

Imaginary Friends

Lightning Seeds

He's moving into an art deco pad
To swell the ranks of the clinically sad
Shaking off the past with a change of address
But keeps his telephone number and hopes for the best
He makes a list of all his favorite friends
Then leaves his footprints on the steps
That shine with tears that he has wept
Again and again and again and again
He bought his clothes from a skateboard boutique
Hung around in places where nobody speaks
He got on line to an Internet club
Played trivial pursuits with the goddess of love
And counted his imaginary friends
Got up to ten, lost count and then
Went out to walk the streets
Till God knows when
He met a girl who liked a bit of a laugh
He gained the youth, he'd forgotten to have
So now they mess about with things that are highly illegal
Often get mistaken for interesting people
And no-one ever seems to ring their bell
But do they care, well, do they hell
They're gonna kiss and never tell
Again and again and again and again

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