

Third Eye Blind, Crystal Baller

I close my eyes and I see a freak, I think it's me and I'm afraid to speak
I keep on going from week to weakness way out in a line.
I dream of lives we could have had before, but the heat is broke down open doorways.
Friends of yours will tell me more what happens in your mind

Can we try and take the high road though we don't know where it ends
I want to be your Crystal Baller
I want to show you how it ends

Macrame queens in the afternoon and I'm in tune or did I speak too soon
Punch drunk on somebody's joke, what happened to the time
A footnote in your dance of days, In my mind that record still plays
Still wonder what the fuck it says, and hoping there is time

Can we try and take the high road though we don't know where it ends
I want to be your Crystal Baller
I can show you how it ends

Can we talk about tomorrow and the promise that it brings
I want to be your Crystal Baller, I want to show everything

I wonder what the whole things for, I wonder what the whole things for
In the moment you were screaming at me I would have been somebody else
And the patrons of the pub keep singing
Macrame queens in the afternoon and I'm in tune or did I speak too soon
Punch drunk on somebody's joke what happened to the time
I dream of lives we could have had before where the heat is broke down open doorways
Like waiting for a trick to score, It seems that way some times
I wonder where were all going, I'm homesick for your primal knowing
I wonder why the wind keeps blowing you through my mind

Try and take the high road remember we were friends
I want to be your Crystal Baller
I want to be your diamond ring

The one I never gave you and the promise that it brings
Let me be your Crystal Baller
I will show you everything.
I'll be your Crystal Baller