

Julio Iglesias Jr.

"Time To Pretend"

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I'm feeling rough, I'm feeling 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're fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
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.

There's 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 it's
course.

We'll choke on our vomit and that will be the end
We were fated to pretend
To pretend
We're fated to pretend
To pretend

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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