

Your Imaginary Friend

Lemon Demon

Simple and small,
almost alone.
Curled up in a ball
with a tin can phone
tied to a twist
leading outside
and into the mist
where the shadows hide.

Maybe when you're gone
we'll gladly take your place.
You're so nicely drawn.
We like your face and

we want to be your imaginary friend,
want to be your imaginary friend.

When you were young
you knew us well.
The cat had your tongue,
so you could not yell
when you were cross.
All you could do
was call it a loss,
though this was not true.

We've since disappeared.

That is, until tonight
when you turn out the light
and everything stands still.

The wind's direction shifts
and makes the curtains lift...
and you see us on the sill.

Every word that you've learned,
Every wish that you've burned,
Every single strand of hair in your head,
Every book that you've read:

We love you this much.

We want to be your imaginary friend,
want to be your imaginary...

friend