

Byrds, The

"Renaissance Fair"

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I think that maybe IÂ´m dreaming...

I smell cinnamon and spices
I hear music everywhere
All around kaleidoscope of color
I think that maybe IÂ´m dreaming...

Maids pass gracefully in laughter
Wine coloured flowers in their hair
Last call from lands IÂ´ve never been to
I think that maybe IÂ´m dreaming...

Some flash on a soda of 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 IÂ´m dreaming...

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