

Goodnight John Dee

Grant Lee Buffalo

A simple tale of rich to rags
But one that often comes to mind
The seer that looked into the mirror
And left his sleeping wife behind
I said goodnight sir john dee Well light is a medicine to all of us
With which we feed the silver lamb
That walks beside the wolf of the trinity
They say her teeth are made of sand
I said goodnight john dee
Goodnight A lantern swinging like a pendulum
The shape of your smile's shadow appears
To invoke the worst I reached into my purse
And I took out the shew-stone gently
And I said goodnight well goodnight john dee
Goodnight well goodnight john dee
Goodnight goodnight john dee
Goodnight

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