

Chantal Kreviazuk, Imaginary Friend

It scares me to speak my mind
It might sound self-absorbed
I don't say half of what I think
I wonder what I'm thinkin' for

I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen

Wish I still had my imaginary friend

And who needs to listen, well ...
What do I have to sell
Everyone's just waitin' for their own turn
Kinda like show and tell

I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen

Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friend

Someone to listen, someone to laugh
Someone to cry at the right time

I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen
You know that I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls
Drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen

Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friend

And I would call him up
But I don't remember his name