

Marianne Faithfull, In The Night Time

Standing by the everyman, digging the rigging on my sail
Rain to the sound of harpsichords, to the spell of fairy tale.
The heath was hung in magic mist, enchanted dripping glades,
I'll taste a taste until my mind drifts from this scene and fades
In the night time.

Crystals sparkles 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.

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