

Marc Bolan, Beyond The Risin' Sun

You've heard about the Fairyland
Where people walk hand in hand,
I tell you I know where it is
It's past the Apples of the Sun
Near the Land of the Golden One,
Far beyond the rising sun
You pass the oceans of this land
Pass the man with the golden hand
You smile as you watch the Dragons fly
And play upon the golden shore
And bang upon his magic door
Behind which people never die
When finally you make the scene
You see things you never dream
You thought they were only in your mind
Where Unicorns and young Gods play
From the break of dawn to the end of day
Always happy and kind in their minds.