

Tired Of Pretending

Art vs. Science

There's a world where the men are dressing up on heat,
And the girls don't listen, they just want to speak,
And the aim of the game is to get laid,
And the rules are drink until you've got some game.

But I'm tired of pretending.
Yeah, I'm tired of pretending.
I'm tired of pretending
That I'm not strange.

And the conversation's dull
But the cigarette helps,
But your vodka's all gone
Before the ice can melt
So cynical for one so young
I had a mushroom trip and thought
Talking to the trees more fun

But I'm tired of pretending.
Yeah, I'm tired of pretending.
I'm tired of pretending
That I'm not strange.

Now we pretend to be normal people every day,
And if you're not pretending then you're pretty strange.
I find it hard to relate through the language mist,
And the images of saints and the memories of bliss.
From the day when I cried when circles in my mind
Were in the river and the tide and the sun was star light
And I knew my mind was a prism or a prison,
Or should I say I knew it till I blew it all that night
In a sweet, sweet girl, I can't remember her name,
And even if I could it'd all be the same.
She had brown eyes, she had soft hair,
It was at an after party and the strokes where there,
Coz no matter how Jesusy and saintly you can get,
There's always one thing that keeps me coming back.
A hunger from within, or is it from without?

No rationality.
No rationality.

I wanna feel love.
I wanna feel love.
I wanna feeeeeeeeeeeel love.
I wanna feel love. (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I wanna feel love.
I wanna feel love.
I wanna feeeeeeeeeeeel love.
I wanna feel love.