Marc Bolan, Broken Hearted Blues

This is a song, that I wrote when I was young, And I call it, the broken hearted blues, The air on that night, was tempered like a knife, And the people wore the face masks of a clown, Don he was long, mis-shapen and forlorn, And his woman ran away without a smile.

Days of the earth, are unbroken changeless turf, But the faces of the men are something else. In the wind, as a boy, was a spacious sexual toy, But baby, now he's a toothless baggy man, When the hills of the sun, make you feel that you are young,

Get good now, and face your face into the wind. This is a song, that I wrote when I was young, And I called it the broken hearted blues