

# Marc Bolan, Broken Hearted Blues

This is a song, that I wrote when I was young,  
And I call it, the broken hearted blues,  
The air on that night, was tempered like a knife,  
And the people wore the face masks of a clown,  
Don he was long, mis-shapen and forlorn,  
And his woman ran away without a smile.

Days of the earth, are unbroken changeless turf,  
But the faces of the men are something else.  
In the wind, as a boy, was a spacious sexual toy,  
But baby, now he's a toothless baggy man,  
When the hills of the sun, make you feel that you are young,

Get good now, and face your face into the wind.  
This is a song, that I wrote when I was young,  
And I called it the broken hearted blues