

## The Byrds "Renaissance Fair"

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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 coloured 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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