

# Blues Traveler, Sadly A Fiction

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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