

HAMPSTEAD INCIDENT

Donovan

STANDING BY THE EVERYMAN DIGGING THE RIGGING ON MY SAIL
RAIN FELL THROUGH SOUNDS OF HARPSICHORDS TO THE SPELL OF FAIRY TALES
THE HEATH WAS HUNG IN MAGIC MISTS, ENCHANTED DRIPPING GLADES
I'LL TASTE THE TASTES UNTIL MY MIND DRIFTS FROM THIS SCENE AND FADES

IN THE NIGHT TIME CRYSTALS 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 GO IN THE NIGHT TIME
GYPSY IS THE CLOWN OF LOVE I PAINT HIS FACE A SMILE
ANYONE WE EVER MAKE WE ALWAYS MAKE IN STYLE
YEAH, STRANGE YOUNG GIRLS WITH RADAR SCREENS AND HANDS AS QUICK AS HATE

I WON'T JUST NOW, LATER ON MAYBE, AND EVEN THEN I'LL WAIT IN THE NIGHT TIME
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THE HEATH WAS HUNG IN MAGIC MISTS, ENCHANTED DRIPPING GLADES
I'LL TASTE THE TASTES UNTIL MY MIND DRIFTS FROM THIS SCENE AND FADES IN THE
NIGHT TIME