

Marc Bolan, The Pilgrim's Tale

Beauty things sing to me
As a chorus
As a flock the wild seas
Sway before us

Hail as a hand is my mail
The thrush is my love
And the whale is a snail

Sailors dance in a trance
On the ocean
Fairy lights in her eyes
Tame the water

With the morn we mount and ride
Pilgrims of summer
The swift is our guide

Dazzle dawn man
Mouthed with a smile
Caution cloud lord
Stay for a while
You make us smile.