

# Doro, The Want

I never got into magic - but the magic got into me.  
I'd been tangled up in love, but afraid of being free.  
Men... I don't understand them:  
They take you for all you got  
And leave you howling at the moon  
And thinking of... I don't know what...  
Yeah I do... thinking of that man...  
Is he alone? Is he thinking of me?  
Does he still love me?  
I needed some answers - deep answers  
So there I was, on the side of town where the beggars sleep..  
It was late - real late.  
But I knew she'd be open - gypsies love the night.  
I heard that from a friend who once knew one.  
Sure enough, her light was on and her door was cracked;  
The smell of incense made the night air cry out in desperation.  
But I didn't care, I was looking for revelation,  
So I walked in, and made my way through a curtain of beads.  
There must have been ten thousand candles - but only one was lit.  
I put some money on the table  
And she reached for a deck of cards and said: "Sit."  
She told me to look in her eyes..  
I did... but I also kept my eye on that deck  
She gazed at a card... and then she said:  
"I can see that you don't really want to know  
What your future holds, as you travel down the road:  
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true,  
Than to find out they can lie to you..."  
She picked the money up from the table, and stuffed it in her blouse.  
I said: "Wait a minute - I was expecting a little bit more than that"  
She said: "What do you want me to do? - Turn myself into a cat?  
I could, you know" - and I believed her...  
Everything got deadly quiet...  
Man, I was scared - but I didn't show it.  
Then she broke the silence... "Why are your palms sweating, child?"  
God - this woman was good!  
I asked her to read my palm - she said:  
"All right, but it'll cost you another fifty  
And then I'm going to bed - gypsies hate the night...  
Gimme your hand - I'm gonna read between the lines."  
"I can see that you don't really want to know  
What your future holds, as you travel down the road:  
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true,  
Than to find he might be leaving you."  
She said: "I can see that you don't really want to know  
What your future holds, as you travel down the road:  
You'd rather believe that dreams do come true -  
So does the man who's followed you."