

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>