

Marc Bolan, Casual Agent

Oh I wanna be your casual agent
I wanna be your casual agent

Casual agent moving by the sand
Cosmetic Betty stealing from the skull
Madonna dollar destroyed by the holy roof
I know to move my child to switch
Without your tooth

Distorted contortionist barely
Saved his cool
As he rubberised Hannah by the 'lectric school
With the planetary pearl
And the magnetic fool who were
Both told and rolled to look alike
And welded to a stool

Wind of illusion came darkly down my street
Lead were my eyelids, demented were my feet
And the two faced detector from the
Malibu beach, dejected like Delilah she
Sucked upon my perch

All night worker for the missionary stand
I seldom drip glue, in the video grand
Tiger tongued tinse, see the old queens
Of the night, were stone cold stiletto-toed
Stone mama's alright