

Imaginary Friend

Dear Henry Bliss

It scares me to speak my mind
It might sound self-absorbed
I don't say half of what I think
I wonder what I'm thinkin' for I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen Wish I still had my imaginary friend
And who needs to listen, well
What do I have to sell
Everyone's just waitin' for their own turn
Kinda like show and tell Smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friend Someone to listen, someone to laugh
Someone to cry at the right time I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls again
I'm drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen You know that I'm smellin' dead flowers
And listenin' to the walls
Drinkin' from a leaky faucet
And writin' with this dried up pen Wish I still had my imaginary friend
Wish I still had my imaginary friend And I would call him up
But I don't remember his name

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