

Fantasy

There is a man in a faraway land
Who's been pretty lucky for an average man.
He likes to think he's pretty cool
A person of taste nobody's fool

And if you ask him he'll tell no lie
He doesn't like pain, and he doesn't care to die
He likes the feel of sun on skin
Money in his pocket any way he can

Now is he running after the fantasies of life
Is he just running after the fantasies of life

Fantasy

Now he knows there's a lot of bad men
And a few bad ladies now and again
Wouldn't want his kids dying of hunger
But time shoots on he's not getting any younger

And though it grieves his heart to see all this hurt
There's a vein in his neck just itchin to spurt
So he's wasting no time in being a saviour
Anyone needs saving he'll do himself the favour

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