Her Imagination

Soft Cell

She slips in and out of her dull imagination
That floats around the twilight of her tomb
Clutching her little treasures
That represent a happy moment
Displayed with sad affection in her roomBut this life is a prison
And it hurts to hear the children laughing
While they live their pretty little dreams
And frozen all the while
Is a tearful bitter smile
Nothings really what it seemsNothings really what it seems
Nothings really what it seemsLike a silver little fool
You were standing at the alter
In the tides by the candles
As they burnPressed against the mirror
Playing all your favourite film stars
Ready for the camera
That would never, never turnPush aside the curtain
Of your tiny garret window
And glare out on the narrow little worldYou were in your wedding dress
Great expectations more or less
Playing with your dolls like any ordinary
Little girlCandle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonight
Candle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonightNow it's the futile bitter feelings
That clutch you in the middle
You were never really given a chanceAnd the spite that jabs your mind
Hides a heart that's really warm and kind
And the pulse that races with
Each other inquisitive glanceYou were always the outsider
And they set you up a childhood
To be just another cuddly toyAnd the whisper in the street
When the street corner gossips meet
The woman on the fourth floor
He was such a happy boyThe woman on the fourth floor
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The woman on the fourth floor

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Songwriters
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