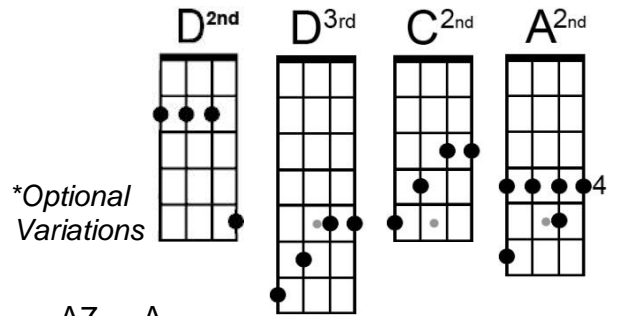
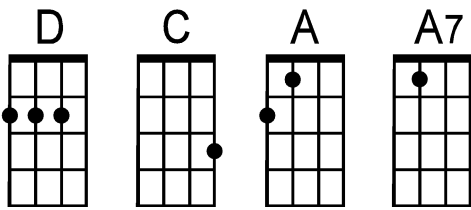


Fortune Teller

by Allen Toussaint (under the pseudonym Naomi Neville) 1962



Intro: D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . A7 A

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
I went to the fortune teller to have my fortune read

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
I didn't know what to tell her, I had a dizzy feelin' in my head

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
She took a look at my palm and said "Son do you feel kind of warm?"

| D . C . | A . . . | D\C\ . D\C\ . . . |
She looked in-to her crystal ball—, she said "You're in lo-ove—o—ove—"

D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
How could that be so? I'm not tight with any girls I know.

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . . |
She said "When the next one a—rrives, you'll be lookin' in her eyes".

Instrumental: D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . A7 A |
Ah— Ah— Ah—ah—ah Ah— Ah— Ah—ah—ah

D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
Left there in a hurry, looking forward to my big sur—prise

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
The next thing I dis—covered that the fortune teller told me a lie

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
I hurried back down to that woman, as mad as I could be

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . . |
I said "I didn't see no—body", why had she made a fool out of me?

| D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . .
And then— something struck me—, as if it came from up a—bove

| D . C . | A . . . | D\C\ . D\C\ . . . |
While looking at the fortune tell-er— I fell in lo-ove—o—ove—

D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . . . |
Now I'm a happy— feller— coz I'm married to the fortune teller— We're as

D . C . | A . . . | D\C\ --- --- --- | --- A7 . . |
happy as we can— be—, and now I get my fortune told for free

Outro: D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . A7 A |
Ah— Ah— Ah—ah—ah Ah— Ah— Ah—ah—ah

D . C . | A . A7 A | D . C . | A . A7 . | D\|
Ah— Ah— Ah—ah—ah Ah— Ah— Ah—