

Great Horse

Marc Bolan

Great Horsey Champer Goldbraid
Pranced proudly
In the garden villas
With the Sun
Dipped diving with his horned onyx saddle
Shining in the black aped eyeballs
Of the gun
When the great apple falls
She'll be queen of your halls
Tall bowman from the burnt pastures
Saw Champer and he bowed ground kissing
To his lord
Strange beastie from the legend lair Sire,
I can master with the aid of this
Skull powdered cord