

T. Rex, Ballrooms Of Mars

You gonna look fine
Be primed for dancing
You're gonna trip and glide
All on the trembling plane
Your diamond hands
Will be stacked with roses
And wind and cars
And people of the past

I'll call you thing
Just when the moon sings
And place your face in stone
Upon the hill of stars
And gripped in the arms
Of the changeless madman
We'll dance our lives away
In the Ballrooms of Mars

You talk about day
I'm talking 'bout night time
When the monsters call out
The names of men
Bob Dylan knows
And I bet Alan Freed did
There are things in night
That are better not to behold

You dance
With your lizard leather boots on
And pull the strings
That change the faces of men
You diamond browed hag
You're a glitter-gaunt gangster
John Lennon knows your name
And I've seen his