

Marc Bolan, The Misty Coast Of Albany

Weeping willow woman
Ladled on the arm
Of the misty coast of Albany
With its charm
Pining pillar of the wild willows end
Womanly waiting
For your manly friend.

A star 'bove the mire is her husbandly choice
Locked in his tower
By the enchanted voice
Of the Starguard Rhina
With his lips soiled with gold
He dares to loiter
Near our lady bold.

Once a heart was made and cast
In molten love
But t'was in realms of the past.