

# T. Rex, Blessed Wild Apple Girl

Gypsy Girl, oh twisty pearl  
Sat upon the stoney pale mare  
Beltane Eve, by the fires you grieve  
With your deep Babylonian hair

[Chorus:]

Blessed Wild Apple Girl move along now  
Blessed Wild Apple Girl move along now  
Blessed Wild Apple Girl

Gypsy girl, oh twisty girl  
Your hands are dangled with flowers  
Tangled torn, so stately born  
For a throne in the (hill) halls of Ireland

[Chorus]

Fools have said the hills are dead  
But her nose is a rose of the Shee  
A silver sword by an ancient ford  
Was my gift from this child of the trees

[Chorus to end]