

# T. Rex, Child Star

Mountain eyes, peeping out of his head  
Sipping tea composing in his bed  
A hundred hands working on a musical of old  
Debussy and Mendlessohn  
Handel and Dvorak of old  
Child star protege of Mister Gormez  
Who said you'd go far  
Child star, they do not see just what a precious gem you'd be  
Sad to see them watching you fade into invisibility

Twelve years old, your elvish fingers kiss your Beethoven hair  
The awesome people stare  
They're unaware of all the angel sounds they see and hear  
Debussy and Mendlessohn  
Handel and Dvorak of old  
Child star protege of Mister Gormez  
Who said you'd go far  
Child star and when you died at just thirteen they wept and wrung their hair  
Sad to see them mourning you when you are there  
Within the flowers and the trees