

Time to Pretend

MGMT

I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling raw
I'm in the prime of my life
Let's make some music, make some money
Find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris, shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars
You man, the island and the cocaine and the elegant cars
This is our decision, to live fast and
die young
We've got the vision, now let's have some fun
Yeah, it's overwhelming, but what else can we do?
Get jobs in offices and wake up for the morning commute?
Forget about our mothers and our
friends
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals
And digging up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother and the weight of the world
I'll miss my sister, miss my father
Miss my dog and my home
Yeah, I'll miss the boredom and the freedom
And the time spent alone
But there's really nothing, nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten, life can always start up anew
The models will have children, we'll get a divorce
We'll find some more models
Everything must run its course
We'll choke on our vomit and that will be the end
We were fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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