

Julius Isidro "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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