For Whom the Bell Tolls

Apocalyptica

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, l?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, l?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

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