

# Michael George, Fantasy

One day you say you love me  
The next you tell me you don't  
One day you say you will  
And the next you tell me you won't  
Hey little baby  
There ain't much point in hanging around (Yea).  
One day you make me feel like your love is in my hands  
One day you say you'll stay  
The next you're changing your plans  
Hey little baby  
Ain't much point in hanging around (Yea).  
Cause' if you ain't got time for me I'll find another Fantasy.

It is kind of funny that you think that  
I am the boy to make you cry  
I can make you happy  
If only for a while  
Little baby I can give you all the loving that your heart desires  
If you ain't got time for me I'll find another Fantasy.

It could be the price of love  
Could the price of hate  
What am I guilty of  
Why do you make me wait  
So long I don't know your intentions.  
Look to the sky's above  
I am in the hands of fate  
Push till it gets to shove  
I have got to know for heavens sake  
Is this love or invention  
Baby can't you see I'll find another Fantasy.

You hang around with people who are sure to make you cry  
I can make you happy if only for a while  
Little baby oh, oh little baby  
I can give you all the lovin' that your heart desires  
If you ain't got time for me I'll find another Fantasy.

You take someone's heart  
And you kick it around  
Keep on picking it up  
So you can watch it come down  
I don't know what I am suppose to do  
Why I wait for you to make up your mind  
Would you please be so kind  
When you know what to do I'll be in the next room  
But if you make it to late I may be in the next day  
Hmm...