

Imaginary Man

Paula Cole

I see him in my father,
I sense him in my mother,
My sister holds it in her hands,
It's the heart of the Imaginary Man,
Oh I'll do everything I can,
For the heart of the Imaginary Man,
I want to give all I can. I look around me, the crowd about me,
There's nobody to call to, nobody to hear me,
I'll turn my back on them, I'm, I'm giving you my heart,
There's somebody who loves me, who's in my arms.
He comes to me when I'm sleeping,
To confess and tease and keep me bound,
He comes to me when I'm dreaming,
To ask me for my hand in vow,
Oh I'll do everything I can,
For the heart of the Imaginary Man,
I want to give all I can. I look around me, the crowd about me,
There's nobody to call to, nobody to hear me,
I'll turn my back on them, I'm, I'm giving you my heart,
There's somebody who loves me, who's in my arms. Call me a lunatic for what I care, who on earth is better
than the air -
Spiking the hair upon the small of my back,
Keeping me collared, enslaved and daggered,
No one knows my man, no one knows my secret plan -
I look around me, the crowd about me,
There's nobody to call to, nobody to hear me,
I'll turn my back on them, I'm, I'm giving you my heart,
There's somebody who loves me, who's in my arms.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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