

The Lightning Seeds, Imaginary Friends

He's moving into an Art Deco pad
To swell the ranks of the clinically sad
Shaking off the past with a change of address
But keeps his telephone number and hopes for the best.

He makes a list of all his favourite friends
Then leaves his footprints on the steps that shine
With tears that he has wept again... and again...

He bought his clothes from a skateboard boutique
Hung around in places where nobody speaks
Got on line to an internet club
Played Trivial Pursuits with the Goddess of Love

And counted his imaginary friends, got up to ten,
Lost count and then went out to walk the streets
'Til God know when.

He met a girl who liked a bit of a laugh,
He gained the youth he'd forgotten to have.
So now they mess about with things that are highly illegal
Often get mistaken for interesting people

And no-one ever seems to ring their bell
But do they care, well do they hell
They're gonna kiss and never tell again... and again...