

T. Rex, Mystic Lady

Baby Mystic Lady
You do own my night
Put my dogs to fright
Yea Yea Yea Yea Yea

Riding sliding Sorceress
In your dungarees
Got me on my knees

The people in your life are cruel
Keep on riding that hard road
The lovers in you life are few
Keep on riding that hard road

Pleasant crescent moon
Fills my heart with pain
Fills my toes with rain

Oh Bobby you're hobby
With the learned ones
Like a setting sun