

Belouis Some, Imagination

She lit a cigarette, both hands behind her back
Thought she was hungry, lack of choice saw to that
Only you can try to see what I'm really like
She said, only you can understand the way I feel toni-ight
She blamed excesses on the 'merican dream
So seldom witnessed, never-er seen
Hah - hah - hah - hah - hah...
Imagination - could make a man of you
Imagination - could make me love you too
Imagination - is all I want from you-ou
She lost her virtue before she could write
I lost mine too, on my very first night with you-ou
You'll have to guide me, these impossible schemes
You make me steal unstealable things
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