

Clare Maguire "Happiest Pretenders"

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He licks the paper turns the page
He writes the spoken word again
Releases pools of untrapped blood
to camouflage what's understood
Wrapped up in a golden throne
He undresses overloads
Walks quietly to a distant place
Honest lies in washed out grace
Oh oh oh indicate we're locked in
Oh oh oh with the kings and queens
We are the happiest pretenders
We are the happiest pretenders.
Dressed down towards the Tyne
He chases evening's wonder whys
Then misses hours time again
Sweeps him underneath its wings
Oh oh oh indicate we're locked in
Oh oh oh with the kings and queens
We are the happiest pretenders
We are the happiest pretenders
If they try to catch us out
We'll chase them down
We're gonna chase them down
Cause we are the happiest pretenders
He wipes the crystal from his eyes
He hits the lights and leaves them dry

Undoes tomorrows unknown will
Lets it slide
Tastes the thrill
Tastes the thrill
He wipes the crystal from his eyes
He hits the lights and leaves them dry
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