

Marc Bolan, High

Flowers blown on the wind at night
Lovers' prayer brings heart strings tight
My summer was blown to a winter's throne
High, high, high

Riding fast on the path at night
Unaware of a lover's right
To be gone and destroy your song

Oh,, high, high, high

Oh
Many changes my young life has seen, yeah
People feel that true love's a dream
My faith was wrong
God will help me carry on

High, high, high, oh

I wanna take you a high, girl
I wanna take you a high, boy

[Repeat till fade...]