

## Imaginary Friends

The Lightning Seeds

He's moving into an art deco pad  
To swell the ranks of the clinically sad  
Shaking off the past with a change of address  
But keeps his telephone number and hopes for the best

He makes a list of all his favourite friends  
Then leaves his footprints on the steps  
That shine with tears that he has wept  
again... and again...and again... and again...

He bought his clothes from a skateboard boutique  
Hung around in places where nobody speaks  
Got on line to an internet club  
Played trivial pursuit with the goddess of love

And counted his imaginary friends,  
Got up to ten, lost count and then  
Went out to walk the streets  
'Til god knows when

He met a girl who liked a bit of a laugh  
He gained the youth that he'd forgotten to have  
So now they mess about with things that are highly illegal  
Often get mistaken for interesting people

And no-one ever seems to ring their bell  
But do they care, well do they hell  
They're gonna kiss and never tell  
again... and again... and again... and again