

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

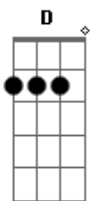
(pre-chorus 2)

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.

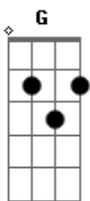
(chorus 2)

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.

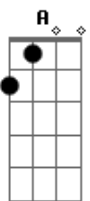
Acordes



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