

Cockateels

Guillemots

When the train comes to stop
Oh, I don't wanna move
And blunder back into it all

When the plane come to land
I wanna stay inside
And rise up to the clouds again

Cause dealing with the real world
Is sometimes not too fun
When baby says she loves you
Whilst holding up a gun

Thank goodness
I've got imaginary creatures
Laying on the advice
By my side
By my side

When the film credits roll
I stay right till the end
Then wander the streets with my eyes ablaze

All I really want to do
Is go straight back and watch it again
Playing a different person every time

Oh, cause living in the real world
Can sometimes get so strange
When you fall in love with statues
And cockateels in a cage

Well, it seems I've got imaginary lovers
They say they're protecting the space
By my side
By my side