

# How To Become Clairvoyant

Robbie Robertson

Benedictine, sister to Isis and the Black Madonna  
Mysteries and magic and goddess of the Nile  
She could read the stars  
Knew the secrets of the day

And could see what kind of madness  
Was stirring around in your head  
She said my birth sign is 'Scorpio'  
We ate ourselves up and burn ourselves out  
So could somebody show me

How to become clairvoyant  
To be one of the ones  
Who can see around corners  
And knows what's to come

Oh, how to become clairvoyant  
That's what I've gotta know  
So just show me where to sign  
And point me where to go

As it turns out, Miss Muffet  
Wasn't afraid of spiders at all  
She slipped across the dance floor  
At the masquerade ball

They say she collects hearts  
The way Nero collected tears  
'Cause they don't get no older  
Down through the years

Her lips are moving  
She's not talking  
Her hips are moving  
But she's not dancing  
She just wants to know

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King Poet, the holy fool  
Apostle of self destruction  
I tried it your way but I couldn't sleep  
There was too much construction

In these strange times you wonder  
What tomorrow might bring  
If the fat lady sings

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Now that would be a revelation  
And I also enjoy levitation