

Come What May

Patti Page

A gypsy with a crystal ball to gaze in
Can look into the future, so they say
But I am so afraid of fortunetellers
To know the truth might cast my world away

Now, just suppose I called upon a gypsy
To find you're gonna break my heart some day
So, darling, I'm confessing, not knowing it's a blessing
So you can keep me guessing, come what may

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