

Hank Locklin, Imagination Running Wild

Just like all the other times as we entered
Across the white dance floor then to the bar
I thought I saw him smile in your direction or was my imagination running wild
With ten minutes he had asked you for a dance love
And oh too soon you said you'd like it fine
I thought you danced too close to be strangers or was my imagination out of line
As the night grew old the wine had made you careless
It seemed to me that he was just your style
I said let's go home before there's some heartache
You said your imagination's running wild
My mind was filled with cruel and painful visions
But afraid I might be wrong I tried to smile
Then you left with him and all my fears were happ'ning
And my poor imagination just ran wild yes my poor imagination just ran wild