

Afghan Woman

T. Rex

Afghan woman, deemed a princess
Born a true blue thoroughbred
Head a chiselled face of fables
Omen of no ill

Hills that spread around your chamber
Blooms that twine around your ears
Blossoms of the royalest texture angel of the years

Clad in sacks and scraps of linen
Living 'neath your waterwell
Praying that my youthy pauper's face
Will quench you well

Gazelle girl striding through your palace
Precious jewels nestle in your hair
Rameses born with platignum future
Take my heart and care.