jasper he dressed in the darkest of clothes  
He wears scarlet pantaloons and five foot one inch hose  
His face is like a rock and his eyes like the night  
He's like a grim faced dog that's looking for a fight  
Silhouette looks like a furry Persian rat  
When you see him coming mama, you'd better run  
Because Jasper C. Debussy that's his kind of fun