

# T. Rex, Ballrooms Of Mars

You gonna look fine  
Be primed for dancing  
You're gonna trip and glide  
All on the trembling plane  
Your diamond hands  
Will be stacked with roses  
And wind and cars  
And people of the past

I'll call you thing  
Just when the moon sings  
And place your face in stone  
Upon the hill of stars  
And gripped in the arms  
Of the changeless madman  
We'll dance our lives away  
In the Ballrooms of Mars

You talk about day  
I'm talking 'bout night time  
When the monsters call out  
The names of men  
Bob Dylan knows  
And I bet Alan Freed did  
There are things in night  
That are better not to behold

You dance  
With your lizard leather boots on  
And pull the strings  
That change the faces of men  
You diamond browed hag  
You're a glitter-gaunt gangster  
John Lennon knows your name  
And I've seen his