

## The Misty Coast Of Albany

Marc Bolan

Weeping willow woman  
Ladled on the arm  
Of the misty coast of Albany  
With it's charm  
Pining pillar of the wild willows end  
Womanly waiting  
For your manly friend.

A star 'bove the mire is her husbandly choice  
Locked in his tower  
By the enchanted voice  
Of the Starguard Rhina  
With his lips soiled with gold  
He dares to loiter  
Near our lady bold.

Once a heart was made and cast  
In molten love  
But t'was in realms of the past.