

Over The Flats

Marc Bolan

I was dragged here from my old place
Turned from my old gang given a new face
My old man loved it he had his garden
He had his papadoms but my reputations gone

Flats, over the flats over the flats over the flats
I miss my friend called pete he always looked so neat
He had those dancin feet how will we ever meet
The chicks I used to know will never see me grow
Will never grasp my hand when Im a fighting man

Here no-one knows my name people all look the same
I walk unnoticed steps they don't know my rep
Well I was born to move with fire in my shoes
Im an unnoticed boy just you just toy