

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 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,

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!

Yeah, strange young girls with radar screenings, yeah,

And hands as quick as hate

I won't just now, later on maybe and even then I'll wait

In the night time,

In the night time.

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