

Mark Sandman

"Imaginary Song"

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I live in an imaginary town
I've got imaginary people all around me fallin down
And I play in an imaginary band,
I strum on my guitar in my imaginary hands

Is it my imagination, or is nothing more sublime
Than a crushed velvet second of an imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time

I work at an imaginary job
I can't imagine how I ever held this job so long
And I go to an imaginary school
And imaginary homework and imaginary rules

Is it my imagination, or is nothing more sublime
Than a crushed velvet second of imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time

Is it my imagination, or is nothing more sublime
Than a crushed velvet second of imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time
Imaginary time

An imaginary moment unimaginably long
And now we're at the end of my imaginary song

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