

## 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