

Neil Innes

"Fortune Teller"

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Fortune Teller

I didn't want no trouble
I was runnin' from the mob
When the circus came to town
I went lookin' for a job
But the circus couldn't use me
So I turned about to leave
When a gypsy fortune teller
Grabbed me by the sleeve
She took me to her wagon
Where I fixed a broken wheel
And in return her secrets
To me she did reveal

Let 'em all roll up
And get their money's worth
It all comes down to the greatest show on earth

She said that she was restless
For some wide and open space
By tomorrow she'd be gone
And that I could take her place
Well I did not need persuading
I knew I could not fail
I called myself Candida
And hid behind a veil

Let 'em all roll up
And get their money's worth
It all comes down to the greatest show on earth

Well I've traveled far and wide
And though I never told the truth
Kings and queens and presidents
Came flocking to my booth
For what the future holds in store
Is anybody's guess
While fortunes can be made
From people's loneliness

So let 'em all roll up
And get their money's worth
It all comes down to the greatest show on earth
Yeah let 'em all roll up
And get their money's worth
It all comes down to the greatest show on earth

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