Keaton Simons, Cassandra

Cassandra

Shed like to blame it on the sky Cause she cant help but knowing Shed rather turn a blind eve 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 there's 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 there's 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