

Scabs, Fortune Tellers

So they told you about the future baby
They read it in your palm
They knew it so well
It seemed like a spell
It was the calm before the storm

You wish you never met this gipsy woman
Lookin' in het crystal ball
Sayin' you're stuck
You ran outta luck
And you're headed for your fall

Life will never be again
Like it was before

Chorus:
It's only a dream,
Nothin' serious
Fortune tellers are liars

Tell you how to raise a fortune baby
Here right in your ears
Don't be hostile
Learn how to smile
and try to face your fears

Nobody can make you happy so I'll
Tell you as a friend
The past is the past
the present don't last
And the future's in your hands

Life is what you make of it
Till the bitter end