

Cassandra

Keaton Simons

She'd like to blame it on the sky
'Cause she can't help but knowing
She'd rather turn a blind eye
Just to keep the truth from showing
But if you get her on the wine
She just might let it slip
And if she tells you it's your time
You know you'll pay for it
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that there's no turning back
But it's too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why
She writes her number on a napkin
An undercover prophet
She only gambles when the bills get high
Then stuffs the money in her pocket
All she has is sentimental
The comfort doesn't last
She can tell you all your stories
Before they've even passed
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that there's no turning back
But it's too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why
It's too soon to say goodbye
So Cassandra tell me why
She sees the writing on the wall
She says that there's no turning back
But it's too soon to say goodbye
Cassandra tell me why
Cassandra tell me why