

Time to Pretend (Clean Radio Edit)

MGMT

I'm feelin' rough I'm feelin' raw I'm in the prime of my life
Let's make some music make some money find some models for wives
I'll move to Paris, shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars
You man the island and the cocaine and the elegant cars This is our decision to live fast and die young.
We've got the vision, now let's have some fun.
Yeah it's overwhelming, but what else can we do?
Get jobs in offices and wake up for the morning commute? Forget about our mothers and our friends
We were fated to pretend. I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals and digging up worms
I'll miss the comfort of my mother and the weight of the world
I'll miss my sister, miss my father, miss my dog and my home
Yeah I'll miss the boredom and the freedom and the time spent alone But there is really nothing, nothing we can
do
Love must be forgotten. life can always start up anew
The models will have children, we'll get a divorce,
We'll find some more models, everything must run its course We'll choke on our vomit and that will be the end
We were fated to pretend Yeah yeah yeah

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