

## Afghan Woman

T. Rex

Afghan woman, deemed a princess  
Born a true blue thoroughbred  
Head a chiselled face of fables  
Omen of no ill

Hills that spread around your chamber  
Blooms that twine around your ears  
Blossoms of the royalest texture angel of the years

Clad in sacks and scraps of linen  
Living 'neath your waterwell  
Praying that my youthy pauper's face  
Will quench you well

Gazelle girl striding through your palace  
Precious jewels nestle in your hair  
Rameses born with platignum future  
Take my heart and care.