

Third Eye Blind, Palm Reader

Just give me a call when you feel better
but you never do and I'm just another debtor to some palm reader
whose got her hands mixed up
Palm readers breath smells of brandy and cigarettes
As she sells me and sweet forgets, she needs something to get her through, she runs a scam like
Freud said that love was a good psychosis, but I don't know I've had too many doses
He's a creep and we all know that he probably made it up

Believe in me and this lie
Tell me everything will be all right
Cause it's so good to believe
But don't turn my hope into a weapon

I kept your sweater till the scent was gone wrapped up in my hands when the days where long but
Where pigeons fly till they gather round the fallen ones,
they don't know why neither do I:

[Chorus]

There's no one to trust except maybe the two of us
But that's in the past the place where I'm living is haunting broken dreams
I read horoscopes in magazines especially yours in the sign of the Leo, the regal one but man you

[Chorus]