

Marc Bolan, Strange Orchestras

Saw a face in a conical of lace, it was a strange orchestra
Mannequin skin pounding on a bass-drum, strange orchestra

Lilliputian, evil in the eyes of the man with the leaf harp
He lusts for the urchin hiding under mountains of moleskin

A big cat like t-tyrannosaurus going to Lilliput
The ensemble make a tiny rumble, the celloist solos

The sky blackens and the bass string slackens and they stand statuesquely
Then they giggle and they wiggle through the door in the big dark oak tree