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 suppertime declare the winner
In automatics for the children
Even dead do dinner

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