

# Pretend We're Dead

## L7

Aah, yeah  
Aah, yeah What's up with, what's going down  
In every city, in every town?  
Cramping styles is the plan  
They've got us in the palm of every hand When we pretend that we're dead  
When we pretend that we're dead  
They can't hear a word we've said  
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on Turn the tables with our unity  
They're neither moral nor majority  
Wake up and smell the coffee  
Or just say no to individuality When we pretend that we're dead  
When we pretend that we're dead  
They can't hear a word we've said  
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on When we pretend that we're dead  
When we pretend that we're dead  
They can't hear a word we've said  
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on

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