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

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