

# 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

Stay to soften the blow  
Hand over fist  
To drink and to smoke  
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I do expect fortunes to fold  
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