

Marc Bolan, Galaxy

Which Galaxy are you from
Tell me how they bang a gong

Your world, I mean your world
Your world, I mean your world

Shadow in the alley at midnight
Metal clad rocker with bent teeth

My world, I mean my world
My world, I mean my world

My planets like an angel with clipped wings
A river bed dump shed sweetheart

Do they have sickness in society
Do they have glitter crap gaiety

Your world, I mean your world
Your world, I mean your world