

Marc Bolan, Juniper Suction

There's a crawling sensation
An Astral vibration
That's sucking me into your sight
I can tell by your hair In the juniper chair
And the piraty twist of your mouth
I've constructed your frame In a plasticine game
And your eyes are the sweets of my youth
But I'm naked and bare in the ice of your stare
And I'm useless at telling the truth
So I hide with my head in the tent of the bed
And my body is sucked through your eyes
Then I quiver and shiver and start to deliver the goods
Then I vanish in size.