

Wainwright Rufus

"IMAGINARY LOVE"

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Every kind of love, or at least my kind of love

Must be an imaginary love to start with

Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game

Schubert broke my brain to start with

Hoped to look at you in a cab

Back of your head across my lap

Oh what grace, green back seat against the red of your
face

Hoped to look at you in any old grand hotel

Drunken demands gave way to reservations

Oh what a room, champagne brings such happy faces,
happy faces

'Cause every kind of love, or at least my kind of love

Must be an imaginary love to start with

Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game

Schubert broke my brain to start with

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