

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...