

# Marc Bolan, Visions Of Domino

Her love is hot, but mine is not

This woman is a perfumed breeze  
Greek Gods recline on her knees  
I'd freeze the sun to kiss her ear

It all makes up the visions I call Domino  
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Right now

A suit of doubt she gave to me  
In return I cried a sea  
Of poet's tears and something more  
I camped outside her velvet doors

Love's a freak and it moves fast  
My marble dream it could not last  
Now every time this girl I see  
She tries to chain me to her tree