

Marc Bolan, The Sea Beasts

The sea beasts scull the waters
Feeling fear for thee
The hawks that tamed the skies
Wish you so well to be.

A Foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore
By man's claw.

The horned dog guarding grandly
Daughters of the Sun
At night in twilight groves
His pray for you is begun.

You foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills on your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore By man's claw.

The bull of gold that's old
Beyond the songs of man
Keeps watch upon the fates
When they misweave your strand.

O Foal in the fields
With the bless of the hills on your
Shore and you're poor and your sore feetys
Ne'er to be bore
By man's claw.

UFO, UFO you are UFO,
UFO you are UFO,
UFO you are, a colt.