

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