

# Marc Bolan, Rapids

Your mama said, "clean out your head boy, don't lay nothing on my child"  
Your friends they said, "Your heads in a noose boy lay some boogie on our minds"  
And we stood like the rapids and I was like a new born child.

Your father said, "clean out your head boy, go and kick cans along the street"  
Your father said "clean out your toes rose and go and lick some uncooked meat"  
And we stood like the rapids and I was like a new born child.

Your mama said, "my babe is not free son, but I'm loose about midnight"  
Your father said, "Your sisters a groove boy, what I said it just ain't right"  
But then I stood like the rapids and I was like a new born child.

Won't you tell me why?