Her Imagination

Soft Cell

She slips in and out of her dull imagination That floats around the twilight of her tomb Clutching her little treasures That represent a happy moment Displayed with sad affection in her room

But this life is a prison
And it hurts to hear the children laughing
While they live their pretty little dreams
And frozen all the while
Is a tearful bitter smile
Nothings really what it seems

Nothings really what it seems Nothings really what it seems

Like a silver little fool You were standing at the alter In the tides by the candles As they burn

Pressed against the mirror Playing all your favourite film stars Ready for the camera That would never, never turn

Push aside the curtain
Of your tiny garret window
And glare out on the narrow little world

You were in your wedding dress Great expectations more or less Playing with your dolls like any ordinary Little girl

Candle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonight
Candle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonight

Now it's the futile bitter feelings That clutch you in the middle You were never really given a chance

And the spite that jabs your mind Hides a heart thats really warm and kind And the pulse that races with Each other inquisitive glance

You were always the outsider And they set you up a childhood To be just another cuddly toy

And the whisper in the street When the street corner gossips meet The woman on the fourth floor He was such a happy boy

The woman on the fourth floor
He was such a happy boy
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