

# Quietdrive, Pretend

I can feel the rhythm of her body change  
she listens to the 70's and likes to disco dance  
watch and see the way she pops the ritalin  
i take a minute as i wait for it to settle in  
but this is the end  
of all we have of all we take  
the visions of you will start to fade  
and all we'll have  
will be these memories

when all that's left is self control  
your lies get lost it starts to show  
pretend she doesn't care  
when all that's left are dirty rules  
your mind jumps back to self abuse

wait for me to start a fire  
you know i'm right i'll start this fire more than lancelot  
watch and see the way i move my curly legs  
you know i like to make them stare and make them sweat a bit

taste the metal irony of this slowly fading symphony  
appreciate my honesty when i need you to believe  
i can try to forget you

when all that's left is rock and roll  
and music could not save my soul  
pretend that i don't care