

Marc Bolan, One Inch Rock

Met a woman she's spouting prose
She's got luggage eyes and a roman nose
Her body is slung from side to side
Need a lift she said much obliged
I'm riding piggy-back
Then I came to her shack

We go inside the place it's a mess
She said my name's the liquid poetess
She unties her mouth
And her buckskin dress
She drinks from a bottle
labelled tenderness
I'm in one hand in the other's a can

She puts me in the can
And smiles through the wall
I got the horror's cos I'm one inch tall
Next thing I know's a girl by my side
Dressed in a bayleaf she's trying to hide
I asked her name she said Germaine
Do the rock do the one inch rock.