

I made a choice that very night  
To become a slightly better man  
I started white-washing my hands  
Of all those passings

And as you waited alone in your car outside  
I politely but quite firmly declined your  
Invitation for the evening

So hold out your weary hands,  
Let me tell your fortune again.  
Your future is brighter than you'll ever know  
Now that we are on our own.

And there are things you deserve to know,  
The rest you have to earn.  
I have no remorse.

And as soon as I hung up the phone I knew  
That this disaster was finally through.  
And I could hear through the cloudy line  
That this took you by surprise.

So hold out your weary hands,  
Let me tell your fortune again.  
Your future is brighter than you'll ever know  
Now that we are on our own.

And it's true that I have no idea  
What the universe has in store.  
But I do know that when you think it can't  
Get any worse,  
It does... It does... It does.

So hold out your weary hands,  
Let me tell your fortune again.  
Your future is brighter than you'll ever know  
Now that we are on our own.