

## Beyond The Risin' Sun

Marc Bolan

You've heard about the Fairyland  
Where people walk hand in hand,  
I tell you I know where it is  
It's past the Apples of the Sun  
Near the Land of the Golden One,  
Far beyond the rising sun  
You pass the oceans of this land  
Pass the man with the golden hand  
You smile as you watch the Dragons fly  
And play upon the golden shore  
And bang upon his magic door  
Behind which people never die  
When finally you make the scene  
You see things you never dream  
You thought they were only in your mind  
Where Unicorns and young Gods play  
From the break of dawn to the end of day  
Always happy and kind in their minds.