

# Lemon Demon, Your Imaginary Friend

Simple and small.  
Almost alone.  
Curled up in a ball  
With a tin can phone  
Tied to a twist  
Leading outside,  
And into the mist  
Where the shadows hide.

Maybe when you're gone, (Maybe when you're gone.)  
We'll gladly take your place.  
You're so nicely drawn. (You're so nicely drawn.)  
We like your face, and  
We want to be your imaginary friend.  
Want to be your imaginary friend.

When you were young,  
You knew us well.  
The cat had your tongue,  
So you could not yell.  
When you were cross,  
All you could do  
Was call it a loss,  
Though this was not true.

We've since disappeared.  
That is, until tonight,  
When you turn out the light,  
And everything stands still.

The wind's direction shifts  
And makes the curtains lift  
And you see us on the sill.

Every word that you've learned,  
Every wish that you've burned,  
Every single strand of hair in your head,  
Every book that you've read:  
We love you this much.

We want to be your imaginary friend.  
Want to be your imaginary

Friend.