

Imitation of Life

Gregory Porter

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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