

Renaissance Fair

The Byrds

I think that maybe I'm dreaming I smell cinnamon and spices
I hear music everywhere
All around kaleidoscope of color
I think that maybe I'm dreaming Maids pass gracefully in laughter
Wine colored flowers in their hair
Last call from lands I've never been to
I think that maybe I'm dreaming Sun's flash on a soda prism
Bright jewels on the ladies flashing
Eyes catch on a shiny prism Hear ye the crying of the vendors
Fruit for sale wax candles for to burn
Fires flare soon it will be night fall
I think that maybe I'm dreaming I think that maybe I'm dreaming
I think that maybe I'm dreaming

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