

Secret Machines, The "I Hate Pretending"

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I never thought a moment spoke so well,
as the second that you tried to be kind.
Stumbling over the telephone ringing,
looking for your voice on the line.
There was an orange-lit girl with her knees crossed.
Sitting on the carpet and cold.
Well she was holding onto the money,
And I was doing what I was told.

There was an undercover-cop
Parked right across the road.
Step away from the window,
But you better move slow.
Yeah, I was only there for a minute,
I swear.
And I know he can't see me,
But does he even care?

And I hate pretending i'm like you.
I hate pretending i'm like you.
So let's cover up the face with scars,
Hanging out with lions on all fours,
Searching through the piles of dust,
Filling up our pockets with gold.

There was an undercover-cop
Parked right across the road.
Step away from the window,
but you better move slow.
Yeah, I was only there for a minute,
I swear.
And I know he can't see me,
But does he even care?

And this is just what it was like,
And for one kiss, all this,
A moment of fame.
Because I was just a ???
Do you believe in love through the art of persuasion?

There was an undercover-cop

Parked right across the road.
He's looking straight at me,
And I think we better go.
Now i'm heading for the door,
And i'm switching off the light.
It may look like we just got here,
But we've been here all night.
All right.

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