

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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