

Pretend

Sara Bareilles

I know we're headed for the open road
Don't know where to go.
We've got our separate ways in the same direction
Getting nowhere slow
We saw the end was coming
Credits rolling in a few hundred miles back
Oh, but our horizon tends to be deceiving
You never quite know where it's at.

Baby, can we just pretend we're not telling lies and this ain't
ending
No talk, no time, no goodbyes
Nothing left of expectations, just you and me:
Impulsive creations with an alibi.

But the moment is precious for its brevity
This one's good as gold
It's a compromise of little white lies
The truth remains untold.

Baby, can we just pretend we're not telling lies and this ain't
ending
No talk, no time, no goodbyes
Nothing left of expectations, just you and me:
Impulsive creations with an alibi.

Do what you will, but don't go, darling.
What story ends before it's started?
Final words and we'll be on our way, yeah.
One last thing, my dear departed:
Save tomorrow for the brokenhearted.
Aw, don't let it break today
No, not today.