

Marc Bolan, The Travelling Tragition

Shadow cloak swift as a swallow,
Pantaloons down in the hollow,
Dancing, his voice like a cloud
In the death of my night.

Awful eyes, black Persian beggar,
Harlequinesque, hair plaited heather,
Stepping so lightly,
A sprite in the house of my sight.

O m'dear, travelling Tragition,
It's sky clear, you're a gift from the fair folk.