

# The Vampire

## Buffy Sainte-Marie

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

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