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' forI'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up penWish I still had my imaginary friendAnd who needs to listen, well
What do I have to sell
Everyone's just waitin' for their own turn
Kinda like show and tellSmellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up penWish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friendSomeone to listen, someone to laugh
Someone to cry at the right timeI'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up penYou know that I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls
Drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up penWish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friendAnd I would call him up
But I don't remember his name

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