Imagination

Gino Vannelli

I look at photographs of you
Sweat and shame till the sun comes through
I think of things I ought not toI've hung your memory on the wall
A life-size portrait ten feet tall
I feel my skin begin to crawlSuddenly I see you take a breath
And out of the cameras you come through
Is it youMust be my imagination
Must be my imaginationMust 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 youMust be my imagination
Must be my imagination

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