

# Marc Bolan, Hot Rod Mama

Hot rod mama moving like a motor cycle devil in a race  
Blown out my mind, I can't keep up the pace  
I'm selling all my midnight, still broke and living on the ground  
My gone little mama cut out without a sound

With my greased-up levis,  
baseball boots above my head  
If it wasn't such a tragedy  
I might wish I was dead

She took my ice-cream mustang  
and my purple coloured dodeville  
She even took my panpipes and my elixir of life pill