

Imagination

Todd Rundgren

Imagination I am what I am and that's all that I am
I tell myself I have no demands, I don't have a plan
To sell myself Every day's the same old song Go along and get along Nothing's ever right or wrong What is hell?
The same old smell
The same old situation
No imagination Whatever life brings, eventually things
Will just work out Whenever they don't I certainly won't
Be found about Every new year I resolve Never gotten past day twelve Just a problem I can't solve What is death?
The train has left
And you're still in the station
No imagination

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