

Marc Bolan, Blessed Wild Apple Girl

Gypsy Girl, oh twisty pearl
Sat upon the stoney pale mare
Beltane Eve, by the fires you grieve
With your deep Babylonian hair

(chorus)
Blessed Wild Apple Girl move along now
Blessed Wild Apple Girl move along now
Blessed Wild Apple Girl

Gypsy girl, oh twisty girl
Your hands are dangled with flowers
Tangled torn, so stately born
For a throne in the (hill) halls of Ireland

(chorus)

Fools have said the hills are dead
But her nose is a rose of the Shee
A silver sword by an ancient ford
Was my gift from this child of the trees

(chorus to end)