

Spirit Of The West, Pretend Is Fun

His eyes are blistered from the dog
Red and swollen from the petting
Through admitting to a bed
it's all so upsetting

A shelter for the cut and burned
All those limbs gone black with bruise
A box to help him pass the wait
Toys that he can learn to use

We peddle to our young
because pretend is fun
The greatest form of flattery
in wind up, or with batteries

In the centre through the trees
From the tele to the nation
Picking sides amongst the leaves
It's just simulation
Go on collect your rounds
At supertime declare the winner
In automatics for the children
Even dead do dinner

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