

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."