The Pretender

Sick Puppies

I live with the life that I made
I get from the things that I gave
My arms are outstreached I hope for the best
And act rich before I get paidI sold of my soul for these jeans
Wherever I go its a scene
Everyones staring as I act not caring
Attention is breathing to meOh I am the PretenderMy 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 maskOh I am the Pretender
Oh another Pretty Pretender
YeahI 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 heartbreakOh I am the Pretender
Oh I'm just a PretenderOh I am the Pretender
Oh I am the Pretender

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