

Marc Bolan, Lunacy's Back

Lunacy's back (Loony)

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Lunacy's back with his pony and trap and his big mouth

He's asked through the years with his tears and his fears in a hen house

Hung on a star, his cigar is suspended from his lips

His coat is a moat and his bread is the lead that keeps him there

Bizarre is killed in a drawer in the deep sheets of his bed

His head is the hat reaches up from the mat made of yeti

His drinks are all laced with the liquid dye traces of his love

Lunacy hid in the skin of a gasoline rainbow

Is where he was claimed as a trainee explainer of madness

He melted a picture of sane peoples bubbles

When that sunny-eyed lightning, explaining their troubles

The business world's puddles reflecting their true Venusian doubles

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