

# Imaginary Places

## Busdriver

I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
And to show you around imaginary places  
Put money lumps in my bloody stump  
And I will have a smile that's a perfect circle  
Die in your sleep with the sky at your feet  
I'm shoot you when you're happy, only then will you find peace  
How do you do? I don't know I'm okay  
Every person I know is a secret service agent  
Because I've been accused of lewd conduct  
Stole the heart of a prude prom slut  
And they got the warrant for my arrest to put me in  
The loony bin, the funny farm, cause of what I did  
But I'm just here to hold your hand as you die  
There is not a single person who can do it better  
No needle skippin in my ecosystem  
But in the audience may be an evil Christian  
HMO how I hate him so  
But they charge me for a halo  
But I'm on a scavenger hunt for a lavender chunk  
Of the sky, maybe I'll replace it with a mud-pie  
I put dead songs on a silk screen  
Buy my shirt it is a killed dream  
It is known to lead the way to the stairwell  
To God's administrative office and a final farewell  
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
And to give your assault rifle a banana clip  
Glow in the dark when I stroll in the park  
Givin everybody informative pamphlets!  
No sign of life for as far as I can see  
Everybody's just charred meat up in the car seat  
Eat shit and die to the secret spy  
Cause I have a funny feeling that I'm being watched  
24-hour surveillance  
Money or power are ailments  
But I send the medical supplies and the shipping  
And the handling is way too much, cause I'm from the Afterlife  
I'm just here to hold your hand  
when you die  
It's like I put a cough drop right upon your soft spot  
Make Martian clothes out of your garden hose  
Turn into a deadly gas blown through the air duct  
She's not in love but I thought that she was  
She doesn't love me because I don't have the right haircut

I misunderstood I should fix under the hood  
But I will not apologize for anything that I've said  
My name is Mr. Busdriver, this is the producer Paris  
We are not embarrassed to admit that we will perish in  
A pit of our own imaginary PLACE! Kids... if you want to piss off your parents...  
Show interest in the arts... Kids... if you, REALLY want to piss off your parents...  
Buy real estate in an Imaginary Place... oh yes... Okay, okay, alright!  
Yea... now... move! Guess I gotta do my shout outs now...  
(Peace to...) I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
Paris and Daddy Kev, they'll also be there too  
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
Unless the people of Mexican descent will help you  
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
Freestyle Fellowship announced everyone will help you  
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die  
Chillin' Villain Empire and Hip Hop Klan too  
I'm just here to hold your hand to die...  
I'm just here to hold your hand when you.  
Just here to hold your hand... when you die...

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