

The Pretender

Sick Puppies

I live with the life that I made
I get from the things that I gave
My arms are outstretched I hope for the best
And act rich before I get paid

I sold of my soul for these jeans
Wherever I go its a scene
Everyones staring as I act not caring
Attention is breathing to me

Oh I am the Pretender

My confidence pours in this glass
It helps me to hide from my past
Life of the party I know everybody
But noone gets beyond this mask

Oh I am the Pretender
Oh another Pretty Pretender
Yeah

I tell her whatever it takes
My truth is as shifting as shapes
I kiss and hug her and tell her I love her
Then laugh as I tend her heartbreak

Oh I am the Pretender
Oh I'm just a Pretender

Oh I am the Pretender
Oh I am the Pretender