Sadly A Fiction

Blues Traveler

And when the day begins I need her to begin me
She's hell-for-leather when I let her see what's in me
It's so addicting there's no predicting what's she's going to do or say
By the gods that made her I can't persuade her but she'll do it for me anywayShe isn't real
No, I've never met her
Simply a hope, perchance to dream
Ah but still, I can't forget her
Hope springs eternal it would seemSadly a fiction my predilection for her arrival
She'll smile politely then only slightly to my would-be rival
There's no denying that I am dying for a chance to be her faith
It's almost tragic to hope for magic but still something in me waitsShe isn't real
No, I've never met her
Simply a hope, perchance to dream
Oh, but still I can't forget her
Hope springs eternal it would seem

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