

# Grant Lee Buffalo, Goodnight John Dee

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