

Hot Rod Mama

[Marc Bolan](#)

Hot rod mama moving like a motor cycle devil in a race
Blown out my mind, I can't keep up the pace
I'm selling all my midnight, still broke and living on the ground
My gone little mama cut out without a sound With my greased-up levis,
baseball boots above my head
If it wasn't such a tragedy
I might wish I was dead She took my ice-cream mustang
and my purple coloured dodeville
She even took my panpipes and my elixir of life pill

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