

# Marc Bolan, All Alone

All alone I sit at home  
With my chrome guitar  
Even Michael Mouse  
He has a house with someone there  
You handsome bitch, you movie twitch  
And serenade the dudes that move and  
Smile so vile and masquerade, they masquerade

An adjacent kid with a Jamacian lid  
And switch-blade knife, steals the  
Truth from your golden tooth then he  
Turns you in

So you hold hands tight on a marble night  
And maybe dismissed, but know that  
Zeus is never loose with his Grecian kiss  
His Grecian kiss

Fiery skies in children eyes  
Fade into youth bleeding blood and tears  
On all the ears, that heard your gold  
So you walk the dog and you stroll the fog

On a dome sky earth, and lie too hard  
Is an English bard, you better hide your tracks  
Better watch your mind

Do it to me baby, now