

## Her Imagination

Soft Cell

She slips in and out of her dull imagination  
That floats around the twilight of her tomb  
Clutching her little treasures  
That represent a happy moment  
Displayed with sad affection in her room

But this life is a prison  
And it hurts to hear the children laughing  
While they live their pretty little dreams  
And frozen all the while  
Is a tearful bitter smile  
Nothings really what it seems

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Like a silver little fool  
You were standing at the alter  
In the tides by the candles  
As they burn

Pressed against the mirror  
Playing all your favourite film stars  
Ready for the camera  
That would never, never turn

Push aside the curtain  
Of your tiny garret window  
And glare out on the narrow little world

You were in your wedding dress  
Great expectations more or less  
Playing with your dolls like any ordinary  
Little girl

Candle light  
Candle bright  
Won't you light my way tonight  
Candle light  
Candle bright  
Won't you light my way tonight

Now it's the futile bitter feelings  
That clutch you in the middle  
You were never really given a chance

And the spite that jabs your mind  
Hides a heart thats really warm and kind  
And the pulse that races with  
Each other inquisitive glance

You were always the outsider  
And they set you up a childhood  
To be just another cuddly toy

And the whisper in the street  
When the street corner gossips meet

The woman on the fourth floor  
He was such a happy boy

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