

The Byrds, Renaissance Fair

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

Maids pass gracefully in laughter
Wine colored flowers in their hair
Last call from lands I've never been to
I think that maybe I'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 nightfall
I think that maybe I'm dreaming