

Imagination Running Wild

Conway Twitty

Just like all the other times as we entered
Across the white dance floor then to the bar
I thought I saw him smile in your direction
Or was my imagination running wild

With ten minutes he had asked you for a dance love
Oh too soon you said you'd like it fine
I thought you danced too close to be strangers
Or was my imagination out of line

As the night grew old the wine had made you careless
It seemed to me that he was just your style
I said let's go home before there's some heartache
And you said your imagination's running wild

My mind was filled with cruel and painful vision
Afraid I might be wrong I tried to smile
Then you left with him and all my fears were happ'ning
And my poor imagination's running wild
Yes my poor imagination's running wild