

Fantasy Girl

Mayer Hawthorne

I know a girl whose head is in a twirl
She has her own lovely little world
And cause she likes me I get to look inside
And when I do the things that I see
Like trips to Spain and houses in the trees
Makes me wish that my mind was just as free

So baby, I know it's fun to play
And let your thoughts drift away
Dreamer, that's what you are
Schemer, you've run a little too far

You say you love Beethoven before we made him a star
Dreamer, it's been much too long
Schemer, since he came along
There's no sense in wishing that Beethoven would write you a song

So baby, I know it's fun to play
And let your thoughts drift away
I know a girl, whose head is in a twirl
She has her own lovely little world
And 'cause she likes me I get to look inside