

T. Rex, 'Pon A Hill

'Pon a hill a green bird sat
Her owlets in a green felt hat
Her fortune was a wish.

Ambassador a heron blue
Rode on the dawn with kegs of dew
He said his tales were true

A ragged youth with eyes of glass
Was seen dancing upon the grass
His words were winged and wise

His shaven skull he etched with ease
The silent scriptures of the trees
His prophecies were You.