

Marc Bolan, Stacey Grove

Stacey Grove he's a roaming prophet of mine,
Hat full of wine.
Stacey Grove he's a roving catcher of skies,
Forecaster of eyes, so no lies.

Dungaree dome is decked like a pagan temple to Zeus
He drinks acorn juice.

Roasting his feet by the furnace of peat,
He roars at the boars who massively sleep at his feet.

Antelope head his beard skylark red
Is tucked 'neath the good of his summer sun hood.
And now that the gate of his evening is late
He sits on a log picking ticks off the back of his dog.

Oh he's a nice cat