

Blue Cheer **"Fortunes"**

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(Dickie Peterson)
I had to try the Gypsy
I wanna have my fortune told
She said, "what kind of love for
I would surely sell my soul.
Your girl, she is gone
Your best friend just left town
And your standin' in the middle
Turn around."
Well I ain't superstitious
My boots' in my bag
My heat she has left me
And ain't never coming back.
That's alright with me
I don't wanna see you no more
I got no good news woman
That's for sure.
Gypsy, Gypsy tell me
Now what I have in store
Well, will I be a rich man
Or will I make it be poor?
She said, "Son you're a mighty young man
But there's a lot you don't understand
The fate of every man
Is in his own hands."

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