

Imagination

Todd Rundgren

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I am what I am and that's all that I am
I tell myself

I have no demands, I don't have a plan
To sell myself

Every day's the same old song

Go along and get along

Nothing's ever right or wrong

What is hell? The same old smell
The same old situation
No imagination

Whatever life brings, eventually things
Will just work out

Whenever they don't I certainly won't
Be found about

Every new year I resolve

Never gotten past day twelve

Just a problem I can't solve

What is death? The train has left
And you're still in the station
No imagination