

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"Leave It Up To Fate"

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The last thing she ever said to me was, "How do you
keep a fool in suspense?"
I've been waiting for her phone call ever since
And when early morning suppertime is the only one
you'll know, you pick some dreams that make you let
the others go
And I guess if this is paradise, I've no room to complain
All that I could ever want so happily beneath me
So forgive this empty feeling, though a tattered hope
remains
If I could just communicate, I'd leave my furies to their
fate
So I ride out to meet my destiny to make good on my
mistake
Destruction or redemption in my wake
Could it be the only thing I need is simply just to see?
The outcome is the bitch about being free
And I guess if this is paradise, I've no room to complain
All that I could ever want, so happily beneath me
So forgive this empty feeling, though a tattered hope
remains
If I could just communicate, I'd leave my furies to their
fate
Leave it up to fate
Leave it up to fate

Restless I am chaffing the restraints that make me wait
By sundown I should break free and escape
So remember me, try to believe that in some way I still
care
I like to think I do but from out there
And I guess if this is paradise, I've no room to complain
All that I could ever want so happily beneath me
So forgive this empty feeling, though a tattered hope
remains
If I could just communicate, I'd leave my furies to their
fate
And I guess if this is paradise, I've no room to complain
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If I could just communicate, I'd leave my furies to their
fate

That'll do
We're sorry?

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