

Marc Bolan, Till Dawn

One and a two and a three and four, hey

Golden eyes on a sunset lawn
make me feel so glad to be born
Broken pages on the edge of night
make me want to squeeze you tight
Till dawn
Till dawn oh *

Heat will fly on a sky of gold
Rivers flow like diamonds oh
Flaming angel girl I need you now
locked around me like a burning house
Till dawn
Till dawn oh *

*Repeat

Till dawn t-t-till dawn Till dawn t-t-till dawn