

Looking for Fantasy

Steve Hackett

She stops to remember a gentler time
With layers of pastel and blue tinted eyes
She's dating a guy who's half her age
Who vaguely resembles a young Jimmy Page

She's only looking for fantasy
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While trying out perfumes in Peter Jones
A fragrance reminds her of a time in Kings Road
In an open top car the Kennedys passed by
To this day she swears that Jack gave her the eye

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She tried Karl Marx and Reverend Sun Moon
A Californian commune and Tuscany too
Somewhere in Time, A Walk in the Clouds
With Women in Love, Far from the Madding Crowd

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