

Fortunes

Metric

Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh

Tell me in the morning that you love me, show me
Only if you got it bad enough, oh, oh, oh
She cracked right on the dance floor
She cracked, but I won't

Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh

Tell me in the morning that you miss me, show me
Only if you got it bad enough, oh, oh, oh
It's for your own good, girl
You've been such a good girl, such a good girl

Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh

Stay to soften the blow
Hand over fist
To drink and to smoke
My blood from a stone

I do expect fortunes to fold
Hand over fist
To soften the blow
Blood from a stone

Seven in the morning, do you miss me, baby?
Only if you got it bad enough, oh, oh, oh
It's four on the West Coast, girl

They tell me it's a magical world
Oh, oh, oh
It's a sinister world
Oh, oh, oh
It's too late to leave, too late to leave
Oh, oh, oh
It's too late to leave, too late to leave
Oh, oh, oh
It's too late to leave, too late to leave

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Hand over fist
To drink and to smoke
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