

## **The Secret Machines**

### **"I Hate Pretending"**

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I never thought a moment spoke so well  
As the second when you tried to be kind  
Stumbling over the telephone ringing  
Looking for your voice on the line

There was an orange lipped girl with her knees crossed  
Sitting on the carpeted coal  
She was holding onto the money  
And I was doing what I was told

There was an undercover cop  
Parked right across the road  
You step away from the window  
But you better move slow

And yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear  
And I know he can't see me  
Or doesn't even care

And I hate pretending I'm like you  
I hate pretending I'm like you

So let's cut out the fire with scars  
Hanging all the lions on the floors  
Searching through the piles of dust  
Filling all the pockets with coal

There was an undercover cop  
Parked right across the road  
Step away from the window  
But you better move slow

And yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear  
And I know he can't see me  
Or doesn't even care

And this just what it was like  
And for one kiss  
Oh there's a moment of fame

'Cause I was just along for the ride  
Do you believe him?

Love in the art of persuasion

There was an undercover cop  
Parked right across the road  
He's looking right at me  
And I think we'd better go

And I'm headed for the door  
And I'm switching off the light  
And we look like we just got here  
We've been here all night, alright

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