

Seeds Lightning

"Imaginary Friends"

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He's moving into an art deco pad
To swell the ranks of the clinically sad
Shaking off the past with a change of address
But keeps his telephone number and hopes for the best
He makes a list of all his favourite friends
Then leaves his footprints on the steps
That shine with tears that he has wept
again... and again...and again... and again...
He bought his clothes from a skateboard boutique
Hung around in places where nobody speaks
Got on line to an internet club
Played trivial pursuit with the goddess of love
And counted his imaginary friends,
Got up to ten, lost count and then
Went out to walk the streets
'Til god knows when
He met a girl who liked a bit of a laugh
He gained the youth that he'd forgotten to have
So now they mess about with things that are highly
illegal
Often get mistaken for interesting people

And no-one ever seems to ring their bell

But do they care, well do they hell

They're gonna kiss and never tell

again... and again... and again... and again

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