

# Maginary Girl

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Maginary girl  
You lay awake in your bed  
Speaking the words in your head  
You think about what it means to be dead

You've got your wits about you  
That's good 'cause she's a vulture  
You try to come up  
With a means to and end

Maginary girl  
She comes on like the Gulf Stream  
Like Devil's Night on Halloween  
Now she's a total eclipse of the sun

She makes it obvious now  
Her special weakness for  
Soft serve ice cream  
From the Dairy Queen

She's like twilight  
In between day and night  
Used to be grass roots  
Now she's supernatural

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