

Imaginary Girl

David Lynch

She is an imaginary girl, a fiction
I am a dog on a chain, a prisoner

When I see her walk to and fro
My teeth grow long, all reason goes

Sway, pretty girl, sway
It ain't real anyway

Feeling so blue
You're dressed in red
Cloud covers the sun
I feel so dead

Sway, pretty girl, sway
It ain't real anyway