

# Marc Bolan, Hot George

You sound a little crazy  
But it could be the heat  
I'm roasted like a chestnut  
By the fire of your feet  
Your body is a furnace  
Your love is the coal  
So won't you tame your man  
Hot George

Now Georgie was a female  
As females go  
She moved fast like a jaguar  
Melting all like snow  
She was a foxy heater  
Rotating like the sun  
So won't you tame yor man  
Hot George

Pavlovian he said "Lo" [\*\*unsure about this line]  
He was a bronzed style punk  
He drank up the rainbow  
To get his skull drunk  
He laid by the mission bell  
To keep his guns all creamed  
Why don't you understand?  
Hot George

Why don't you understand?  
Hot George

Why don't you understand?  
Hot George

G-g-g-Georgie  
G-g-g-Georgie