I Hate Pretending

Secret Machines

I never thought a moment spoke so well
As the second when you tried to be kind
Stumbling over the telephone ringing
Looking for your voice on the lineThere was an orange lipped girl with her knees crossed
Sitting on the carpeted coal
She was holding onto the money
And I was doing what I was toldThere was an undercover cop
Parked right across the road
You step away from the window
But you better move slowAnd yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear
And I know he can't see me
Or doesn't even careAnd I hate pretending I'm like you
I hate pretending I'm like youSo let's cut out the fire with scars
Hanging all the lions on the floors
Searching through the piles of dust
Filling all the pockets with coalThere was an undercover cop
Parked right across the road
Step away from the window
But you better move slowAnd yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear
And I know he can't see me
Or doesn't even careAnd this just what it was like
And for one kiss
Oh there's a moment of fame'Cause I was just along for the ride
Do you believe him?
Love in the art of persuasionThere was an undercover cop
Parked right across the road
He's looking right at me
And I think we'd better goAnd I'm headed for the door
And I'm switching off the light
And we look like we just got here
We've been here all night, alright

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