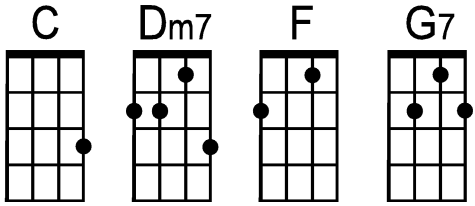


Just My Imagination

by Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong (1971)



Intro:

C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 Ooo ooo ooooo oooooooo

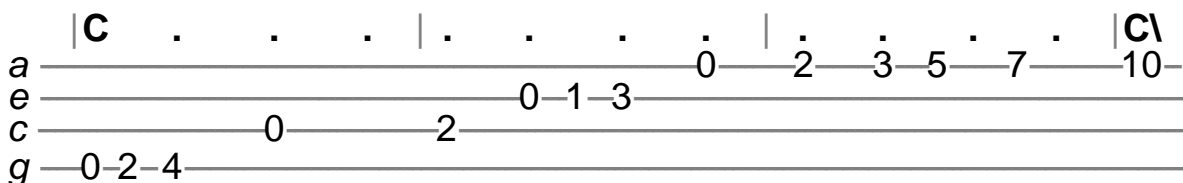
(sing c e)

C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 Each day through my window I watch her as she pass-es by—y—
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . . |
 I say to my-self— You're such a luck-y guy—y—
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 To have a girl like her— is truly a dream— come true—
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 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 . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 (Soon) Soon we'll be married— and raise a fami-ly—y— (wo yeah—)
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 A cozy— little home out in the country— with two— chil-dren maybe three—
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 I tell you, I— can visual-ize— it all—
 C . . . | Dm7 . . . | C . . . | Dm7 . . .
 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
 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Rhapsody— 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—