Imitation Of Life

R.E.M.

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 cryThat sugarcane that tasted good
That cinnamon, that's Hollywood
Come on, come on
No one can see you tryYou 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 tryThat sugarcane that tasted good
That cinnamon, that's Hollywood
Come on, come on
No one can see you tryNo one can see you cryThat sugarcane that tasted good
That freezing rain, that's what you could
Come on, come on
No one can see you cryThis sugarcane, this lemonade
This hurricane, I'm not afraid
Come on, come on
No one can see me cryThis lightning storm, this tidal wave
This avalanche, I'm not afraid
Come on, come on
No one can see me cryThat sugarcane that tasted good
That's who you are, that's what you could
Come on, come on
No one can see you cryThat 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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