

Hampstead Incident

Donovan

Standing by the Everyman, digging the rigging on my sail
Rain fell to sounds of harpsichords, to the spell of fairy tale
The heath was hung in magic mists, enchanted dripping glades
I'll taste a taste until my mind drifts from this scene and fadesIn the night timeCrystals sparkle in the grass, I
polish them with thought
On my lash there in my eye a star of light is caught
Fortunes told in grains of sand, here I am is all I know
Candy stuck in children's hair, everywhere I goIn the night time
In the night timeGypsy is the clown of love, I paint his face a smile
Anyone we ever make, we always make in style, yeahYeah, strange young girls with radar screens, yeah
And hands as quick as hate
I won't just now, later on maybe and even then I'll waitIn the night time
In the night timeStanding by the Everyman, digging the rigging on my sail
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