The Vampire

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Shall I tell you of the night
It was long ago
Late November and the snow
Just about to fallAnd the moon was big and bright
Cold and sharp and clear
And the air was bitingSoftly, swiftly down the road
Never made a sound
Someone came from far away
Someone tall and oldAs I looked into his eyes
No reflections came
And I gave him beddingOh, my little rosary
How I miss you so
Never used you very well
Now, I never willI am farther from you now
Than the two ends of eternity
Now, I do his bidding

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