

T. Rex - Ballrooms Of Mars

tom:

D

[Primeira Parte]

You gonna look fine, be primed for dancing
 You 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 a hill of stars
 And gripped in the arms, of the changeless madman
 We'll dance our lives away in the ballrooms of Mars

[Segunda Parte]

You talk about day, I'm talking 'bout night time
 When 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

Yoo-oo dance, with your lizard leather boots on
 And pull the strings that change the faces of men

You diamond browed hag, you're a gutter-gaunt gangster
 John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his

"Rock!"

[Solo] C C A Am7
 C Em G
 C C A D7
 C G C

[Terceira Parte]

You talk about day, I'm talking 'bout night time
 When 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

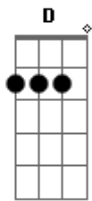
[Quarta Parte]

Yoo-oo dance, with your lizard leather boots on
 And pull the strings that change the faces of men
 You diamond browed hag, you're a gutter-gaunt gangster
 John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his

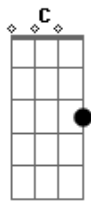
"Rock!"

[Final] C C A Am7
 C Em G
 C C A D7
 C G C

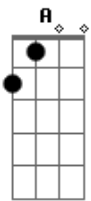
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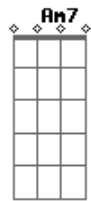
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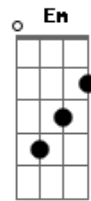
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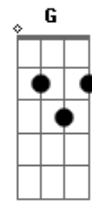
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