

# Fatalist Palmistry

WHY?

I sleep on my back cause it's good for the spine  
And coffin rehearsal  
I know a psychic who reads her own palms  
And her findings are personal  
She keeps her fists shut tight  
And she sleeps on her side  
Well, maybe she knows something I don't know

But I am still alive, in love and wide-eyed in my time  
Not a mummy shrinking in its cloths  
Your cat clawed out my eyes while I's distracted by your smile  
And now my sockets sit like empty catcher's mitts waiting  
And you ask me is there anybody else that I'm dating

Anna & Nathan  
Anna & Nathan  
Anna & Nathan  
I'm patient  
But your painted pony is fading  
Lost like a snakeskin in high grass  
And out there thrashing like a pet bird caught in a jet stream, that's me  
Your count them blessings because your net worth oughta be less cream in you  
r best dreams  
But God put a song on my palm that you can't read

I'm lucky to be under  
The same sky that held  
The exhale from your first breath  
Like a ring on a pillow of clouds  
By you my tongue may stutter  
But my gift heart screams clear and swells  
To burst between the wrapped lengths  
Of its bowed ribbon cell

But I am still alive, in love and wide-eyed in my time  
Not a mummy shrinking in its cloths  
There's a moth flock in my gut growin'  
I tug at my groin like tides trying  
To pull moon towards them  
I can't ignore them  
And when we say your name our tongues catch flame  
And you wonder why we ain't got nothin' to say

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But God put a song on my palm that you can't read  
I'll be embalmed with it long before you'll see