

Genuine Imitation Life

The Four Seasons

Chameleons changing colors
While a crocodile cries
People rubbing elbows

But never touching eyes
Taking off their masks
Revealing still another guise

Genuine, imitation life

People buying happiness
And manufactured fun
Everybody's doing
What everybody's done

You count on lots of people
Who can only count to one
Genuine, imitation life

All the pretty clouds
Are a lovely shade of black
You find the right direction

Someone tears up all the track
People wish of crosses
Fingers crossed behind their back

Genuine, imitation life

Old friends get together
But it's solitaire they play
Everybody's rainbows

Dressed in different shades of gray
It's a lovely place to visit
But I wouldn't want to stay

Genuine, imitation life