

# T. Rex, Great Horse

Pranced proudly in the garden villas  
With the Sun

Dipped diving with his horned onyx saddle  
Shining in the black aped eyeballs  
Of the gun

When the great apple falls  
She'll be queen of your halls

Tall bowman from the burnt pastures  
Saw Champer and he bowed ground kissing  
To his lord

Strange beastie from the legend lair  
Sire, I can master with the aid of this  
Skull powdered cord