

# 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.