

Keaton Simons, Cassandra

Cassandra

Shed like to blame it on the sky
Cause she cant help but knowing
Shed rather turn a blind eye
Just to keep the truth from showing
But if you get her on the wine
She just might let it slip
And if she tells you its your time
You know youll pay for it
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that theres no turning back
But its too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why
She writes her number on a napkin
An undercover prophet
She only gambles when the bills get high
Then stuffs the money in her pocket
All she has is sentimental
The comfort doesnt last
She can tell you all your stories
Before theyve even passed
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that theres no turning back
But its too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why
Its too soon to say goodbye
So Cassandra tell me why
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that theres no turning back
But its too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why