

# Imagination

**Gino Vannelli**

I look at photographs of you  
Sweat and shame till the sun comes through  
I think of things I ought not to've hung your memory on the wall  
A life-size portrait ten feet tall  
I feel my skin begin to crawl Suddenly I see you take a breath  
And out of the cameras you come through  
Is it you Must be my imagination  
Must be my imagination Must be the shock waves of the moon  
The entertainment of a lonely room  
The devil playing that same old tune 'cause something strange is happening to me  
Feel in the land of make believe  
Please look me up and swallow the key 'cause I feel your fingers running through my hair  
I feel the human touch of you Must be my imagination  
Must be my imagination

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