

## 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 anyway

She 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 seem

Sadly 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 waits

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