

# Belouis Some, Imagination

She lit a cigarette, both hands behind her back  
Thought she was hungry, lack of choice saw to that  
Only you can try to see what I'm really like  
She said, only you can understand the way I feel toni-ight  
She blamed excesses on the 'merican dream  
So seldom witnessed, never-er seen  
Hah - hah - hah - hah - hah...  
Imagination - could make a man of you  
Imagination - could make me love you too  
Imagination - is all I want from you-ou  
She lost her virtue before she could write  
I lost mine too, on my very first night with you-ou  
You'll have to guide me, these impossible schemes  
You make me steal unstealable things  
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