

Imaginary Friend

Catatonia

Both born of lust and deceit
We are lovers who will never meet
Once fate put us in the same room
When you knew not of me nor I of you
Something inside dies And we don't stand up to scrutiny
But we spin by and by, the by
A great pain finds, numb haven, humdrum
And we spin by and by, the by
Something inside dies, something inside dies
Something inside dies Me and my imaginary friend
Have been going round
The bend for some time now
For some time now And me and Timmy Turd
Are having trouble being heard
Through the background hum
Above the background hum And me and Barry C are
Going down to Connah's Quay
For all your telecaster dreams
A telecaster is all you need Me and my imaginary friend
Have been going round the
Bend for some time now
For some time now And me and Timmy Turd
Are getting trouble being heard
Through the background hum
Above the background hum And me and Barry C we're
Going down to Connah's Quay
For all your telecaster dreams
A telecaster is all you need
Something inside dies

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