

# Blue Cheer, Fortunes

(Dickie Peterson)

I had to try the Gypsy  
I wanna have my fortune told  
She said, "what kind of love for  
I would surely sell my soul.

Your girl, she is gone  
Your best friend just left town  
And your standin' in the middle  
Turn around."

Well I ain't superstitious  
My boots' in my bag  
My heat she has left me  
And ain't never coming back.

That's alright with me  
I don't wanna see you no more  
I got no good news woman  
That's for sure.

Gypsy, Gypsy tell me  
Now what I have in store  
Well, will I be a rich man  
Or will I make it be poor?

She said, "Son you're a mighty young man  
But there's a lot you don't understand  
The fate of every man  
Is in his own hands."