

# Ron Sexsmith, Imaginary Friends

Imaginary friends  
They will always let you down  
And when all the good times end  
You won't be seeing them around

For they run where the action is  
And they'll cross you off their list  
Do you comprehend now  
To imaginary friends  
You don't exist  
No

They'll ask you where you've been  
But never wait for your reply  
They'll meet you when your ship comes in  
But never meet you eye to eye

As all the friends who've been  
Real and true  
Wonder who you're talkin' to  
One thing you can depend on  
Imaginary friends  
They can't see you  
No

You can paint them a beautiful picture  
But they won't understand  
You can count all your friends  
On the fingers  
Of one scalded hand

Imaginary friends  
They will always leave you hanging  
And you won't see them again

For they've gone where the action is  
And they've crossed you off their list  
Do you comprehend now  
Imaginary friends They don't exist  
No

Imaginary friends  
They don't exist  
No

Imaginary friends  
They don't exist  
No no no