

## Juniper Suction

Marc Bolan

There's a crawling sensation  
An Astral vibration  
That's sucking me into your sight  
I can tell by your hair In the juniper chair  
And the piraty twist of your mouth  
I've constructed your frame In a plasticine game  
And your eyes are the sweets of my youth  
But I'm naked and bare in the ice of your stare  
And I'm useless at telling the truth  
So I hide with my head in the tent of the bed  
And my body is sucked through your eyes  
Then I quiver and shiver and start to deliver the goods  
Then I vanish in size.