## Brendan Benson, Imaginary Girl

(Benson)

Maginary girl You lay awake in your bed Speaking the words in your head You think about what it means to be dead You've got your wits about you That's good, cause she's a vulture You try to come up with a means to and end Maginary girl She comes on like the Gulf Stream Like Devil's Night on Halloween Now she's a total eclipse of the sun She makes it obvious now Her special weakness for Softserve ice cream from the Dairy Queen She's like twilight In between day and night Used to be grass roots Now she's supernatural She's like twilight In between day and night Used to be grass roots Now she's supernatural