

Wings Of Fantasy

Come all of ye fair and silver ladies
Who rise with the dawn
Dreaming of lovers
Sing to the swans
The count gave me a jet black saddle to ride upon
Showed me the view
Showed me the horses
And he showed me you

And you were young as morning sunlight
You lit up another cigarette
And silent, silent, clear and silent were your eyes
I never will forget
And I rode off on the wings of fantasy

Wandering through the corridors
In an ancient violet evening gown
Drunk on champagne
Had to see you again
Found you in the stable, would you saddle me a thoroughbred
And where will you be
When the moon's in the trees
Oh, come to me please

And there I stood a modern Madame Bovary
In a party dress
And silent, silent, yes, your silent eyes said yes
The lady in distress
And the night came down on the wings of fantasy

Well, I had been over a dozen times or more
To the red sand on Normandy's shore
Seen the Abby of Mont. St. Michel
Diamonds of Deauville
Ah, but I've never kissed you before
And you gave your heart to me

Yes, I am a fair and silver lady
I dance in the snow
And follow the stallions
Where the north winds blow
While I was lamenting over my lost youth
You came along
Dreaming of lovers
And an evening song

And, if I am a rose of summer
You are a breath of spring
A garden of delights
And when I feel lonely in days of winter you will ride
To the castle light
And we will fly on the wings of fantasy
On the wings of fantasy
Far as the eye can see
Off the shores of Normandy
On the wings of fantasy