

# Marc Bolan, Sara Crazy Child

Sara crazy child is devouring all the streets  
With her pastel coloured dress  
And her seductive bongo-beat  
Her skin is wild like the olives  
And her body's' bitter sweet  
Still she's only just thirteen  
And she's forgotten how to dream.  
Her brother the juke-box King  
With his venom mildly sting  
And his knowledge twisted hair  
And his 1920's stare  
He lives beneath the roadway  
In a manner to his lair  
In summer he's a young boy  
But in winter he's a tear  
Broken dusty mother Imamal'  
Her face melted just like wax  
Her once gazelle like features  
Blooded by the Ajax  
Received your picture postcard  
Of the twosome of the one  
Solely the submitted to the guillotine of their home.