

# T.Rex, 'Pon A Hill

'Pon a hill a green bird sat  
Her owlets in a green felt hat  
Her fortune was a wish.  
Ambassador a heron blue  
Rode on the dawn with kegs of dew  
He said his tales were true  
A ragged youth with eyes of glass  
Was seen dancing upon the grass  
His words were winged and wise  
His shaven skull he etched with ease  
The silent scriptures of the trees  
His prophecies were You.