

T. Rex, Over The Flats

I was dragged here from my old place
Turned from my old gang given a new face
My old man loved it he had his garden
He had his papadoms but my reputation's gone
Flats, over the flats over the flats over the flats

I miss my friend called Pete he always looked so neat
He had those dancin' feet how will we ever meet
The chicks I used to know will never see me grow
Will never grasp my hand when I'm a fighting man

Here no-one knows my name people all look the same
I walk unnoticed steps they don't know my rep
Well I was born to move with fire in my shoes
I'm an unnoticed boy just you just toy (?)