

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]

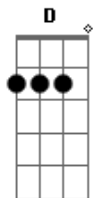
You talk about day, I'm talking 'bout night time
When monsters call out the names of men
Bob Dylan knows, and I bet Alan Freed did
There are things in night that are better not to behold

[Quarta Parte]

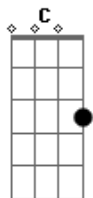
Yoo-oo dance, with your lizard leather boots on
And pull the strings that change the faces of men
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John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his
"Rock!"

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

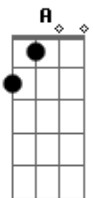
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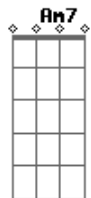
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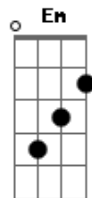
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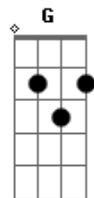
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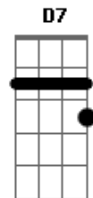
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