

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 lets 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 is really nothing
Nothing we can do
Love must be forgotten
Life can always start off 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
That will be the end
We were fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend
I said yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah