

## Love With A Thinker

Utopia

She's a definite thinker  
It don't take a genius to see  
There's something ticking behind those eyes  
What does she think of me  
She has the answer when I don't know what to ask  
And always lets me know so innocently  
But when she gets that certain look on her face  
I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me

God help me, I'm in love with a thinker  
Save me, lips of a singer  
Help me, feet of a dancer  
Save me, I'm in love with a thinker

Yes, she's a definite thinker  
Sometimes she tries to hide it from me  
But when she starts talking over my head  
It makes me dizzy  
I'm just a cipher in the master plan  
That's what I get for working out of my league  
And though she says that I have nothing to fear  
I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me

I know I'm just a fool to her  
But will she turn me into a memory  
I have to make up the difference somehow  
Though she insists we have equality  
But every time she gets that look on her face  
I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me