

Hot Club De Paris

"Fortune Teller"

Visit "[Fortune Teller](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Caught cutting through the running tide. Bleeding out;
portrayed way past a prime tripping over words and
playing tricks on time. Eastern standard time of the
dead. Wear clocks round our necks like tombstone.
Fuck not lest ye be fucked. A point invariably moot
when you've outgrown smarts and frustration is your
strongest suit. Keep in mind, it's the wisest man that
will always be told to forget his ego for a minute and
realize that he can't replace his ass just because he
found a crack in it. How can we sit so still when it's so
hard to look passed the last one you loved; so hard to
find what you felt in that touch? How can I go on
searching for these days when I'm standing among
them? I've found my way back there. Rhetorical wisdom
will always prove to be a locked door a lost chance and
all you'll never see a statement betrayed like your
worst enemy. 26 years past my prime as if minutes
made a difference. You can't change a mind lost to the
hours held so dear, Like ostriches with head in sand we
fear our desires. Breathe every breath like it wasn't a
count-down can't force your way out of a dream
purchased with fear.

Visit [Hot Club De Paris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.