

## 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