

Donovan

"Hampstead Incident"

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Standing by the Everyman, digging the rigging on my
sail
Rain fell to sounds of harpsichords, to the spell of fairy
tale.
The heath was hung in magic mists, enchanted
dripping glades,
I'll taste a taste until my mind drifts from this scene
and fades
In the night time.
Crystals sparkle in the grass, I polish them with thought
On my lash there in my eye a star of light is caught.
Fortunes told in grains of sand, here I am is all I know
Candy stuck in children's hair, everywhere I go
In the night time,
In the night time.
Gypsy is the clown of love, I paint his face a smile
Anyone we ever make we always make in style. Yeah!
Yeah, strange young girls with radar screenings, yeah,
And hands as quick as hate
I won't just now, later on maybe and even then I'll wait
In the night time,
In the night time.
Standing by the Everyman, digging the rigging on my
sail
Rain fell to sounds of harpsichords, to the spell of fairy
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