

Fakin' It

Simon & Garfunkel

When she goes, she's gone
If she stays, she stays here
The girl does what she wants to do
She knows what she wants to do
And I know I'm fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it

I'm such a dubious soul
And a walk in the garden
Wears me down
Tangled in the fallen vines
Pickin' up the punch lines
I've just been fakin' it
Not really makin' it
No, no, no

Is there any danger?
No, no, not really
Just lean on me
Takin' time to treat
Your friendly neighbors honestly
I've just been fakin' it
Not really makin' it
This feeling of fakin' it
I still haven't shaken it

Prior to this lifetime
I surely was a tailor
(“Good morning, Mr. Leitch
Have you had a busy day?”)
I own the tailor's face and hands
I am the tailor's face and hands
I know I'm fakin' it, fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it
This feeling of fakin' it, shaken it
I know I'm fakin' it
I'm not really makin' it

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