

Private Life

The Pretenders

Your private life drama, baby, leave me out
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J'ai les glands with your theatrics, your acting's a drag
It's okay on TV 'cause you can turn it off but don't try me
Yes, your marriage is a tragedy but it's not my concern
I'm very superficial I hate anything official

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Your sentimental gestures only bore me to death
You've made a desperate appeal, now save your breath
Attachment to obligation through guilt and regret
Shit, that's so wet
And your sex life complications are not my fascinations

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You asked me for advice, I said, "Use the door"
But you're still clinging to somebody you deplore
And now you want to use me for emotional blackmail
I just feel pity when you lie, contempt when you cry

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