

# Imagination Running Wild

Hank Locklin

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 imaginati  
on running wild  
With ten minutes he had asked you for a dance love  
And oh too soon you said you'd like it fine  
I thought you danced too close to be strangers or was my imagin  
ation 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  
You said your imagination's running wild  
My mind was filled with cruel and painful visions  
But 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 just ran wild yes my poor imagination j  
ust ran wild