

Happiest Pretenders

Clare Maguire

He licks the paper turns the page
He writes the spoken word again
Releases pools of untrapped blood
To camouflage what's understood
Wrapped up in a golden throne
He undresses overloads
Walks quietly to a distant place
Honest lies in washed out grace

Oh oh oh indicate we're locked in
Oh oh oh with the kings and queens

We are the happiest pretenders
And we are the happiest pretenders.

Dressed down towards the Tyne
He chases evening's wonder whys
Then misses hours time again
Sweeps him underneath its wings

Oh oh oh indicate we're locked in
Oh oh oh with the kings and queens

We are the happiest pretenders
And we are the happiest pretenders

And if they try to catch us out
We'll chase them down
We're gonna chase them down
Cause we are the happiest pretenders

He wipes the crystal from his eyes
He hits the lights and leaves them dry
Undoes tomorrows unknown will
Let's it slide
Tastes the thrill
Tastes the thrill

'Cause we are the happiest pretenders
And we are the happiest pretenders

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