

Fantasy Boy

Baccara

You are just my fantasy boy,
I made you up, you were my toy
And I found you as a dream inside my head.
Your eyes are like a mystic dream,
The deepest blue I've ever seen,
You're a mixture of Paul Newman and Chaplin.

Tell me why,
Tell me why you're so real when I'm dreaming,
Don't you know I have to face reality?

Fantasy boy, please be my lover, not my toy,
Cause I need you to be real,
To be no fantasy, I want to touch and feel!
My fantasy boy, come on and step into my life,
It's so much harder to survive
Without your love for me, come take me to eternity!

I know someday we're gonna meet,
Fantasy boy, I feel your heat,
Want to squeeze you, tease you, hold you in my arms!

Tell me why,
Tell me why you're so real when I'm dreaming,
Don't you know I have to face reality?

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My fantasy boy