

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