

Marianne Faithfull

"In The Night Time"

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(Hampstead Incident)

Standing by the Everyman, digging the rigging on my
sail

Rain to the sound of harpsichords, to the spell of fairy
tale.

The heath was hung in magic mist, enchanted dripping
glades,

I'll taste a taste until my mind drifts from this scene
and fades

In the night time.

Crystals sparkles 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.

Crystals sparkles 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.

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In the night time ...

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