

Marc Bolan, Pain And Love

A punkoid opera in C flat and razor sharp

We have traveled pain and love
To call ourselves high born
Living in a maze so crazed, lunacy is legend
Lunacy is legend

Words I fear that clutch my crutch
And drive your senses crazy
Men or women too get blue,
so don't make living hazy
No don't make living hazy

Once in youth the wisdom crouched
Deep inside my bedroom
Visitations now are scarce, winter life is lonely
Now winter life is lonely

Temples that are bleak and bleached
Are bleached up on the highway
God of truth returned just once
and made my prison homely

Don't make my life so lonely