

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