

# Imagination

Helen Reddy

Ay-oh, you call to me  
Call says you're the one  
Evening, the night has come  
The meeting in the mist has begun

Oh, feelings we cannot mend  
Breaking all iron bars  
Curtains forever drawing  
Closer to your heart

Imagination  
Imagination  
Imagination

Slowly the heart unfolds  
Melting to the night  
Whispering the only sound  
A face, a touch so right

Imagination  
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Imagination

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