

# Marc Bolan, Pictures Of Purple People

I saw this mirror, I looked through it  
Reflections looked most better than all  
Cared too much, hating hatred  
Seeing things deformed and almost cold  
Crying sadly, shielding gladly my eyes  
From the ugly side of fat men seeing, almost  
Thin men peeping, sleeping, looking, falling  
Dizzy from their windows high

The men of magic thinking if evil  
He was bringing sunless children  
Seeing all the bad,  
'Cos beauty was too ugly  
And faceless people  
Wondered at the beautiful forms they had

Now the mirror's broken  
I'm smiling, seeing good things  
Yet despite foot splinters swirl in the air  
Forever call him beauty  
Children come at night time  
Weird things blackening the fairest maiden's hair