

Imaginary Friend

John Flansburgh

It scares me to speak my mind
It might sound self-absorbed
I don't say half of what I think
I wonder what I'm thinkin' for I'm smellin' dead flowers
And writin' with this dried up pen
Wish I still had my imaginary friend
And who needs to listen, well
What do I have to sell
Everyone's just waitin' for their own turn
Kinda like show and tell
Smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen
Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Someone to listen, someone to laugh
Someone to cry at the right time
I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen
You know that I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls
Drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen
Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friend
And I would call him up
But I don't remember his name

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