Imogene

Michael Johnson

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I remember images of bridges crossed
And being left on the other side
I guess I died last somewhere near Savannah
Oh Imogene, can I take you down south in my dreams

Oh Imogene, everybody's playing good-time music
Could it be some sort of sign
That everybody's playing good-time music
But no one's having a good time

Simon, my best friend, he cut his hair
He added strings, became a millionaire
Oh it's all so simple so Simon says
Oh but Imogene, time goes by and so did I

Oh Imogene, everybody's playing good-time music
Could it be some sort of sign
Everybody's playing good-time music
But no one's having a good time

The sign on the border says welcome to Georgia
You don't have to go through Savannah no more
Oh nothing makes sense anymore
Why should I, why should I
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