

Over the Flats

Marc Bolan

C.....am.....

I was dragged here from my old place

F.....g.....

Turned from my old gang given a new face

C.....am.....

My old man loved it he had his garden

F.....g.....

He had his papadoms but my reputation's goneC.....am.....f.....g....

Flats, over the flats over the flats over the flatsC.....am.....

I miss my friend called pete he always looked so neat

F.....g.....

He had those dancin' feet how will we ever meet

C.....am.....

The chicks I used to know will never see me grow

F.....g.....

Will never grasp my hand when I'm a fighting manC.....am.....

Here no-one knows my name people all look the same

F.....g.....

I walk unnoticed steps they don't know my rep

C.....am.....

Well I was born to move with fire in my shoes

F.....g.....

I'm an unnoticed boy just you just toy (?)

Songwriters

MARC BOLAN

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