

# Pete Townshend, Let's Get Pretentious

""MAN IN CLUB:""

"Are you Harold Pinter?"

""WOMAN IN CLUB:""

"Noel Coward, I think. &quot;Let's get pretentious, put on an act. Let's get portentous and embroider

""MAN MUMBLING:""

"A fabulous extraordinary hit, especially these people shouting music."

Let's get pretentious  
Put on an act  
Let's be portentous  
And embroider facts  
Exaggerate it  
Dress up the bland  
Let's overrate it  
Let the critics be damned

Let's get sensuous  
Put on some airs  
Let's drink Kailuas  
And sit bored on the stairs  
Let's get excited  
When we say hello  
Let's be delighted  
Though it's nobody we know

I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much  
But so-and-so said such-and-such  
I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much

Let's find a market  
For sparkling wit  
Let's make a target  
Of anyone with a hit  
Let's keep some secrets  
Let's make them up  
Put them together  
Then break them up

I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much  
But so-and-so said such-and-such  
I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much

""RAY:""

"Oh God, this place is crawling with journalists. I hate the fucking lot of 'em."

""RASTUS:""

"Oh Ray, you've got to play the game, eh? I mean, you've got to believe."

""RAY:""

"You know what I think?"

""RASTUS:""

"What?"

"RAY:"

"If you've got beauty or talent you're going to get caught up in some kind of prostitution. Well, it's inevitable."

"RASTUS:"

"As you know Ray, I find all this fascinating. Pity Ruth Streeting's missing it."

"RAY:"

"Oh, she'll get it, she'll get it, all right. But my way. Don't you worry. My story'll get told."

I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much  
Now so-and-so said such-and-such  
I don't know much  
But I know what I like  
I don't know much

Let's get pretentious  
Put on an act  
Let's be portentous  
And embroider facts  
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"RASTUS:"

"Ruth, wow. Hey, you look wonderful in black leather."

"RUTH:"

"This isn't leather you twerp, it's rubber."

"RASTUS:"

"Hey watch it, you call me a 'twerp' again and I might have to get my bicycle pump out."

"RUTH:"

"Talking of flat tires, how's Ray?"

"RASTUS:"

"I can't get anything out of him. He must have some dough stashed away, and he's up to something."

"RUTH:"

"Bet I could fire him up."

"RASTUS:"

"Yeah?"

"RUTH:"

"Yeah, I could do it. You say he still reads his fan mail?"

"RASTUS:"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Oh, if you can do something Ruth, we could shift millions, you know that? And I'd be rich."

"RUTH:"

"I might have an idea. But it'd be dangerous... especially for Ray."