

Baby Boomerang

T. Rex

Slim lined sheik faced
Angel of the night
Riding like a cowboy
In the graveyard of the night New York witch in the dungeon
Of the day
I'm trying to write my novel
But all you do is play Mince pie dog-eye
Eagle on the wind
I'm searching through this garbage
Looking for a friend Your uncle with an alligator
Chained to his leg
Dangles you your freedom
Then he offers you his bed It seems to me to dream
Is something too wild
In Max's Kansas City
You a belladonna child Riding on the highways
On the gateways to the south
You're talking with your boots
And you're walking with your mouth Baby Boomerang
Baby Boomerang
You never spike a person
But you always bang the whole gang
Thank you ma'am

Songwriters

MARC BOLAN Published by

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