

The King Of The Mountain Cometh

Marc Bolan

One... Two... Three... Four...

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Ow!

The King of the Mountain cometh

On his arm there was a dove

In livery green and tapestry clean

He called it his Falcon of Love, oh yeah

Called his Falcon of Love

Du-duluddle du doh

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Ahhh!

The Mage of the Midnight Abbey

Was a child of fifteen years

His eyes were bored with galactic lore

He had points upon his ears, oh yeah

Points upon his ears

Du-duluddle du doh

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Ahhh!

The Wild-Witch Wizard of Esher

Was a changeling son from Mars

He learned his song from the Cosmic Throngs

And played them on a Fender guitar, oh yeah

And played them on a Fender guitar

Du-duluddle du doh

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau dau

Du-duluddle, luddle, dau, dau

Ahhh!

The woman from the Plateaus of Persia

Came to sell me a wonderous thing

In a horn of oak with a sulphurous smoke

She gave me King Solomon's Ring, oh yeah

Gave me the magical thing

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