

## Renaissance Fair

The Byrds

I think that maybe I'm dreaming  
I smell cinnamon and spices  
I hear music everywhere  
All around kaleidoscope of color  
I think that maybe I'm dreaming

Maids pass gracefully in laughter  
Wine coloured flowers in their hair  
Last call from lands I've never been to  
I think that maybe I'm dreaming

Some flash on a soda of prism  
Bright jewels on the ladies flashing  
Eyes catch on a shiny prism

Hear ye the crying of the vendors  
Fruit for sale wax candles for to burn  
Fires flare soon it will be night fall  
I think that maybe I'm dreaming