

Marc Bolan, Crimson Moon

The beat of bondage stalks on

Hey little girl you move so fine
All I want to do is melt your mind
Under the crimson moon
Under the crimson moon
I wanna feel your heat under the crimson moon
I wanna feel your heat under the crimson moon

You can shake your torpedoes
You can shoot your gun
You can mix your martinis
From the blood of the sun

I'm a chartreuse lover
I am an indigo man
In the black of the night
I'll hold your lily white hand