

## Fantasy of Tenderness

*Phil Bearce*

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I wish I could tell you exactly how I feel  
I know the opportunity would seem a bit unreal  
But I'll settle for a smile, conversation for a while  
In my fantasy of tenderness

You look at me and show simple elegance and grace  
I brush away the hair that's fallen in your face  
It's cut into that style that falls when you smile  
In my fantasy of tenderness

I am your friend  
I am your confidant  
You have this way about you  
A lovely long around you  
And I can tell you what I want  
In my fantasy of tenderness

I took a photograph of you when you were not aware  
You looked away and didn't know that I was there  
The sun was out a while – and you had half a smile  
That fed my fantasy of tenderness

I am your friend  
I am your confidant  
You have this way about you  
A lovely long around you  
And I can tell you what I want  
In my fantasy of tenderness