

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