How To Become Clairvoyant

Robbie Robertson

Benedictine, sister to Isis and the black Madonna
Mistress of magic, goddess of the Nile
She could read the stars, knew the secrets of the dead
And could see what kind of madness
Was stirring around in your headShe said my birth sign is Scorpio
We eat ourselves up and burn ourselves out
So could somebody show meHow to become clairvoyant
To be one of the ones
Who can see around corners
And knows what's to come
How to become clairvoyant
That's what I gotta to know
So just tell me where to sign
And point me where to goAs it turns out Miss Muffett wasn't afraid of spiders at all
She slipped across the dance floor at the masquerade ball
They say she collects hearts the way Nero collected tears
And she don't get no older down through the yearsHer lips are moving she's not talking
Her hips are moving but she's not dancing
She just wants to knowHow to become clairvoyant
To be one of the ones
Who can see around corners
And knows what's to come
Oh how to become clairvoyant
That's what I want to know
Just tell me where to sign
And point me where to goKing poet the holy fool
Apostle of self-destruction
I tried it your way but I couldn't sleep
There's too much constructionIn these strange times you wonder
What tomorrow might bring
If the fat lady singsHow to become clairvoyant
To be one of the ones
Who can see around corners
And knows what's to come
How to become clairvoyant
That's what I want to know
Just tell me where to sign
And point me where to goNow that would be a revelation

And I also enjoy levitation

Songwriters
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