

# 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 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  
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  
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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