

# The Spell That Comes After

Vanilla Fudge

It must be a bad dream  
You've left me for her to see

And all that's left is a fog  
That tells of gladness and laughter  
And I recognize it  
As the spell that comes after

And numbness fills my head  
Apparition, flying in my bed

And all that's left is a fog  
That tells of gladness and laughter  
And I recognize it  
(As the spell that comes after)

Tell me it isn't true  
That which stands before me  
Is it just a ghost of you

And all that's left is this fog  
That tells of gladness and laughter  
And I recognize it  
(As the spell that comes after)  
(As the spell that comes after)