

Aimee Mann

"Frankenstein"

Visit "[Frankenstein](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(i still have this shake in my voice and i'm going to sing
you this song)

I don't know you from Adam

You could make my day

If you leave me a message

I'll give it away

'Cause the most perfect strangers

That you can talk to

Are the ones who pretend

That you're not really you

I want any attempts here to play Frankenstein

Come with plenty of chances for changing you mind

When you're building your own creation

Nothing's better than real

Than a real imitation

I won't find it fantastic

Or think it absurd

When the gun in the first act

Goes off in the third

'Cause it's rare that you ever know

What to expect

From a guy made of corpses

With bolts in his neck

If the creature is limping the parts are in place

With a mind of its own and a fist for a face

Say hello to your new creation

Now it's better than real

It's a real imitation

You may wonder what the catch is

As you batten down the hatches

And when later we find

That the thing we devised

Has the villagers clamouring

For its demise

We will have to admit

The futility of

Trying to make something more

Of this jerry-built love

And you'll notice it bears a resemblance to

Everything I imagined I wanted from you

But at least its my own creation

And it's better than real
It's a real imitation

Visit [Aimee Mann](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.