

Imagination

Gino Vannelli

I look at photographs of you
Sweat and shame till the sun comes through
I think of things I ought not to

I've hung your memory on the wall
A life-size portrait ten feet tall
I feel my skin begin to crawl

Suddenly I see you take a breath
And out of the cameras you come through
Is it you

Must be my imagination
Must be my imagination

Must be the shock waves of the moon
The entertainment of a lonely room
The devil playing that same old tune

'Cause something strange is happening to me
Feel in the land of make believe
Please look me up and swallow the key

'Cause I feel your fingers running through my hair
I feel the human touch of you

Must be my imagination
Must be my imagination