

W.A.S.P., The Gypsy Meets The Boy

Jonathon

The tarot is fate, said the Gypsy Queen
And she beckoned me, to glimpse my future she'd seen

Gypsy to Jonathon

She said, do you see what I see?, be careful to choose
Be careful what you wish for, cause it may come true
When I lay the card down will it turn up the fool?
Will it turn up sorrow? If it does then you lose

Jonathon to the Gypsy

I'm the lost boy can you help me
Yeah, I'm the lost boy can you help me

Jonathon

Then the illusion was real, a crimson idol I saw
But the higher he'd fly, then the further he'd fall

Jonathon to the Gypsy

I'm the lost boy can you help me
Yeah, I'm the lost boy can you help me

Jonathon to the Gypsy

I just wanna be, I just wanna be, I just wanna be
The crimson Idol of a million
I just wanna be, I just wanna be, I just wanna be
The crimson Idol of a million eyes
Of a million