

# 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