

Michael Penn, Figment

Leave it for a while; come back
Leave it for a while; come back
Leave it for a while; come back
What would make a smile on you?

Are you closing in? Come back
Are you still believing what you read?
Are you still believing every word?
(That is what I heard)
But before the day is done
You will notice one
Is caught inside a web somebody spun
In your imagination

Treaded water 'til I made you cry
But I loved you more
Than I will now recall at all
I was born to call that bluff
And isn't history
Just a bargain and a plea
That we'd all know what to break
And what to rise above
Do you think that love
Is a figment of your imagination?

Leave it for a while; come back
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Leave it for a while; come back
What would make a smile on you?

Are you closing in?
Are you now receiving what you need?
Go find your magician now
I'm an apparition
Under some suspicion
So I flew
And the sky's so blue
For a coup d'etat in your imagination...