

Suzanne Vega "Predictions"

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Let's tell the future
Let's see how it's been done
By numbers, by mirrors, by water
By dots made at random on paper
By salt, by dice, by meal, by mice
By dough of cakes, by sacrificial fire
By fountains, by fishes, writing in ashes
Birds, herbs, smoke from the altar

A suspended ring or the mode of laughin'
Pebbles drawn from a heap
One of these things will tell you somethin'

Let's tell the future
Let's see how it's been done
By dreams, by the features, by letters
By droppin' hot wax into water
By nails reflecting the rays of the sun
By walking in a circle, by red hot iron
By passages in books
A balanced hatchet

A suspended ring or the mode of laughin'
Pebbles drawn from a heap
One of these things will tell you somethin'

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