

For Whom the Bell Tolls

W.A.S.P.

Jonathan:

The tarot is fate, said the gypsy queen
And she beckoned me; to glimpse my future she'd seen
She said Gypsy to Jonathan:

Do you see what I see? Be careful to choose
Be careful what you wish for, cause it may come true
When I lay the card down will it turn up the fool?
Will it turn up sorrow? If it does then you lose Jonathan to the Gypsy:

I'm the lost boy can you help me
Yeah, I'm the lost boy can you help me Gypsy to Jonathan:
Then the illusion was real, a crimson idol I saw
But the higher he'd fly, then the further he'd fall
She said Gypsy to Jonathan:

Do you see what I see? Be careful to choose
Be careful what you wish for, cause it may come true
When I lay the card down will it turn up the fool?
Will it turn up sorrow? If it does then you lose Jonathan to the Gypsy:

I'm the lost boy can you help me
Yeah, I'm the lost boy can you help me Jonathan to the Gypsy:
I just wanna be, I just wanna be, I just wanna be
The crimson idol of a million
I just wanna be, I just wanna be, I just wanna be
The crimson idol of a million eyes
Of a million

Songwriters

DUREN, STEVE EDWARD
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