Imaginary Love

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Every kind of love, or at least my kind of love
Must be an imaginary love to start with
Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game
Schubert broke my brain to start with
Hoped to look at you in a cab
Back of your head across my lap
Oh what grace, green back seat against the red of your face

Hoped to look at you in any old grand hotel
Drunken demands gave way to reservations
Oh what a room, champagne brings such happy faces, happy faces
'Cause every kind of love, or at least my kind of love
Must be an imaginary love to start with
Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game
Schubert broke my brain to start with

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