

Mann Aimee

"Frankenstein"

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(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

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