The Fortuneteller

Doro Pesch

I never got into magic, but the magic got into me.
I'd been tangled up in love, but afraid of being free.
Men... I don't understand them.
They take you for all you got
And leave you howling at the moon
And thinking of... I don't know what...
Yeah, I do. Thinking of that man.
Is he alone? Is he thinking of me?
Does he still love me?
I needed some answers. Deep answers ...
So there I was on the side of town where the beggars sleep.
It was late. Real late ...But I knew she'd be open. Gypsies love the night.
I heard that from a friend who once knew one.Sure enough her light was on and her door was cracked.
The smell of incense made the night air cry out in desperation.But I didn't care. I was looking for revelation.
So I walked in and made my way through a curtain of beads.
I put some money on the table
And she reached for a deck of cards and said: "Sit."
She told me to look in her eyes.I did... But I also kept my eye on that deck.
She gazed at a card and then she said ...I can see that you don't really want to know
What your future holds as you travel down the road
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true
Than to find out they can lie to youShe picked the money up from the table and stuffed it in her blouse.
I said, "Wait a minute ... I was expecting a little bit more than that."
She said, "What do you want me to do? Turn myself into a cat?
I could you know. And I believed here.
Everything got deadly quiet.
Man, I was scared, but I didn't show it.
Then she broke the silence. "Why are your palms sweating, child?"
God, this woman was good.
I asked her to read my palm. She said,
"All right, but it'll cost you another fifty,
And then I'm going to bed. Gypsies hate the night...
Gimme your hand. I'm gonna read between the lines."I can see that you don't really want to know
What your future holds, as you travel down the road
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true
Than to find he might be leaving youShe said ... I can see that you don't really want to know
What your future holds as you travel down the road
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true
So does the man who's followed you.

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