

Utopia, Love With A Thinker

She's a definite thinker

It don't take a genius to see

There's something ticking behind those eyes

What does she think of me

She has the answer when I don't know what to ask

And always lets me know so innocently

But when she gets that certain look on her face

I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me

God help me, I'm in love with a thinker

Save me, lips of a singer

Help me, feet of a dancer

Save me, I'm in love with a thinker

Yes, she's a definite thinker

Sometimes she tries to hide it from me

But when she starts talking over my head

It makes me dizzy

I'm just a cipher in the master plan

That's what I get for working out of my league

And though she says that I have nothing to fear

I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me

I know I'm just a fool to her

But will she turn me into a memory

I have to make up the difference somehow

Though she insists we have equality

But every time she gets that look on her face

I wonder what will be left when she's finished with me