

# 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