

New Pretender

Eddi Reader

Here comes the new pretender
A bible in his hand
He thinks he will be happy
He thinks that life is grand
I have learnt how to be grateful
For the scraps that fall from your table
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh

Here comes the new pretender
He looks just like the old
He would get a big surprise
When he finds hell is cold
There are those who want to warm you
Then one day they won't phone you
Oh, oh-oh, oh

And in every sleepy town
You will find heads full of dreams
Heads full of dreams

There goes the new pretender
He won't last that long
There will be a new face
To sing the same old song, oh
He will learn how to be grateful
For the scraps that fall from your table
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh

Here comes the new pretender