

Epistle to Dippy

Donovan

Look on yonder misty mountain
See the young monk meditating rhododendron forest
Over dusty years, I ask you
"What's it been like being you?" Through all levels you've been changing
Getting a little bit better no doubt
The doctor bit was so far out
Looking through crystal spectacles
I can see, I had your fun Doing us paperback reader
Made the teacher suspicious about insanity
Fingers always touching girl Through all levels you've been changing
Getting a little bit better no doubt
The doctor bit was so far out
Looking through all kinds of windows
I can see, I had your fun
Looking through all kinds of windows
I can see I had your fun Looking through crystal spectacles
I can see, I had your fun
Looking through crystal spectacles
I can see, I had your fun Rebellious against society
Such a tiny speculating whether to be a hip or
Skip along quite merrily Through all levels you've been changing
Elevator in the brain hotel
Broken down a-just as well-a
Looking through crystal spectacles ah
I can see, I had your fun Dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum dum
Dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum dum
Dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum dum
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