

Fantasy File

Ryan Adams

Like a bolt of lightning
In the centre of the room
Spinning on your red heels
You blush and stare at your shoes

Don't pretend you're hiding
Cause you're just going to lose
But ain't no way to fight it
She's making eyes at you

Oh, maybe (baby)
Everything was blue, but now it's turning around
It feels crazy (crazy)
Time to put a picture in your fantasy file

Congratulate the darkness
That was in your room
Sign the walking papers
You traded in for the moon

Louder than your heartbeat
Your wishes feel so good
Pink as any sunset
Shining on Hollywood

Oh, maybe (baby)
Everything was blue, but now it's turning around
It feels crazy (crazy)
Time to put a picture in your fantasy file

Baby (baby)
You take a little piece of my heart when you smile
Could you save me? (save me)
Or am I just a picture in your fantasy file

Could you save me? (save me)
Oh, could you save me? (save me)
Oh, could you save me? (save me)
Oh...

(Could you save me)