

Imaginary Friend

Catatonia

Both born of lust and deceit
We are lovers who will
never meet
Once fate put us in the
same room
When you knew not of me
nor I of you
Something inside dies

And we don't stand
up to scrutiny
But we spin by and by the by
A great pain finds
numb haven, humdrum
And we spin by and by the by
Something inside dies

Me and my imaginary friend
Have been going round
the bend for some time now
For some time now

And me and Timmy Turd
Are having trouble being heard
Through the background hum
Above the background hum

And me and Barry C are
going down to Connah's Quay
For all your Telecaster dreams
A Telecaster is all you need

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Something inside dies