

Make Believe

Roger Whittaker

The game of "just supposing" is the sweetest game I know,
Our dreams are more romantic than the world we see.
And if the things we dream about don't happen to be so,
That's just an unimportant technicality

We could make believe I love you,
Only make believe that you love me.
Others find peace of mind in pretending,
Couldn't you? Couldn't I? Couldn't we
Make believe our lips are blending
In a phantom kiss, or two, or three?
Might as well make believe I love you,
For to tell the truth, I do.

Your pardon I pray, 'twas too much to say,
The words that betray my heart.
We only pretend, you do not offend,
In playing a lover's part.

Though the cold and brutal fact is you and I have never met,
We need not mind convention's P's and Q's,
If we put our thoughts in practice we can banish all regret
Imagining most anything we choose

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