

Tired of Pretending

Art vs. Science

There's a world where the men are dressing up on heat
And the girls don't listen, they just want to speak
And the aim of the game is to get laid
And the rules are drink until you've got some game
But I'm tired of pretending
Yeah, I'm tired of pretending
I'm tired of pretending
That I'm not strange
And the conversation's dull
But the cigarette helps
But your vodka's all gone
Before the ice can melt
So cynical for one so young
I had a mushroom trip and thought
Talking to the trees more fun
But I'm tired of pretending
Yeah, I'm tired of pretending
I'm tired of pretending
That I'm not strange
Now we pretend to be normal people every day
And if you're not pretending then you're pretty strange
I find it hard to relate through the language mist
And the images of saints and the memories of bliss
From the day when I cried when circles in my mind
Were in the river and the tide and the sun was star light
And I knew my mind was a prism or a prison
Or should I say I knew it till I blew it all that night
In a sweet, sweet girl, I can't remember her name
And even if I could it'd all be the same
She had brown eyes, she had soft hair
It was at an after party and the strokes where there
Coz no matter how Jesusy and saintly you can get
There's always one thing that keeps me coming back.
A hunger from within, or is it from without?
No rationality
I wanna feel love
I wanna feel love
I wanna feel love (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I wanna feel love
I wanna feel love
I wanna feel love
I wanna feel love

Songwriters

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