

Sorcerer's Dream

Charlie Musselwhite

Now, something keeps crawling,
scratching round my backdoor.
Something keeps crawling,
scratching round my backdoor.
It keeps on crawling
and it just wont let me in.I look out of my window,
through the clouds I see the moon.
I look out of my window,
through the clouds I see the moon.
I see dark shadows moving,
I hear footsteps in my room.All through the night,
what keeps on calling me.
All through the night,
what keeps on calling me.
I hear whispers in the dark,
something is moving through the trees.Finally, daylight is breaking,
and the rooster begins to crow.
But I see the heads all turning,
slowly turning on my back, oh
It must be time to go.

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