

Frankenstein

Aimee Mann

(I still have the shake in my voice
And I'm going to sing you this song)

I don't know you from Adam, it could make my day
If you leave me a message I'll give it away
'Cause the most perfect strangers that you can talk to
Are the ones who pretend that you're not really you

Are with any attempts here to play Frankenstein
Come with plenty of chances for changing your mind
When you're building your own creation
Nothing's better than real than a real
Imitation

I won't find it fantastic or think it absurd
When the gun in the first act goes off in the third
'Cause it's rare that you ever know what to expect
From a guy made of corpses with bolts in his neck

If the creature is limping the parts are in place
With a mind of its own and a fist for a face
Say hello to your new creation
Now it's better than real
It's a real imitation

You may wonder what the catch is
As we batten down the hatches

And when later we find that the thing we devised
Has the villagers clamouring for it's demise
We will have to admit the futility of
Trying to make something more of this jerry-built love

And you'll notice it bears a resemblance to
Everything I imagined I wanted from you
But at least it's my own creation
And it's better than real
It's a real imitation