

Time To Pretend

Black Country, New Road

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, play some croquet with some 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?
Honestly forgotten
Life can always start up anew
Forget about our mothers and our friends

We were fated to pretend
To pretend
Fated to pretend

I'll miss the playground and the animals and diggin' 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
I'll miss the boredom and the freedom and the time spent alone

But there is 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

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I said yeah, yeah, yeah