

Marc Bolan, Misty Mist

Highways mine the Mountains of the Moon (Moon)
Midnight is a sound singing Cupid's tune (tune)
Only seeing is believing in the Temple of the Sun (Sun)
Where silver swords dug a misty morning sun (sun)
Jump as sunlight skims the sky
Downstairs radiation burns my eyes (eyes)
Darkness is a sound of the morning sun
And the misty mist despoils the morning fun
Farewell lost love, Black-gloved Woman known
To the Prince of Lies, as a metal stone
The friend sees us smile, he smiles to the two
In the misty mist encircles both me and you