Low, grey clouds rollin' over my head
I'm walkin' up a hill to get my fortune read
I can still take rejection but it does get harder to do
I wish I could show you how you've hurt me
In a way that wouldn't hurt you too

Tennis shoes hangin' from a telephone wire
I've got a little money; I could get a little higher
I was alright awhile, but you know how it goes
Everything in moderation, including moderation I suppose
I never did like the people where I was employed
They was always out to get me 'cause I'm paranoid
Now I'm workin' for myself
And that don't pay a lousy dime
If what we're here to do is learn to forget
I'm gonna need more time

It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell By and by

It's too soon to tell what's gonna happen to you when you die It's too soon to tell what we'll ever avenge
They say that living well is the best revenge
I say bullshit, the best revenge is to win
This isn't over, we're going to meet again

And good Lord if you're up there, you sure got some nerve
Seems like even the wicked get worse than they deserve
We're afraid to die every goddamn one of us
I swear to God it's like you're makin' fun of us
Not worth keepin, or too good to keep
You got a better kinda secret, better wait til I'm asleep
And if you're so God almighty then what's with all this mystery?
Yes I wanna trust ya buddy, but you're clearly keeping secrets from me

It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell It's too soon to tell, too soon to tell By and by

It's too soon to tell what's gonna happen to us when we die

At the fortune teller's on the second floor
In bright red letters hangin' off of the door
It said "closed", I think it might've been some kinda sign
Don't give up on me baby; I think I could be losin' my mind
I've just met too many people that I love too much
They're scattered all over; I could never stay in touch
With travellin', almost forever it seems
You too will wake up one morning with a lot more memories than dreams

Low, grey clouds rollin' over my head
I'm walkin' down the hill without my fortune read
I can still take rejection but it does get harder to do
I wish I could show you how you'd hurt me

In a way that wouldn't hurt you too
I wish I could show you how you'd hurt me
In a way that wouldn't hurt you too