

Marc Bolan, Warlord Of The Royal Crocodiles

Handsome as life
He's our lord and we trust in him
To move like the wind
As our friend and guardian.

The elements and oceans congregate on his brow
And he stalks in style like a royal crocodile.

His chariot legs
Are tree green and autumn brown
His crown of dusk is a glimpse of things to be.

In palaces and temples near the dwellings of man
If he can he'll smile 'cos he's a Royal Crocodile.