

Marc Bolan, Do You Remember?

Her Face was like a cult to me
Her limbs were fierce in symmetry
It throws me into song
The throng have done us wrong
And away she goes, her toes leave gold
Her horn of youth has passed behold
It throws me into song
The throng have done us wrong

Do-oo you remember?
Do-oo you remember?
Pleasures of love
Tresures of love

The voice of light denounce the night
Sweet pilgrims climb the chily heights
It throws me into song
The throng have done us wrong

Do-oo you remember?
Do-oo you remember?
Pleasures of love
Treasures of love

Do-oo you remember?
Do-oo you remember?
Pleasures of love
Treasures of love

[chant till fade...]