

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.
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And I called it the broken hearted blues