

Fakin' It

Simon & Garfunkel

When she goes, she's gone
If she stays, she stays here
The girl does what she wants to do,
She knows what she wants to do
And I know I'm fakin' it,
I'm not really makin' it.

I'm such a dubious soul
And a walk in the garden
Wears me down.
Tangled in the fallen vines,
Pickin' up the punch lines,
I've just been fakin' it,
Not really makin' it.

Is there any danger?
No, no not really,
Just lean on me.
Takin' time to treat,
Your friendly neighbours honestly.
I've just been fakin' it,
I'm not really makin' it,
This feeling of fakin' it.
I still haven't shaken it.

Prior to this lifetime
I surely was a tailor
(Good morning, Mr. Leitch.
Have you had a busy day?)
I own the tailor's face and hands
I am the tailor's face and hands and
I know I'm fakin'n it
I'm not really makin' it
This feeling of fakin' it
I still haven't shaken it.