

# Imitation of Life

KRISTEENYOUNG

Charades pop skill, water hyacinth  
Named by a poet, imitation of life  
Like a coy in a frozen pond, like a goldfish in a bowl  
I don't want to hear you cry That sugarcane that tasted good  
That cinnamon, that's Hollywood  
Come on, come on  
No one can see you try You want the greatest thing, the greatest thing since bread came sliced  
You've got it all, you've got it sized  
Like a Friday fashion show teenager cruising in the corner  
Trying to look like you don't try That sugarcane that tasted good  
That cinnamon, that's Hollywood  
Come on, come on  
No one can see you try No one can see you cry That sugarcane that tasted good  
That freezing rain, that's what you could  
Come on, come on  
No one can see you cry This sugarcane, this lemonade  
This hurricane, I'm not afraid  
Come on, come on  
No one can see me cry This lightning storm, this tidal wave  
This avalanche, I'm not afraid  
Come on, come on  
No one can see me cry That sugarcane that tasted good  
That's who you are, that's what you could  
Come on, come on  
No one can see you cry That sugarcane that tasted good  
That's who you are, that's what you could  
Come on, come on  
No one can see you cry

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