

The Fatalist

Robbers On High Street

I was down for the count
Down, never out
I was determined
But I couldn't catch a break
Always treading in the wake
Like I was afraid of it So I gave up the fight
Let me fall where I might
And maybe I'm set to win
I quit action, I quit plan
Shook that big, invisible hand
And welcomed the Fatalist Give yourself into its vision
No more struggle, no decisions
Beyond your control
So give in and let go
Enter the Fatalist Oh, we try so hard
Oh, we try, try so hard
To get out of this
What is behind it?
The omniscient it
Yes, Fatalist, Fatalist, Fatalist, the Fatalist

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