

Broken Hearted Blues

T. Rex

This is a song that I wrote when I was young
And I call it the broken-hearted blues
The air on that night was tempered like a knife
And the people wore the face-masks of a clown
Don - he was long, misshapen and forlorn
And his woman ran away without a smile
Days of the earth are unbroken, changeless turf
But the faces of the men are something else
In the wind, as a boy, was a spacious sexual toy
But, baby, now he's a toothless baggy man
When the hills of the sun make you feel that you are young...
Get good now, and face your face into the wind
This is a song that I wrote when I was young
And I called it the broken-hearted blues

Songwriters

MARC BOLAN Published by

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