

# Frankenstein

Aimee Mann

(I still have the shake in my voice  
And I'm going to sing you this song)

I don't know you from Adam, it could make my day  
If you leave me a message I'll give it away  
'Cause the most perfect strangers that you can talk to  
Are the ones who pretend that you're not really you

Are with any attempts here to play Frankenstein  
Come with plenty of chances for changing your mind  
When you're building your own creation  
Nothing's better than real than a real  
Imitation

I won't find it fantastic or think it absurd  
When the gun in the first act goes off in the third  
'Cause it's rare that you ever know what to expect  
From a guy made of corpses with bolts in his neck

If the creature is limping the parts are in place  
With a mind of its own and a fist for a face  
Say hello to your new creation  
Now it's better than real  
It's a real imitation

You may wonder what the catch is  
As we batten down the hatches

And when later we find that the thing we devised  
Has the villagers clamouring for it's demise  
We will have to admit the futility of  
Trying to make something more of this jerry-built love

And you'll notice it bears a resemblance to  
Everything I imagined I wanted from you  
But at least it's my own creation  
And it's better than real  
It's a real imitation