

Sugar, Fortune Teller

A part of me stands confused again
Watching it slip right
Through my hands
Put a finger on it now before it's gone
All of it gone it's all so wrong
Nothing could ever be so wrong
Put a finger on it now before it's gone
And leave a message by the door
Before you're gone

Maybe crystal ball is fortune teller
Maybe cards laid out as fortune teller
In the future tense as past
And fortune present here at least

Couldn't be more tied up by you
Couldn't you be forgiving too
All you ever think is
Everything gone wrong
Nothing I do can stop this slide
I feel like part of something died
All you ever think is
Everything gone wrong
And leave a message by the door
Before you're gone

Maybe I don't need a fortune teller
And maybe I don't want this
Fortune teller
Little box that never lied
I guess I'm keeping this inside