

No Imagination

Blondie

Eyes that tell me "Baby, you don't need no invitation"
Let me smoke another cigarette before I make a move
I can see me in the morning; losing my direction
Deep inside my overcoat, looking for the door
I don't wanna stay with you. I just wanna play with you
One sweet abbreviation sleeping like the dead
You think you're pretty, well, so do I. You came to me but, pas
sion eyes
Got no imagination to clutter up my head

Eyes that mirror innocence and cannot sense the changes
Lets have another drink, dear, before we get deranged
I can see me in the morning; avoiding your detection
Slowly down the staircase, looking for the door

All is fair in love and war but I don't want your love no more
One sweet abbreviation sleeping like the dead
You're fragile and you're very green, conditioned by a milk mac
hine
Got no imagination. Got no imagination. No

Take a walk, kid

Eyes that tell me "Baby, you don't need no invitation"
Let me smoke another cigarette before I make a move
I can see me in the morning; losing my direction
Deep inside my overcoat, footsteps for the door