

Secret Machines, I Hate Pretending

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
Step away from the window
You better move slow

Yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear
I know he can't see me or
Doesn't even care

I hate pretending I'm like you

So let's cut out the fire with scars
Hanging all the lions on the floor
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
You better move slow

Yeah, I was only there for a minute, I swear
I know he can't see me or
Doesn't even care

This is just what it was like
And for one kiss there's a moment

'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, I think we'd better go

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