

Sara Crazy Child

Marc Bolan

Sara crazy child is devouring all the streets
With her pastel coloured dress
And her seductive bongo-beat
Her skin is wild like the olives

And her body's' bitter sweet
Still she's only just thirteen
And she's forgotten how to dream.
Her brother the juke-box King

With his venom mildly sting
And his knowledge twisted hair
And his 1920's stare
He lives beneath the roadway

In a manner to his lair
In summer he's a young boy
But in winter he's a tear
Broken dusty mother Imamal'

Her face melted just like wax
Her once gazelle like features
Blooded by the Ajax
Received your picture postcard

Of the twosome of the one
Solely the submitted to the guillotine of their home.