

# Pretenders, Who's Who

When we meet again  
Just refer to me as "back then";  
Or pretend not to recall  
Ever knowing me at all  
Or hanging round my door  
Begging for more

When you begin  
Playing to win  
That's when the losers rush in

I got better than you  
At jumping the queue  
To get closer to seeing who's who

A man without a home  
Is never alone  
Well, just look at what he's got  
The whole parking lot  
In those unsheltered places  
There's always other faces

Take mine for a start  
It's like a modern work of art  
Disturbing and lacking in heart

I got better than you  
At jumping the queue  
To get closer to seeing who's who

Must be so wonderful  
Being you every day  
Oh, it must be so wonderful  
Always getting your way

A common dialogue  
Is the best thing that you'll get  
From the woman you call your wife  
So try not to forget  
To tear out and burn  
The things you unlearn

Your future exists  
In her shopping lists  
Please call your office

I got better than you  
At jumping the queue  
To get closer to seeing who's who

I got better than you  
I got better than you