

# MGMT - Time To Pretend

Tom: D

(verse 1)

D G D D2 D  
 I'm Feelin rough I'm Feelin raw I'm in the prime of my life.  
 D G D D2 D  
 Let's make some music make some money find some models for  
 wives.  
 D G D D2 D  
 I'll move to Paris, shoot some heroin and fuck with the stars.  
 D G D D2 D  
 You man the island and the cocaine and the elegant cars.

(pre-chorus 1)

G A G D D2 D D2  
 This is our decision to live fast and die young.  
 G A D D2 D D2  
 We've got the vision, now let's have some fun  
 G A  
 Yeah it's overwhelming, but what else can we do?  
 G A D D2 D D2  
 Get jobs in offices and wake up for the morning commute?

(chorus 1)

A G A  
 Forget about our mothers and our friends.  
 G D  
 We were fated to pretend.  
 G D  
 to pretend.  
 G D  
 We were fated to pretend.  
 G D  
 to pretend.

(verse 2)

D G D  
 I'll miss the playgrounds and the animals and digging up  
 worms.  
 D G D  
 I'll miss the comfort of my mother and the weight of the  
 world.  
 D G D  
 I'll miss my sister, miss my father, miss my dog and my home.  
 D G D D2 D  
 Yeah I'll miss the boredom and the freedom and the time spent  
 alone.

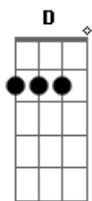
(pre-chorus 2)

G A  
 But there is really nothing, nothing we can do.  
 G A D D2 D D2  
 Love must be forgotten. Life can always start up anew.  
 G A  
 The models will have children, we'll get a divorce,  
 G A D D2 D  
 D2  
 we'll find some more models, Everything must run its course.

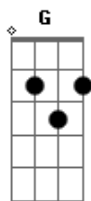
(chorus 2)

A G A  
 We'll choke on our vomit and that will be the end.  
 G D  
 We were fated to pretend.  
 G D  
 to pretend.  
 G D  
 We were fated to pretend.  
 G D  
 to pretend.

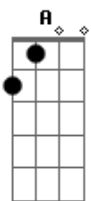
## Acordes



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