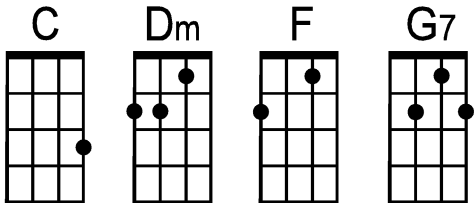


# Just My Imagination

by Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong (1971)



**Intro:**

C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 Ooo ooo 00000 0000000

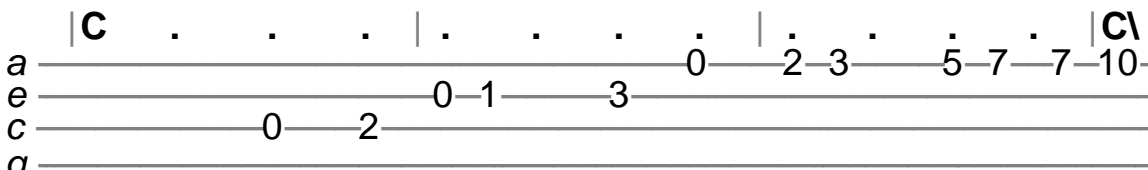
(sing c e)

C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 Each day through my window I watch her as she pass-es by—y—  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . . |  
 I say to my-self— You're such a luck-y guy—y—  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 To have a girl like her— is truly a dream— come true—  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 Out of all— the fellas— in the world— she be-longs— to you—

**Chorus:** C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | F . . .  
 But it was just my imagi-na-tion runnin' a-way with me—  
 C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | F . . . |  
 It was just my imagi-na-a-tion— runnin' a-way— with me—

C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 (Soon) Soon we'll be married— and raise a fami-ly—y— (wo yeah—)  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 A cozy— little home out in the country— with two— chil-dren maybe three—  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 I tell you, I— |— |— |— can visual-ize— it all—  
 C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | Dm . . .  
 This couldn't— be a dream— for too real— it all seems—

**Chorus:** C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | F . . .  
 But it was just my imagi-na-tion runnin' a-way with me—  
 C . . . | F . . .  
 It was just my imagi-na-a-tion— runnin'



A-way— with me—

**Bridge:** --- --- --- | **C** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Every ni—ght— on my knees— I pray— Dear Lord— hear my— plea—  
 . . . | . . . | . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . |  
 Don't ever let an-other take her love from me or I would surely— die-i-ie—  
 . . . | **C** . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Her love is heavenly— When her arms en-fold me— I hear a tender  
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 Rhapso-dy— But in re-ali—ty— she doesn't even know me—

**Chorus:**  
**C** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . | **F** . . . |  
 Just my imagi-na-tion, Once a-gain— runnin' a-way with me— Oh—  
 . . . | **C** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . | **F** . . . |  
 Tell you, it was just my imagi-na-a—tion— runnin' a-way— with me—  
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
**C** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . | **F** . . . |  
 Just my imagi-na-a—tion— runnin' a-way— with me— oh  
**C** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . | . . . **C\**  
 Just my imagi-na-a—tion— runnin' a-way— with me—