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.