

Marc Bolan, Chariots Of Silk

The toad road licked my wheels like a sabre
Winds of the marsh lightly blew
Stone jars stacked with stars on her shoulders
Hunters of pity she slew.

Chariots of silk she rode
Stallions of gold she owned.

A mad Mage with a maid on his eyebrows
Hunteth the realm for a God
Who could teach him the craft of decanting
The glassy entrails of a frog.

The Bard of my birth with his ballet
Walked the wild worlds in the chase
For the black chested canary
Who as a moose can sing bass.