

Slider

Marc Bolan

I could never understand the wind at all
Was like a ball of love
I could never, never see the cosmic sea
Was like a bumblebee

And when I'm sad, I slide

I have never, never kissed a car before
It's like a door
I have always, always grown my own before
All schools are strange

And when I'm sad, I slide
Oh slide

And when I'm sad, I slide

I have never, never nailed a nose before
That's how the garden grows
I could never understand the wind at all
Was like a ball of love

And when I'm sad, I slide

Oh watch now I'm gonna slide