

Chrome Sitar

T. Rex

Standing on a corner
Of the chrome sitar
Everybody ask who the hell you are
Somebody scream and shout, somebody spoke
Somebody said that life is just a joke **

So come on, little girl
Won't you hold my hand
Come on, little girl
Don't you understand
Come on little girl, yea, yea

Love is grand, won't you hold my hand - tonight

Princess outrage with deductable grave
Scream of her love but you know I was brave
Octoganic angel, measuring the stars
Trying to run away with a chrome sitar