

## 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

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And let your thoughts drift away  
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She has her own lovely little world  
And 'cause she likes me I get to look inside