

Marc Bolan, The Slider

I could never understand
The wind at all
Was like a ball of love
I could never never see
The cosmic sea
Was like a bumblebee
And when I'm sad
I slide

I have never never kissed
A car before It's like a door
I have always always
Grown my own before
All schools are strange
And when I'm sad
I slide

I have never never
Nailed a nose before
That's how the garden grows
I could never understand
The wind at all
Was like a ball of love
And when I'm sad
I slide

Watch now I'm gonna slide