

# 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