

Sadly A Fiction

Blues Traveler

And when the day begins
I need her to begin me
She's hell for leather when
I let her see what's in me

It's so addicting there's no predicting
What's she's going to do or say
By the Gods that made her I can't persuade her
But she'll do it for me anyway

She isn't real, no I've never met her
Simply a hope, perchance to dream
Ah but still, I can't forget her
Hope springs eternal it would seem

Sadly a fiction my predilection
For her arrival
She'll smile politely then only slightly
To my would-be rival

There's no denying that I am dying
For a chance to be her faith
It's almost tragic to hope for magic
But still something in me waits

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