

Balladeer, A "Tarot, Tequila"

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life wasn't easy, Belle would confide
you couldn't stop crying when Patrick had died
the story continues at the microphone stand
family dramas with no happy end

I remember picture perfect
a few summers back now, a field in the sun
the six of us out there - tarot and tequila
who could've known then you'd be the one

the doctor he staggered, he showed you the scans
the cancer had come back all over again
last week on Friday when you closed your eyes
you said you could feel it, you said it felt nice

I remember picture perfect
a few summers back now, a field in the sun
the six of us out there - tarot and tequila
who could have known then you'd be the one

you were the one

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