

## Sarah Crazy Child

Marc Bolan

Sarah crazy child is devouring all the streets  
With her pastel dotted 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

Brother, the juke-box King  
With his venom mildly sting, yeah  
And his knowledge twisted hair  
And his 1920's stare

Lives beneath the roadway  
In a manner to his lair  
In summer he's a young boy  
But in winter he's a bear

Broken dusty mama  
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 [Incomprehensible] submitted  
To guillotine of their home